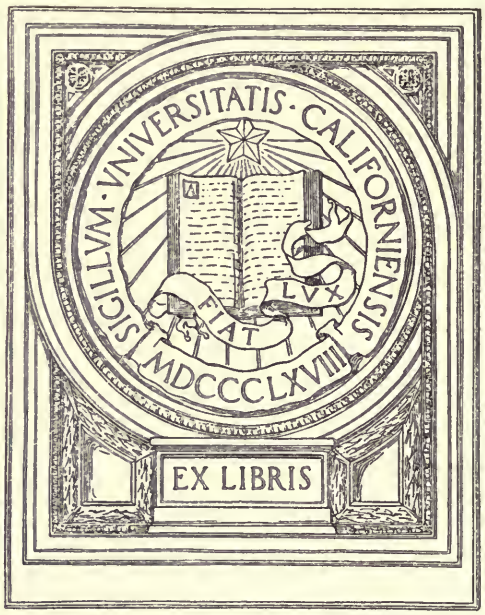
Notes and Fragments.



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Notes and Fragments.

Printed for the Editor by
A. Talbot & Co., London, Ontario, Canada.

NOTES AND FRAGMENTS: *LEFT BY WALT WHITMAN AND NOW EDITED BY DR. RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE, ONE OF HIS LITERARY EXECUTORS.*

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

"*Waifs from the deep cast high and dry.*"
—Leaves of Grass, p. 278.

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1899.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

AS ONE of Walt Whitman's literary executors there came to me under his will: (1) Letters from himself to his mother written from Washington in war-time (1862-5) and which have lately been published by Small, Maynard & Co. under the title of "The Wound-Dresser." (2) Many hundred letters written by members of the Whitman family to one another, as letters from Mrs. Whitman to W. W., Mrs. Heyde etc., letters from George, Jeff, Mary, Hannah etc. to Mrs. Whitman, and so on. All these letters had been preserved by Mrs. Whitman and upon her death in 1873 passed to Walt Whitman, who, a very sick man at the time and for long afterwards, simply let them lie in old boxes and bundles until at his death they passed to the present editor. (3) Quite a number of books from Whitman's library, many of them annotated by the poet. (4) A great mass of MS., the bulk of which is printed in this volume—a good deal of the rest is of an autobiographical character and is reserved for a new edition of my "Walt Whitman" or to be used in publications supplemental to that volume. (5) The magazine articles and newspaper cuttings enumerated in Part VI. of this volume.

Each of the other two literary executors took under the poet's will the same amount of material as myself, so it will be seen that these MS. remains were quite extensive, and judging by the careless, haphazard manner of their preservation it would seem certain that more must have been lost than were left in existence at the time of the poet's death.

These facts and considerations (when we join to them others equally well known and obvious, as that he knew the Bible, Shakespeare and Homer almost by heart) bring out pretty clearly the extraordinary industry of this man, who has generally been considered as easy-going, careless, idle, even "a loafer," but who must have been, in fact, though almost in secret, one of the most indefatigable workers who ever lived even in America.

For it must be remembered that from childhood he not only had to make his own living by actual daily work ('tending office, typesetting, school teaching, editing newspapers, carpentering, house-building) but all his life, after early youth, he assisted in the maintenance of other members of the family. And besides all this, consider the time taken up by his numerous friendships—his frequent trips into the country, his sails on the bay with pilots, fishermen and others, the many hours spent on the ferry boats and omnibusses, and later his work in the hospitals. But (though it often seems almost or quite miraculous) Walt Whitman always had time and always had money for all his purposes.

The notes printed in this volume came to me in scrapbooks and in bundles. They are all on loose sheets and small pieces of paper of endless sizes, shapes, shades and qualities, (some even written on the back of scraps of wall-paper!). Sometimes they are pasted in a scrapbook but more often stuck in loose, or (as said) tied in bundles. In both the scrapbooks and bundles the MS. notes are mixed with the magazine articles and the newspaper cuttings. These notes, cuttings etc. extend from the forties down to the seventies or eighties—they belong very largely to the fifties.

Every word printed in the body of this book (except in the sixth part, which contains the list of magazine articles and newspaper cuttings and excepting also headings and footnotes) is before me in the handwriting of Walt Whitman. When a passage has been quoted by him the quotation marks are preserved. Any words of explanation added by me are given in footnotes and in a smaller type so that my words can never be confounded with Whitman's.

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vi. Notes and Fragments.

As there are some to-day so it seems likely that in the future there will be many for whom the study of Walt Whitman will possess a singular fascination. All such will desire not only to know the poetry and prose that he left behind him in print but will want, even more, to know whence and how this came. And above all they will desire to know as much as possible of the man himself, of his spiritual genesis and of his mental evolution. To such the present record of the early ideas and impulses out of which his mature works grew, as giving an insight which nothing else could afford, will be warmly welcomed and will seem at least as important as the finished works themselves. To receive this information with absolute authenticity—not only in Whitman's own hand but from documents absolutely private and never intended for any eye but his own—seems to me a piece of extraordinary good fortune.

It is made as good as certain by these notes that Whitman's original thought was to publish his ideas in the form of lectures. I believe he had formed this intention some years before such a book as "Leaves of Grass" was planned or even thought of. Nor did he drop the notion of lecturing as an integral part of his scheme of self-presentation after he began to write the "Leaves," but held to it certainly until after the war. It is even likely that the apparent impossibility of ever really publishing his verse even after this was printed in '55 and '56 (for the copies of these early editions could neither be sold nor given away) caused him more than ever to turn his thoughts to the lecture platform.

Be this as it may the present volume shows conclusively that Whitman planned, and at least partly wrote, lectures before he began to write the "Leaves," and that he continued to plan and to work at lectures, at least at intervals, almost all the rest of his life.

Whitman, like Bacon, took "all knowledge for his province" though he would perhaps attach a slightly different meaning to that expression. In any case he aimed to know as far as possible all there was to be learned. It is both interesting and instructive to observe how he sought to carry out his scheme of self-education. One of the means he employed, a means that, in part, gave material for this volume and is therefore mentioned here, was as follows: He took a work on universal geography—divided it into pieces of some fifty pages each; between these pieces he distributed numerous extra maps, a large quantity of blank paper (about equal in quantity to that printed upon) and every dozen or so leaves a number of stub leaves—then had the whole bound into a big, thick volume, which was so made as to open very freely. This volume he studied and kept continually adding to. To the stubs and on the blank leaves he pasted newspaper and magazine pieces—each one in its proper place,—those relating to Italy, Greece, Asia Minor etc. would be pasted in so as to fill out and complete the text. Then when he met a man who had traveled he got from him all he could, wrote out an abstract of it and placed that in its proper place in the book. In this way he constructed a volume which was a storehouse of information (geographical, ethnological, social, religious, industrial etc.) dealing with all parts of the world and the inhabitants of each part.

Other of his scrapbooks were good-sized volumes of blank paper intermixed with stub leaves—into these he collected—some loose, some pinned, and others pasted in—newspaper cuttings and magazine articles, MS. notes being added either written on the margin of magazine articles, on the leaves of the scrapbook or on loose paper which was either pinned or pasted in, or in many instances simply placed between the leaves of the book.

R. M. B.

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"*A Trail of Drift and Debris.*"

—Leaves of Grass, p. 203.

Library of California

PART I.

First Drafts and Rejected Lines and Passages, Mostly very Fragmentary, from "Leaves of Grass," Largely Antecedent to the 1855 Edition.

1

I AM become a shroud;
I wrap a body and lie in the coffin with it.

It is dark there underground;
It is not evil or pain there, it is the absence of all that is good.

Now it seems to me that everything in the light above must be happy,
Whoever is not in his coffin, and the dark grave let him know he has enough.

The retrospective ecstacy is upon me, now my spirit burns volcanic;
The earth recedes ashamed before my prophetical crisis.*

2

Osirus—to give forms.

I am he who finds nothing more divine than simple and natural things are divine.

3

Remembrances I plant American ground with,
Lessons to think I scatter as they come.
I perceive that myriads of men and women never think,
I perceive that e'er visible effects can come, thought must come,
I perceive that sages, poets, inventors, benefactors, lawgivers, are only those who have thought,
That maugre all differences of ages and lands they differ not,
That what they leave is the common stock of the race.

* Written on same leaf, but see "Leaves of Grass," Song of Myself, S. 25, line 13, and The Sleepers S. 2, '55 edition, pp. 31 and 72, and current edition, pp. 50 and 327.

4

You villain touch! What are you doing?
Unloose me, the breath is leaving my throat;
Open your floodgates! You are too much for me.

Grip'd wrestler! do you keep the heaviest pull for the last?
Must you bite with your teeth at parting?

Will you struggle worst? I plunge you from the threshold.

Does it make you ache so to leave me!

Take what you like, I can resist you;
Take the tears of my soul if that is what you are after.

Pass to some one else;
Little as your mouth, it has drained me dry of my strength.*

5

Asia, steppes, the grass, the winter appearances,
The Tartar life, Nomadic pasturage, the herds,
The tabounshic or horse-herd. (taboun, a herd of horses),
The oxen, cows, women preparing milk.

I am a Russ, an arctic sailor, I traverse the sea of Kara,
A Kamskatkan on my slight-built sledge, drawn by dogs.

The ancient Hindostanee with his deities.

The great old Empire of India; that of Persia and its expeditions and conquests;
The Sanskrit—the ancient poems and laws;
The idea of Gods incarnated by their avatars in man and woman;
The falling of the waters of the Ganges over the high rim of Saukara;
The poems descended safely to this day from poets of three thousand years ago.†

6

And the tough Scotch sailor crosses the minch to the Hebrides,
And the Orkney boy and the Shetland boy wonder at that distant world they hear of, yet love their rude cold island forever.‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 33, and current edition, p. 53.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition. "Poem of Salutation," p. 103, et. seg., and current edition, p. 115.

‡ Left out of "Poem of Salutation," '56 edition.

7

And the canny Caledonian thrives and thinks anywhere between Solway Firth and Noss Head.*

8

And as the shores of the sea I live near and love are to me, so are the shores of all the seas of the earth to those who live near and love them.
And as the mountains of my land are to me, so are the Alps, Pyranees, the Styrian hills, Carnacks, Balks, Sedletz mountains, to the people of those lands.*

9

You stayer by the Shannon, the Dee, the Trent, the Severn, or goer from thence,
You tough sailor crossing the minch to your Hebrides,
You Orkney boy and Shetland boy,
You Spaniard of Spain, you Portuguese, you Swiss.*

10

All have come out of us, and all may return to us—they are ours.

11

A soprano heard at intervals over the immense waves,
Audible these from the underlying chorus,
Occupants and joyous vibraters of space.†

12

As we are content and dumb the amount of us in men and women is content and dumb,
As we cannot be mistaken at last, they cannot be mistaken.

13

Never fails the combination,
An underlying chorus, occupant and joyous vibrater of space.
A clear transparent base that lusciously shudders the universe,
A tenor strong and ascending, with glad notes of morning—with power and health.‡

* Left out of "Poem of Salutation," '56 edition.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 32, and current edition, p. 51.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 32, and current edition, p. 51.

14

I have advanced from.

All that we are—the solid and liquid we are—we have advanced to,
We have advanced from what was our own cohesion and formation,
We advance to just as much more, and just as much more.
Time suffices, and the laws suffice.

15

Send any and all, no matter what,
We have places for any and all—good places;
We receive them, we have made preparation,
We have not only made preparation for a few developed persons,
We have made preparation for undeveloped persons also.

16

We effuse spirituality and immortality,
We put a second brain to the brain,
We put second eyes to the eyes and second ears to the ears,
Then the drudge in the kitchen—then the laborer in his stained clothes—then the black person, criminals, barbarians—are no more inferior to the rest.
The frivolous and the blunderer are not to be laughed at as before,
The cheat, the crazy enthusiast, the unsuccessful man, come under the same laws as any.

17

My spirit sped back to the times when the earth was burning mist,
And peered aft and could see Concord beyond the aft, forming the mist,
And brings word that Dilation or Pride is a father of Causes,
And a mother of Causes is Goodness or Love—
And they are the Parents yet, and witness and register their Amours eternally;
And devise themselves to These States this hour.
And my spirit travelled ahead and pierced the stern hem of life and went fearlessly through,
And came back from the grave with serene face,
And said, It is well, I am satisfied, I behold the causes yet.—
I beheld Dilation just the same afterwards.
I beheld Love and Concord also in the darkness afterwards.*

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, page 50, and current edition, page 71.

18

As the turbulence of the expressions of the earth, as the great heat and the great cold—as the soiledness of animals and the bareness of vegetables and minerals,
No more than these were the roughs among men shocking to me.

19

Remember if you are dying, that you are dying, * * * is it so then?
If it be so I bring no shuffling consolation of doctors and priests,
I tell the truth * * * I tell with unvarying voice.

20

White, shaved, foreign, soft-fleshed, shrinking,
Scant of muscle, scant of love-power,
Scant of gnarl and knot, modest, sleek in costumes,
Averse from the wet of rain, from the fall of snow, from the grit of the stones and soil,
A pretty race, each one just like hundreds of the rest,
A race of scantlings from the stony growth of America.*

21

American air I have breathed, breathe henceforth also of me,
American ground that supports me, I will support you also.

22

A procession without halt, * * *

Apparent at times, and hid at times,
Rising the rising ground, in relief against the clear sky, lost in the hollows, stretched interminably over the plains.
No eye that ever saw the starting, no eye that ever need wait for the ending,
Where any one goes, however ahead, the rest duly coming, however far behind,
* * *
Marches a marching procession.†

23

A remembrance * * * * *
A breath to American air,
Remembrance for a breed of full-sized young men and women.

* This seems to be a complete poem of the time of the middle fifties.

† The march of the human race across the earth. A projected poem, never finished.

24

O I see now that I have the make of materialism and things,
And that intellect is to me but as hands or eyesight, or as a vessel,

25

Give me something savage, and luxuriant,
Give me large, full-voiced * * * men*

26

And to me each minute of the night and day is vital and visible,
And I say the stars are not echoes,
And I perceive that the sedgy weed has refreshing odors;
And potatoes and milk afford a dinner of state,
And I guess the chipping bird sings as well as I, although she never learned the gamut;
And to shake my friendly right hand, governors and millionaires shall stand all day waiting their turns.

And to me each acre of the land and sea exhibits marvellous pictures;
They fill the worm-fence and lie on the heaped stones, and are hooked to the elder and poke weed;
And to me the cow crunching with depressed head is a statue perfect and plumb.†

27

Its settlements, wars, the organic compact, peace, Washington, the Federal constitution, are you and me,
Its young men's manners, speech, dress, friendships, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, defections, slavery, are you and me,
Its congress is you and me—the officers, capitols, armies, ships, are you and me,
Its inventions, science, schools, are you and me,
Its deserts, forests, clearings, log houses, hunters, are you and me,
Its ships, fisheries, whaling, gold-digging, are you and me.
Its paved cities, wharves, wealth, avenues, dwellings, are you and me,
The perpetual arrival of immigrants, are you and me,
The north, south, east, west, are you and me,
Natural and artificial, are you and me,
Liberty, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
Failures, successes, births, deaths, are you and me,
Past, present, future, are only you and me.

* Cf. "Drum-Taps," p. 47, and current edition "Leaves of Grass," p. 244.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, pp. 16 and 20, and current edition, pp. 33 and 38.

I swear I cannot evade any part of myself,
Not America, nor any attribute of America,
Not my body—not friendship, hospitality, procreation,
Not my soul, not the last explanation of prudence,
Not faith, sin, defiance, nor any of the dispositions or duties of myself,
Not liberty—not to cheer up slaves and horrify despots,*

28

Sanity and ensemble characterize the great masters,
Innocence and nakedness are resumed,
Theories of the special depart as dreams,
Nothing happens, or ever has happened, or ever can happen, but the vital laws are enough,
None were or will be hurried, none were or will be retarded,
A vast, clear scheme, each learner learning it for himself,
Taking men, women, laws, the earth, and the things of the earth as they are,
Starting from one's-self and coming back to one's-self,
Looking always toward the poet,
Seeing all tend eternally toward happiness,
What is narrower than gravitation, light, life, of no account,
What is less than the sure formation of density, or the patient upheaving of strata, of no account,
What is less than that which follows the thief, the liar, the glutton, the drunkard, through this experience, and doubtless afterwards, that too of no account.
What does not satisfy each one and convince each one—that too of no account.

29

Hear my fife! I am a recruiter,
Come, who will join my troop?

30

The sores on my shoulders are from his iron necklace,
I look off on the river with my bloodshot eyes,
He stops the steamboat till she take my woman and paddle away with her.†

31

Advance shapes like his shape—the king of Egypt's shape,
Shapes that tally Sesostris—gigantic in stature, wholesome, clean-eyed,

* Cf. p. 199, '56 edition, and p. 274, current edition.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 74, and current edition, pp. 329-330, but eight lines dropped out of last, including those corresponding with above passage.

Six feet ten inches tall—every limb, every part and organ in proportion—strong, bearded, supple,
Conqueror of two continents in nine years,
Lover most of those that repelled him sternest—builder to them of phallic memorials,
Ruler wisely and friendlily for sixty-two years—accepter of all religions—preferer of none,
Freer of slaves—divider among them of homesteads—maker of farmers.

32

Under this rank coverlid stretch the corpses of young men.

Light and air!
Nothing ugly can be disgorged,
Nothing corrupt or dead set before them,
But it surely becomes translated or enclothed
Into supple youth or a dress of living richness, spring gushing out from under the roots of an old tree, barnyard, pond, yellow jagged bank with white pebble stones, timothy, sassafras, grasshopper, pismire, rail-fence, rye, oats, cucumbers, musk-melons, pumpkin-vine, long string of running blackberry—regular sound of the cow crunching, crunching the grass,
The path worn in the grass—katy-did, locust, tree-toad, robin, wren.

33

These are the sights that I have absorbed in Manhattan island, and in all These States,
These are the thoughts that have come to me—some have come by night, and some by day, as I walked.

I know that Personality is divine, and gives life and identity to a man or woman.—And I know that egotism is divine,
I know that the woman is to be equal to the man.—And I know that there is to be nothing excepted.

34

The crowds naked in the bath,
Can your sight behold them as with oyster's eyes?
Do you take the attraction of gravity for nothing?
Does the negress bear no children?
Are they never handsome? Do they not thrive?
Will cabinet officers become blue or yellow from excessive gin?
Shall I receive the great things of the spirit on easier terms than I do a note of hand?

Who examines the philosophies in the market less than a basket of peaches or barrels of salt fish?
Who accepts chemistry on tradition?
The light picks out a bishop or pope no more than the rest.
A mouse is miracle enough to stagger bilious of infidels.*

35

Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still slumberous night—mad, naked summer night!

Smile, O voluptuous, procreant earth!
Earth of the nodding and liquid trees!
Earth of the mountains, misty-top't!
Earth of departed sunset—Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the vitreous fall of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds purer and clearer for my sake!
Earth of far arms—rich, apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes!

Spread round me earth! Spread with your curtained hours;
Take me as many a time you've taken;
Till springing up in * * *

Prodigal, you have given me love;
Sustenance, happiness, health have given;
Therefore, I to you give love;
O, unspeakable, passionate love!†

36

I know many beautiful things about men and women,
But do not know anything more beautiful than to be freehanded and always go on the square.

I see an aristocrat;
I see a smoucher grabbing the good dishes exclusively to himself and grinning at the starvation of others as if it were funny.
I gaze on the greedy hog; he snorts as he roots in the delicate greenhouse.
How those niggers smell!
Must that hod-boy occupy the same stage with me?
Doth the dirt doze and forget itself?

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," p. 34, '55 edition, and p. 54, current edition.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 27, current edition p. 46.

And let tomatoes ripen for busters and night walkers,
And do no better for me—
Who am a regular gentleman or lady,
With a stoop and a silver door-plate and a pew in church?

And is the day here when I vote at the polls,
One with the immigrant that last August strewed lime in my gutter?
One with the thick-lipped black?

And can dew wet the air after such may be elected to Congress,
And make laws over me?

Have you heard the gurgle of gluttons perfectly willing to stuff themselves
While they laugh at the good fun of the starvation of others,
But when the gaunt and the starved awkwardly come for their slices
The quiet changes to angry hysterics.

It is for babies to lift themselves out of the.....
I go not with the babies who... ....

I am none of the large baby sort;
I have no wish to lift myself above breathing air, and be specially eminent or attractive;
I am not quite such a fool as that,
I remain with people on average terms—
I am too great to be a mere leader.

37

I am the poet of Reality,
And I say the stars are not echoes,
And I say that space is no apparition;
But all the things seen or demonstrated are so;
Witnesses and albic dawns of things equally great, yet not seen.

I announce myself the Poet of Materials and exact demonstration;
Say that Materials are just as eternal as growth, the semen of God that swims the entire creation.

Hurrah for Positive Science!
Bring honey-clover and branches of lilac!
These are the Philosophers of Nature,
Every one admirable and serene,
Traveling, sailing, measuring space,
Botanizing, dissecting, or making machines.*

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 28; current edition, p. 47.

38

I am a curse : a negro thinks me ;
You cannot speak for yourself, negro ;
I lend him my own tongue ;
I dart like a snake from your mouth.

My eyes are bloodshot, they look down the river,
A steamboat paddles away my woman and children.

His iron necklace and red sores of the shoulders I do not mind,
The hopples at the ankles and tight cuffs at the wrists must not detain me.

I go down the river with the sight of my bloodshot eyes,
I go to the steamboat that paddles off my woman and children.

I do not stop with my woman and children,
I burst the saloon doors and crash on a party of passengers.

But for them I too, should have been on the steamer
I should soon..... *

39

His very aches are ecstacy.

40

I am a hell-name and a curse :
Black Lucifer was not dead ;
Or if he was I am his sorrowful, terrible heir ;
I am the God of revolt—deathless, sorrowful, vast ; whoever oppresses me
I will either destroy him or he shall release me.

Damn him, how he does defile me !
Hoppler of his own sons ; breeder of children and trader of them—
Selling his daughters and the breast that fed his young.
Informer against my brother and sister and taking pay for their blood.
He laughed when I looked from my iron necklace after the steamboat that carried away my woman.†

41

I stand at the top of the street,
I know the great procession is coming,

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 74 ; passage not in current edition.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 74 ; nothing corresponding in current edition.

I see the towering caps of pioneers far off through the dark,
I see the gilt-tip't staves of policemen clearing the way,
Above the roar I hear the clear tutti of victorious horns.*

42

Topple down upon him, Light! for you seem to me all one lurid curse;
Damn him! how he does defy me,
This day or some other I will have him and the like of him to do my will upon,
They shall not break the lids off their coffins but what with pennies on their eyes I will have them,
I will tear their flesh out from under the graveclothes.

I will not listen—I will not spare—I am justified of myself:
For a hundred years I will pursue those who have injured me so much;
Though they hide themselves under the lappets of God I will pursue them there,
I will drag them out—the sweet marches of Heaven shall be stopped with my maledictions.

43

Where the little musk ox carries his perfumed bag at his navel,
Where the life car is drawn on its slip noose
At dinner on a dish of huckleberries, or rye bread and a round white pot cheese.†

44

I call back blunderers;
I give strong meat in place of panada;
I expose what ties loads on the soul.
Are you so poor that you are always miserly, Priests?
Will you prize a round trifle like a saucer, done in red and yellow paint?

I offer men no painted saucer—I make every one a present of the sun;
I have plenty more—I have millions of suns left.‡

45

I entertain all the aches of the human heart
Outside the asteroids I reconnoitre at my ease.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 84, and current edition, p. 354.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 36, current edition, p. 56.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 14, and current edition, p. 30.

46

Poem of existence.

We call one the past and we call another the future,
But both are alike the present.

It is not the past, though we call it so—nor the future though we call it so,
All the while it is the present only.

The curious realities now everywhere—on the surface of the earth in the interior of the earth—
What is it? Is it liquid fire? Are there living creatures in that? Is it fire? Solid?
Is there not toward the core some vast, strange, stiffling vacuum?
Is there anything in that vacuum? Any kind of curious flying or floating life with its nature fitted?

The existences on the innumerable stars, with their varied degrees of perfection, climate, swiftness
Some probably are but forming, not so advanced as the earth—
(Some are no doubt more advanced).

There is intercommunion,
One sphere cannot know another sphere,
Communion of life is with life only, and of what is after life.

Each sphere knows itself only, and cannot commune beyond itself,
Life communes only with life,
Whatever it is that follows death....

47

There can be nothing small or useless in the universe;
The insignificent is as big as the noble;
What is less than a touch?

All truths wait in all places,
They wait with inclined heads and arms folded over their breasts;
They neither urge their own birth nor resist it;
They do not need the obstetric forceps of the surgeon;
They enclose to those who ever fetches the warmth of the light and the moisture of rain.

Logic and sermons never convince;
The dew of the night drives deeper into the soul.

A test of anything!
It proves itself to the experience and senses of men and women!
Bring it to folk and you will see whether they doubt;
They do not doubt contact or hunger or love;
They do not doubt iron or steam;
We do not doubt the mystery of life;
We do not doubt the east and the west;
We do not doubt sight.*

48

(a)

Of Biography, and of all literature and art.

That it has not been well written because it has not been written by authors who considered their subjects with reference to the ensemble of the world—because everything, every subject has been made too prononcé. The charm of nature is that everything is with the rest—and is not prononcé, but yet distinct, individual and complete in itself.

(b)

To a Literat.

Your subject is always too pronounced,
You have not considered your subject with reference to its place and with reference to the ensemble of the world.
The great statements, censuses, poems, essays, dictionaries, biographies, etc., are those that stand in their places with the things of the world.
Behold nature! how distinct, individual, complete,
Each toward all and nothing supersedes the rest.

(c)

Walt Whitman's law—
For the new and strong artists of America
For the fresh brood of perfect teachers, literats, the diverse savans and the coming musicians,
There shall be no subject but it shall be treated with reference to the ensemble of the world—and no coward or copyist shall be any more allowed.
There shall be no subject too pronounced—all works shall acknowledge the divine law of indirections,
There they stand, I see them already, each easy in its place,
Statements, music, poems, dictionaries, biographies, essays—

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 33, and current edition, p. 53.

How complete, how interfused—No one supersedes the rest.
They do not seem to me like what I saw in arrière, in the old volumes and specimens,
They seem to me like nature at last (America has given rise to them, and I have also.)
They seem to me like the sky with clouds—like trees with rustling leaves, like stretching waters with ships sailing on in the distance.
They seem to me at last as good as animals and as the rocks, earth and weeds.*

49

In American schools sit men and women—
Schools for men and women are more necessary than for children.

50

Enough O fastened and loosened contact.

51

Nor humility's book nor the book of despair nor of old restrictions;
Book of a new soldier, bound for new campaigns;
Book of the sailor that sails the sea stormier, vaster than any.

52

It is no miracle now that we are to live always.

Touch is the miracle!
What is it to be lost, or change our dresses, or sleep long, when....

A minute, a touch and a drop of us can launch immortality
Little henceforth are proof, and argument needful,
Eternity has no time for death each inch of existence is so....
And that to pass existence is supreme over all, and what we thought death is but life brought to a firmer parturition.†

53

I cannot guess what the entertainment will be,
But I am sure it will be generous enough,
I have never yet seen the sign of a niggard in anything but man

The great laws do not treasure chips, or stick for the odd cent;
I am of the same fashion—for I am their friend.

*Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 185, and current edition, p. 299.

†Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 33, and current edition, p. 53.

I rate myself high—I receive no small sums;
I must have my full price—whoever enjoys me.

I feel satisfied my visit will be worthy of me and of my Hosts and Favorites;
I leave it to them how to receive me.*

54

The teeth grit—the palms of the hands are cut by the turned in nails,
The man falls struggling and foaming to the ground, though he buys and barters so cooly.

I remember when I visited the asylum they showed me the most smeared and slobbering idiot,
Yet I know for my consolation of the great laws that emptied and broke my brother
The same waited their due time to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,
And I am to look again in a score or two of ages
And I shall meet the real landlord stepping forth every inch as good as myself.†

55

There is no word in any tongue,
No array, no form of symbol,
To tell his infatuation
Who would define the scope and purpose of God.

Mostly this we have of God; we have man.
Lo, the Sun;
Its glory floods the moon,
Which of a night shines in some turbid pool,
Shaken by soughing winds;
And there are sparkles mad and tossed and broken,
And their archetype is the sun.

Of God I know not;
But this I know;
I can comprehend no being more wonderful than man;
Man, before the rage of whose passions the storms of Heaven are but a breath;
Before whose caprices the lightning is slow and less fatal;
Man, microcosm of all Creation's wildness, terror, beauty and power,
And whose folly and wickedness are in nothing else existent.‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 92, and current edition, p. 304.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 84, and current edition, p. 354.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 54; current edition. p. 77.

56

Great are the Myths....I too delight in them.
Great are Adam and Eve....I too look back and accept them,
Great between them and me the risen and fallen nations, and their poets, women, sages, rulers, warriors and priests.

And that's so, easy enough;
And I am no shallowpate to go about singing them above the rest and deferring to them;
And they did not become great by singing and deferring.

Great are you and great am I,
We are just as good and bad as the eldest or youngest or any,
What the best and the worst did we can do,
What they felt do we not feel it in ourselves?
What they thought—do we not think the same?*

57

I ask nobody's faith.....I am very little concerned about that.
You doubt not the east and the west,
You doubt not your desires or your fingernails,
You doubt not metal or acid or steam.....

Do I not prove myself?
I but show a scarlet tomato, or a sprig of parsley, or a paving stone or some seaweed,
All acknowledge and admire—Savans and Synods as much as the rest.

I meet not one heretic or unbeliever,
Could I do as well with the love of the pulpit? the whole or any part of it?

Whatever I say of myself you shall apply to yourself,
If you do not it were time lost listening to me.

I think there will never be any more heaven or hell than there is now,
Nor any more youth nor age than there is now,
Nor any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more perfection than there is now.†

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 93. Poem omitted from current edition.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 14, and current edition, p. 30.

58

Of your soul I say truths to harmonize if anything can harmonize you,
Your body to me is sweet, clean, loving, strong, I am indifferent how it appears to others or to yourself,
Your eyes are more to me than poems, your lips do better than play music,
The lines of your cheeks, the lashes of your eyes, are eloquent to me,
The grip of your hand is richer than riches.*

59

As of Forms.

Their genesis, all genesis,
They lost, all lost—for they include all.

The earth and everything in it,
The wave, the snake, the babe, the landscape, the human head,
Things, faces, reminiscences, presences, conditions, thoughts—tally and make definite a divine indistinct spiritual delight in the soul.
Of the arts, as music, poems, architecture, outlines, and the rest, they are in their way to provoke this delight out of the soul,
They are to seek it where it waits—for I see that it always patiently waits.
Have you sought the inkling?
Have you wandered after the meanings of the earth? You need not wander;
Behold those forms.

60

To an Exclusive.

Your tongue here? Your feet haunting the States?

But I also haunt the States, their born defender I, determined brother of low persons and rejected and wronged persons—espouser of unhelped women,
From this hour sleeping and eating mainly that I wake and be muscular for their sakes,
Training myself in the gymnasium for their sakes, and acquiring a terrible voice for their sakes.
Rapacious! I take up your challenge!
I fight, whether I win or lose, and hereby pass the feud to them that succeed me;
And I charge the young men that succeed me to train themselves and acquire terrible voices for disputes of life and death—and be ready to respond to whatever needs response,
For I prophecy that there will never come a time, North or South, when the rapacious tongue will not be heard, each age in its own dialect.

* Early or middle fifties, never used.

61

As procreation, so the Soul;
As childhood, maturity, craft, lies, thefts, adulteries, sarcasm, greed, hatred, denial—so the Soul.

62

The circus boy is riding in the circus, on a fleet horse.

63

Dimly I with a young man looking together saw those we watched on the shore disappear

64

O Walt Whitman, show us some pictures;
America always Pictorial! And you Walt Whitman to name them
Yes, in a little house I keep suspended many pictures—it is not a fixed house.
It is round—Behold! it has room for America, north and south, seaboard and inland, persons.....*

65

All tends to the soul,
As materials so the soul,
As procreation, so the soul—if procreation is impure, all is impure.

As the shadow concurs with the body and comes not unless of the body, so the soul concurs with the body and comes not unless of the body,
As materials are so the soul,
As experiences, childhood, maturity, suffering, so the soul,
As craft, lies, thefts, adulteries, sarcasm, greed, denial, avarice, hatred, gluttony, so the soul,
As the types set up by the printers are faithfully returned by their impression, what they are for, so a man's life and a woman's life is returned in the soul before death and interminably after death.†

66

Lo, space, eternal, spiritual, hilarious,
Lo, the future free demesne of what is at present called death.

* Belongs about 1880.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 16, current edition, p. 25.

67

The woman that sells candies and apples, at the street-stand,
The boy crying his newspapers in the morning.

68

The malaria from low wet grounds.

69

The red liquid heart of the earth.

How curious is the brown, divine, coarse, substantial earth,
How curious the.....

70

The Alleghanies climbed and descended by me, the mighty Anahuacs climbed.

71

National hymns, real American music,
The master's words, arrogant, fluent, final, severe.

72

Tar, turpentine, shingles, from North Carolina.

The slaves drive mules and oxen drawing the rude carts.

The lumber schooner.

The pack of negro-dogs chained in couples for the slave-hunt.

73

Who wills with his own brain, the sweet of the float of the earth descends and surrounds him,
If you be a laborer or apprentice or solitary farmer, it is the same

Have you known that your limbs must not dangle?
Have you known that your hands are to grasp vigorously?
You are also to grasp with your mind vigorously

Remember how many pass their whole lives and hardly once think and never learned themselves to think,
Remember before all realities must exist their thoughts.

As to you, if you have not yet learned to think, enter upon it now,
Think at once with directness, breadth, aim, conscientiousness,
You will find a strange pleasure from the start and grow rapidly each successive week.

74

After all I set up for myself I set up profit and loss,
He is greatest who has the most caution,
He only wins who goes far enough.

A little sum laid aside for burial money,
A few clapboards around, and shingles overhead, on a lot of American soil owned,
A few dollars to supply the year's plain clothing and food,
And then away!

I issue myself in triumphant issues,
I live as I go and I wait long besides,
I never abandon myself nor the sweet of myself, nor the eternity of myself,
I will not lose the bloom and odor of the earth, flowers, atmosphere,
Nor the true taste of the women and men that like me and that I like.*

75

A little sum laid aside for burial money—a few clapboards around and shingles overhead on a lot of American soil owned—a few dollars to supply the year's plain clothing and food—and then away.
Prudence has interminable eyes, rejects money, modern prudence, money-making.
Abandonment of such a being as you are to the toss and pallor of years,
To be a doer of deceits, underhand dodgings, infinitesimals of parlors.....a shameless stuffer while others starve,
Loser of all the bloom and odor of the earth, flowers, atmosphere, sea, and of the true taste of the women and men you pass or have to do with in youth or middle age,
Receiver of the issuing sickness and revolt at the close of a life without elevation or naivete',
Chatterer of the ghastly chatter of a death without serenity or majesty.*

76

Will you have the walls of the world with the air and the fringed clouds?

The Poet says God and me, What do you want from us? Ask and maybe we will give it you.

The Soul addresses God as his equal—as one who knows his greatness—as a younger brother.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. x.

77

Ships sail upon the waters—some arriving, others depart,
Ten thousand rich, learned, populous cities—they have grown or certainly to grow.

The States spread amply—old States and new States—they front the two seas—they are edged or cleft by the Mississippi,
Congress is in session in the Capitol, or will be in session the appointed time,
See! The President is menaced face to face by the common people for his derelictions.

78

Have I refreshed and elevated you?
Though I have uttered no word about your particular employment, have you received from me new and valuable hints about your employment?
Have you gone aside after listening to me and created for yourself?
Have I proved myself strong by provoking strength out of you?

79

I subject all the teachings of the schools and all dicta and authority to the tests of myself
And I encourage you to subject the same to the tests of yourself—and to subject me and my words to the strongest tests of any.

80

Of recognition.

Come I will no more trouble myself about recognition,
I will no longer look what things are rated to be but what they really are to me.

81

To pass existence is so good, there is not chance for death.....

82

What would it bring you to be elected and take your place in the Capitol?
I elect you to understand; that is what all the offices in the Republic could not do.

83

And their voices, clearer than the valved cornet,—they cry hoot! hoot! to us all our lives till we seek where they hide and bring the sly ones forth!*

Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 47, current edition, p. 68.

84

The power by which the carpenter plumbs his house is the same power that dashes his brains out if he fall from the roof.

85

I see who you are if nobody else sees nor you either,
I see not so much that you are polite or white-faced
I see less a citizen of an old State or a citizen of a new State,
Alabamian, Canadian, British, French, or Malay or from Africa, or savage off there in the woods, or fisheater in his lair of rocks and sand, or Chinese with his transverse eyes, a wandering nomad, or tabounshick at the head of his drove,
Man and woman and child indoors and outdoors I see...and all else behind them or through them,
I see the wife and she is not one jot less than the husband
I see the mother and she is every bit as much as the father
I see you engineer, laboring person, minister, editor, immigrant,
I see you sailors, man-of-wars man, and merchantman and coastman,
I see you and stand before you driver of horses,
Son, progenitor.....*

86

Now for a legend not old, but as new as the newest
On the spreading land.....

87

You lusty and graceful youth! You are great;
You are not exclusively great in youth;
Your middle age shall be great with amplitude and steadiness and fullblooded strength;
Your old age shall be equally great with majesty and bloom and fascination and love.

88

Are the prostitutes nothing? Are the mockers of religion nothing?
Does the light or heat pick out? Does the attraction of gravity pick out?†

*Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 58, current edition p. 170.

†Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 68, and current edition, p. 336.

89

Priests! until you can explain a paving stone do not try to explain God;
Until your creeds can do as much as apples and hen's eggs let down your eyebrows a little;
Until your Bibles and Prayer-books are able to walk like me,
And until your brick and mortar can procreate as I can,
I beg you, sirs, do not presume to put them above me.*

90

I have all lives, all effects, all causes, all gerunds, invisibly hidden in myself,
This is the earth's word—the round and compact earth's,
I and the truth are one, we are curiously welded.†

91

After Death.

Now when I am looked back upon I hold levee,
I lean on my left elbow—I take ten thousand lovers, one after another, by my right hand.

92

There are the caravan of the desert—the close of the day—the encampment and the camels.

93

I do not expect to see myself in present magazines, reviews, schools, pulpits and legislatures—but presently I expect to see myself in magazines, schools and legislatures—or that my friends after me will see me there.

94

To the new continent comes the offspring of the rest of the continents to bear offspring,
And these poems are both offspring and parents of superior offspring.

95

To this continent comes the offspring of the other continents,
And these poems are both offspring and fathers of superior offspring,
And from these poems launches the same spirit that launched those ships, cities, Congress and the menaces that confront the President,
And these are for the lands.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 64, and current edition, p. 175.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 323, and current edition, p. 176.

96

Points in Proem.

That only when sex is properly treated, talked, avowed, accepted, will the woman be equal with the man, and pass where the man passes, and meet his words with her words, and his rights with her rights, and.....

97

Broadaxe—First as coming in the rough ore out of the earth—Then as being smelted and made into usable shape for working—then into some of the earlier weapons of the axe kind—battleaxe—headsman's axe—carpenter's broadaxe—(process of making, tempering and finishing the axe,) inquire fully.

USES OF THE BROADAXE.

In cutting away masts when the ship is on her beam-ends

In hewing the great timbers for the old-fashioned houses and barns

Passage describing the putting up of a good styled log cabin in the western woods—the whole process—joining the logs—the company—the fun—the axe.

The sylvan woodman or woodboy

The cutting down of an unusually large and majestic tree—live oak or other—for some kelson to a frigate or first-class steamship.—(what wood is the kelson generally?)

Procession of portraits of the different users of the axe—the raftsman, the lumberman, the antique warrior, the headsman, the butcher, the framer of houses, the squatter of the west—the pioneer.

Founding of cities. Make it the American emblem preferent to the eagle.

In ship building. In cutting a passage through the ice.

The butcher in his slaughter house.

Full Picture. The antique warrior always with his great axe—the brawny swinging arm—the clatter and crash on the helmeted head—the death howl and the quick tumbling body and rush of friend and foe thither—the summons to surrender—the battering of castle-gates and city-gates.

Building wharves and piers.

Picture full of the pioneer.

The Roman lictors preceding the consuls.

The sacrificial priest, Grecian, Roman and Jewish.

What in Scandinavia?

All through the framing of a house—all through—the hewing of timbers—the knocking of beams in their places—laying them regular. The framers wielding the axe—their attitudes standing, bending—astride the beams driving in pins—as the frame is being raised—they on the posts or braces—holding on—their limbs—the [one arm] hooked around the plate, the other arm wielding the axe.

Episodic in the cutting down of the tree—about what the wood is for—for a saloon, for a ceiling, or floor, for a coffin, for a workbox, a sailor's chest, a musical instrument, for firewood—for rich casings or frames.

In a terrible fire the use of the axe to cut down connecting woodwork to stop the fire —the excitement—the firemen—the glare—the hoarse shouts—the flames—the red faces and dense shadows.*

98

The irregular tapping of rain off my house-eaves at night after the storm has lulled,
Gray-blue sprout so hardened grown
Head from the mother's bowels drawn
Body shapely naked and wan
Fibre produced from a little seed sown.*

99

Poem illustrative of the woman under the "new dispensation." Collect all illustrative characters—from history—Molly Pitcher—the best mothers—the healthiest women—the most loving women.

A woman is to be able to ride, swim, run, resist, advance, refuse, shoot, defend herself, sail a boat, hunt, rebel, just as much as a man.

If the woman have not the grand attributes in herself, the man cannot have them afterwards,

The woman is to be athletic also.

100

I heat the hot cores within and fix the central point of the cores
And I carry straight threads thence to the sun and to distant unseen suns.

101

As nature, inexorable, onward, resistless, impassive, amid the screams and din of disputants, so America.

102

Yet I strike and dart through.....
I think I could dash the girder of the earth away
If it lay between me and whatever I wanted.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 140; current edition, p. 148.

Surely I am out of my head!
I am lost to myself—and nature in another form has laid down in my place.

I am a creased and cut sea; the furious wind . . . . . .

103

I am become the poet of babes and little things,
I descend many steps—I go backward primeval
I retrace steps oceanic—I pass around not merely my own kind, but all the objects I see.

104

Pure water I will henceforth drink
Sunshine, space unclosed,.... I stifle in the confinement of rooms,

The flesh of animals, wheat, rye, corn, rice,
Give me that I have a clean, sweet, resistless body to myself,
Give me....
I must have.....

105

I last winter observed the snow on the spree with the north-west wind;
And it put me out of conceit of fences and imaginary lines.

106

The dry leaf whirling its spiral whirl and falling content to the ground.

107

I shall venerate hours and days and think them immeasurable hereafter;
I am finding how much I can pass through in a few minutes.

I was a good friend to all things before,
But now what I was seems to me limpsey and little.

108

Why should I subscribe money to build some hero's statue?
That butcher boy is just as great a hero
He does not know what fear is.

109

The spotted hawk salutes the approaching night;
He sweeps by me and rebukes me hoarsely with his invitation;
He complains with sarcastic voice of my lagging.

I feel apt to clip it and go;
I am not half tamed yet.*

110

I am a student free of a library, it is limitless and eternally open to me;
The books are written in numberless tongues, always perfect and alive.

They do not own the library who buy the books and sell them again,
I am the owner of the library for I read every page and enjoy the meaning of the same.

111

I am your voice—It was tied in you—In me it begins to talk.
I celebrate myself to celebrate every man and woman alive;
I loosen the tongue that was tied in them,
It begins to talk out of my mouth.†

112

I celebrate myself to celebrate you;
I say the same word for every man and woman alive.
And I say that the soul is not greater than the body,
And I say that the body is not greater than the soul ‡

113

Thought never to be forgotten in lectures.

That we, this age, pass through (now) the terrible transitions to the new age—ages.

We are now going through the paturition.

America is an illustration of it.

Few see the result—few have any faith in it,
Many desperately cling to the old age,
Yet continues the divine whirl, the conflict.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 55, current edition p. 78.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 13, and current edition, p. 29.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, pp. 13 and 53, and current edition, pp. 29 and 76.

114

No?

Have you supplied the door of the house where need was, the old one decayed away,
And do you not see that you also want your foundation and the roof?
Have you put only doors and windows to the house where they were crumbled?
Do you not see that the old foundation beams of the floor have rotted under your feet and who knows when they may break?
Do you not see that the roof is also crumbled and this day, this night, may fall in ruin about your heads?

115

Aspirations.

"Keep the secret—keep it close."

A cluster of poemetta. To my Soul.

To friends.
Did you think then you knew me?
Did you think that talking and the laughter of me, represented me?

116

Can ? make me so exuberant yet so faintish?
The rage of an unconquerable fierceness is conquered by the touch [of the] tenderest hand.

I cannot be awake for nothing looks to me as it did before,
Or else I am awake for the first time and all before has been a mean sleep.

117

This mouth is pulled by some sexton for his dismalest fee,
The death bell tolls there.

This face matches banners and champing horses.*

118

The Body.

Why what do you suppose is the Body?
Do you suppose this that has always existed—this meat, bread, fruit that is eaten, is the body?

*Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, pp. 83 and 84, current edition, p. 354.

No, those are visible parts of the body, materials that have existed in some way for billions of years not entering into the form of the body,
But there is the real body too, not visible.

(Make this more rythmic.)

119

Divine is the body—it is all—it is the soul also.
How can there be immortality except through mortality?
How can the ultimate reality of visible things be visible?
How can the real body ever die?

120

Downward, buoyant, swift on turbid waters a coffin floating.

121

The suicide went to a lonesome place with a pistol and killed himself,
I came that way and stumbled upon him.*

122

O dirt, you corpse, I reckon you are good manure—but that I do not smell—
I smell your beautiful white roses—
I kiss your leafy lips—I slide my hands for the brown melons of your breasts.†

123

My hand will not hurt what it holds and yet will devour it,
It must remain perfect before me though I enclose and divide it.

Only one minute, only two or three sheathed touches,
Yet they gather all of me and my spirit into a knot,
They hold us long enough there to show us what we can be,
And that our flesh, and even a part of our flesh, seems more than senses and life.

What has become of my senses?
Touch has jolted down all of them but feeling;
He pleases the rest so every one would swap off and go with him,
Or else she will abdicate and nibble at the edges of me.‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 17, and current edition, p. 35.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 54, current edition, p. 77.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 33; current edition, p. 52.

124

O I must not forget!
To you I reach friendlily—

O I must not forget,
To you I adhere.

I do not flatter, I am not polite, but I adhere to you
Baffled, exiled, ragged, gaunt.

125

You are English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh,
To-morrow the most powerful Queen that ever reigned over earth sends her eldest son to you,
Germany contributes to you— Italy to you.
You are Spanish also, and French also—adopter for good, or as noble guests.
You, O Libertad, do not refuse them, you welcome each and all.
You are of eld Asiatic also, and African.

126

Full of wickedness, I—of many a smutch'd deed reminiscent—of worse deeds capable,
Yet I look composedly upon nature, drink day and night the joys of life, and await death with perfect equanimity,
Because of my tender and boundless love for him I love, and because of his boundless love for me.

127

Spirituality, the unknown, the great aspirations of the soul, the idea of justice, divinity, immortality.

128

Merely what I tell is not to justify me,
What I provoke from you and from ensuing times, is to justify me.

129

Loving every one I meet and drawing their love in return,
Never losing old friends and finding new ones every day of my life.

130

Where the boys dive and splash in the bath.

131

You woman, mother of children,
You young woman, thinking of man, bashful, longing, loving, thinking alone at night.
You wife of your husband,
You husband of your wife—you old husband, and you middle-aged or old husband.

132

I know that amativeness is just as divine as spirituality—and this which I know I put freely in my poems.

133

Poem. Reflections. Shadows.

As seen in the windows of the shops as I turn from the crowded street and peer through the plate glass at the pictures or rich goods
In Broadway, the reflections, moving, glistening, silent.

The heavy base, the great hum and harshness, composite and musical.

The faces and figures, old and young, all so various, all so phantasmic,
The omnibus passing and then another and another, the clear sky up of.....

134

To be at all—what is better than that?
I think if there were nothing more developed, the clam in its callous shell in the sand were august enough.

I am not in any callous shell;
I am cased with supple conductors all over;
They take every object by the hand and lead it within me.

They are thousands, each one with his entry to himself;
They are always watching with their little eyes, from my head to my feet.

One no more than a point lets in and out of me such bliss and magnitude,
I think I could lift the girder of the house away if it lay between me then and whatever I wanted.

135

I am a look—mystic—in a trance—exaltation.

Something wild and untamed—half savage.

Common things—the trickling sap that flows from the end of the manly maple.

136

Living bulbs, melons with polished rinds smooth to the reached hand
Bulbs of life, lilies, polished melons, flavored for the mildest hand that shall reach.

137

I am that half-grown angry boy, fallen asleep,
The tears of foolish passion yet undried upon my cheeks

Years with all their events pass for me,
Some are spent in travel—some in the usual hunt after fortune,

I pass through the travels and fortunes of thirty years, and become old,
Each in its due order comes and goes,
And then a message for me comes,

The.....

138

Religion. ? Outset.

That these are a few casual observations—thoughts projected into the future

There can be henceforth no system of religion.

Religion soon assuming—nay already assumes grander proportions freed from fables, spangles, trickeries, mounts flying to the skies—touches, infuses, every one—-
Democracy and greater than Democracy—is the only democracy, true, divine, the reveler, the.....

139

See—there is Epicurus—see the old philosoph in a porch teaching
His physique is full—his voice clear and sonorous—his phrenology perfect,
He calls around him his school of young men—he gathers them in the street, or saunters with them along the banks of the river, arguing.

140

Sailing down the Mississippi of a clouded midnight.

How solemn! sweeping this dense black tide!
No friendly lights i' the heaven o'er us;
A murky darkness on either side,
And kindred darkness all before us!

Now, drawn nearer the shelving rim,
Wierd-like shadows suddenly rise ;
Shapes of mist and phantoms dim
Baffle the gazer's straining eyes.

River fiends, with malignant faces !
Wild and wide their arms are thrown,
As if to clutch in fatal embraces
Him who sails their realm upon.

Then, by the trick of our own swift motion,
Straight, tall giants, an army vast,
Rank by rank, like the waves of ocean,
On the shore march stilly past.

How solemn ! the river a trailing pall,
Which takes, but never again gives back ;
And moonless and starless the heavens' arch'd wall,
Responding an equal black !

O, tireless waters ! like Life's quick dream,
Onward and onward ever hurrying—
Like death in this midnight hour you seem,
Life in your chill drops greedily burying !

. . . . . .

Like earth O river you offer us burial,
Existence like is your hurrying on,
Like time with a clutch remorseless, continual,
That which you take is forever gone.

Unlike time you begin and end,
Unlike life you've a pathway steady,
Unlike earth's are your numberless graves
Ever undug, yet ever ready.*

141

In Song of Kisses.

The hot kiss of the new husband to the bride—and the kiss of the bride to the husband.

* Belongs to 1848—Cf. W. W. Complete Prose Works—Small and Maynard, 1898, p. 373, where other verses of the poem are given.

141

Take O boatmen thrice thy fee,
Take—I give it willingly,
For unwittingly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.*

142

I see the burial-cairns of Scandinavian warriors.†

143

Poem of Triumph.

Poem of Defiance.

Poem of..... ? Make a poem including a list of *what poems are yet wanted.* ....Something to bring in a dirge, slow, murky, half-suffocated, long, drawn out,—of not being able to extricate one's self from the most agonizing sorrow, and despair.....

The Triumphant Poem.
Poem of approaching death for a young man.
Poem of approaching death.

O for joy! O come at last! O strength! O perfect content!
O now my most triumphant poem.
O the sunset off in the heavens, westward, with fringed clouds, with long flakes, calm with pure light, with rich wonderful colors!
O the grand march, stately, maestoso wild-pealing, high-trilling, distant, the great drum beating, and the....

*A poem by Uhland, translated by S. N. N., containing six verses; the last runs:

Take now boatman, take thy fee;
Thrice thy due I offer thee:
For with me two spirits crossed,—
Spirits of the loved and lost.

Underneath it W. W. writes his own version, as above.

†Above passage (see "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 112, and current edition, p. 116) was taken almost verbatim from a newspaper cutting found in one of Whitman's scrap-books. The words on it are as follows:

"The old Scandinavian heroes, when they died, desired to have their funeral mounds raised high above them; their corpses close to the margin of the restless ocean, so that the spirit, when it grew weary of the narrow, quiet grave, might rise up through the mound and gaze forth over the vast expanse of tossing billows, and then become refreshed by a sense of immensity, liberty, action."

144

I know as well as you that Bibles are divine revelations
I say that each leaf of grass and each hair of my breast and beard is also a revelation just as divine
But do you stop there? Have you no more faith than that?

I live in no such infinitesimal meanness as that,
Would you bribe the Lord with some stray change?

I outbid you shallow hucksters!
All you pile up is not august enough to dent the partition in my nose;
I say that all the churches now standing were well employed in orisons to a sprig of parsley;
I tell you that all your caste have said about Belus, Osirus, and Jehovah is a shallow description.

I claim for one of those framers over the way framing a house,
The young man there with rolled-up sleeves and sweat on his superb face,
More than your craft three thousand years ago, Kronos, or Zens his son, or Hercules his grandson.*

145

I can tell of the long besieged city;
I was in its last bombardment.

No need of a reveille from the drummers that morning.†

146

And the farther south,
The early negro at daylight calling his brethren together by the sound of the Carolina yell.

147

Shadows of men and houses glistening.

A scene phantasmic spread off before me, I see through the plate glass glistening,
Through the pictures of men and the landscapes over the pictures of the river-side and the ocean-side gliding over the tableaux and groups.

Or as I sit at dusk and look out through the house-room window
Of the room, through the glass, a curious dim red with the glow—the fire in the stove—the walls and furniture—the singing purr of the kettle.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 45, and current edition, p. 67.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 40, and current edition, p. 60.

Gliding through there the three workmen returning home from their day's work,
each carrying his dinner kettle—their steps sounding on the walk;
The gray stones of the pavements—the lamp opposite just lit, and in the wintry air
Or in glass windows as I pass by, my own figure, reflected, walking,
Or the portrait.....

148

Poem.

As of walking along a street.....
In this House lives.....
I wonder who lives in these Houses.....

149

And now I care not to walk the earth unless a friend walk by my side,
And now I dare sing no other songs only those of lovers,
For now I know the life which does not exhibit itself but which contains all the rest,
And going forth regardless of all the rest I see substantial life that contains the whole,
I proceed America to leave you types of athletic love for the young men,
I proceed to celebrate the need of comrades.*

150

(? Superfluous ?)

Thought.

Of that to come—of experiences—of vast unknown matter and qualities lying inert—much doubtless more than known matter and qualities,
Of many a covered embryo, owner and fœtus—of the long patience through millions of years—of the slow formation,
Of countless germs waiting the due conjunction, the arousing touch,
Of all these tending fluidly and duly to myself, and duly and fluidly to reappear again out of myself.†

151

I am not content now with a mere majority.....I must have the love of all men and all women,
If there be one left in any country who has no faith in me, I will travel to that country, and go to that one and stand upright before him.....

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 341, and current edition, p. 95.

† Written 1855 or 1856.

152

O joy of my spirit uncaged—it hops like a bird on the grass mounds of earth.

A path worn in the grass.....

Pasture field, where the cattle and horses feed.*

153

Yet far sweeps your road, O martial constellation! ever adding group! stretches far your journey!
For the prize I see at issue is the world;
All its ships and shores I see interwoven with your threads, spotted cloth.
Dreamed, again, the flags of kings, highest borne, to flaunt unrivall'd?
O hasten blue and silver! O with sure and steady step, passing highest flags of kings,
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol—run up above them all
Dense starr'd bunting.

O your path stretches far, martial [constellation].
O to find your lazy seams they can turn and flap for carnage.
O long, long your road,

154

Children and maidens—strong men, fighters from battle wearied, wearied,
Rocked in the twilight ripples, calmly they sleep lapped in the ebbing tide,
To the ocean borne out, the hidden and measureless—ocean with room for all.

155

The Elder Brother of the soul—my soul.

156

The Katy-did works her chromatic reed in the tree over the well.†

157

What babble is this about virtue.....
I tell you I love all—I love what you call vice just the same as I love virtue.‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 259, and current edition p. 142.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 37, and current edition, p. 57.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 28: "What blurt is it about virtue and about vice." Current edition; p. 46: "What blurt is this, &c."

158

I must not deceive you—you are to die,
I am melancholy and stern, but I love you—there is no escape for you.
I do not know your destination, but I know it is real and perfect.*

159

Poem L'Envoy:

From one State to another—from the east to the west,
From Massachusetts to Texas.....

160

.....foot to fee lawyers for his brother and sit by him while he was tried for forgery.
Fables, traditions and formulas are not animate things;
Brick and mortar do not procreate like men;
In all of them and all existing creeds grows not so much of God as I grow in my moustache;
I am myself waiting my time to be a God;
I think I shall do as much good and be as pure and prodigious as any,
And when I am do you suppose it will please me to receive puffs from pulpit or print?
Doctrine gets empty consent or mocking politeness,
It wriggles through mankind, it is never loved or believed
The throat is not safe that speaks it aloud.
I will take a sprig of parsley and a budding rose and go through the whole earth.
You shall see I will not find one heretic against them.
Can you say as much of all the lore of the priesthood?†

161

I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied.....Not one takes medicine or is demented with the mania of owning things.‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 398, and current edition, p. 344.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 46, current edition, p. 67.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 34; current edition, p. 54.

162

The horizon's edge, the flying seacrow,
The unearthly laugh of the laughing-gull, the salt-marsh and shore mud odor.
The song of the phœbebird, the blossom of apple-trees and the.....*

163

What, think you, does our Continent mean in reference to our race? I say it means with radical and resistless power to assert the *Individual*—raise a refuge strong and free for practical average use, for man and woman:
That will America build and curiously looking around writes thereof a poem thereof.

164

Undulating, swiftly merging from womb to birth, from birth to fullness and transmission, quickly transpiring—
Conveying the sentiment of the mad, whirling, *fullout* speed of the stars, in their circular orbits.

165

If you are black, ashamed of your woolly head

166

Do you remember your mother? Is she living?

167

Hours discourged, distracted—for he, the one I cannot content myself without, soon I saw him content himself without me;
Hours when I am forgotten—(O weeks and months are passing, but I believe I am never to forget!)
Sullen and suffering hours! I am———†

168

How can there be immortality except through mortality?
How can the ultimate reality of visible things be visible?
How can the real body ever die?

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 37, and current edition, p. 57.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 355—poem omitted from later editions.

169

Why, what do you suppose is the body?
Do you suppose this that has always existed—this meat, bread, fruit, that is eaten, is the body?
No, those are visible parts of the body, materials that have existed in some way for billions of years now entered into the form of the body.
But there is the real body too, not visible.

170

I cannot be awake, for nothing looks to me as it did before,
Or else I am awake for the first time, and all before has been a mean sleep.*

171

Have you supplied the door of the house where the old one decayed away?
And do you not see that you also want your foundation and the roof?
Have you put only doors and windows to the house where they were crumbled?
Do you not see that the roof is also crumbled and this day, this night, may fall in ruins about your heads?
Do you not see that the old foundation beams of the floor have rotted under your feet and who knows when they may break?

172

The divinest blessings are the commonest—bestowed everywhere,
And the most superb beauties are the cheapest the world over.

173

Pure water, sunshine, space unclosed.....
I stifle in the confinement of rooms,
The flesh of animals, wheat, rye, corn, rice,
Give me that I have a clean, sweet resistless body to myself.....

174

The dry leaf whirls its spiral whirl and falls still and content to the ground.

175

I know that procreation is just as divine as spirituality, and this which I know I put freely in my poems.

* Referring to his recent illumination, probably written 1853.—Ed.

176

Did you think then you knew me?
Did you think that talking and the laughter of me represented me?

177

Reflections—Shadows

As seen in the windows of the shops as I turn from the crowded street and peer through the plate glass at the pictures or rich goods
In Broadway, the reflections, moving, glistening, silent,
Turn from the heavy base, the great hum and harshness,
The faces and figures, old and young all so various, all so phantasmic—
The omnibus passing and then another and another—the clear sky up.....

178

Incident for: Soldier in the ranks.*

Describe a group of men coming off the field after a heavy battle, the grime, the sweat, some half naked, the torn and dusty clothes, their own mothers would not recognize them.
The moon rises silently over the battle field but red as blood coming above the smoke—you look over the field, you see little lights moving around, stopping and moving around again, they are searching for the wounded, they are bringing off the dead.
At Gettysburgh, the second day of the battle, our troops drove the secession army from a position they had occupied and where the preceding night they had gathered their dead—the dead lay in certain spots piled three or four deep where they had placed them to be ready for burial the next morning.

179†

The Time and Lands are devoted to the Real.
Make a demand for the Ideal (or rather idea of the *Ideal* of the Real).

In the piece.‡

Thy true development, in thy unloosen'd soaring spirit!
Thee in thy fuller and loftier religions—in the saviors latent within thee—the bibles equal with any—divine as any.
In that thy joy—in coping with Nature's ceaseless force.

* Written as basis for a poem and given here as if it was rejected lines from a poem.

† A rough jotting—a suggestion for a poem.

‡ That is—the lines that follow are for the poem that is to be written.

Or a song—a chant—which shall *sing*—celebrate—America, in her best, her greatest —her young men (? her best men), with joyful bursts, lyric, exultant—all the States—east and west, north and south—Brotherhood—an equal union.

180

Have you found the scope of the great materialistic laws ?
The use of finding the scope of the great materialistic laws is to make politics, lives, manners and all plans of the soul no less than they ?

181

He tastes sweetest who results the sweetest,
Nations, poets, inventors, knowers, must themselves make the only growth through which they shall become appreciated.*

182

I admire a beautiful woman.... I am easy about who paints her portrait.

Poet go !
I am ready to swear never to write another word,

183

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there, glistening out with joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude unbending, lusty, made me think of myself ;
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing alone there without its friend, its lover.—For I knew I could not ;
And I plucked a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined around it a little moss, and brought it away.—And I have placed it in sight in my room.†

184

The shower of meteors—this occurred in the night of 12th-13th Nov., 1833‡—toward morning—myriads in all directions, some with long shining white trains, some falling over each other like falling water—leaping, silent, white apparitions around up there in the sky over my head.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, pp. 195 and 196 ; current edition, p. 272.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 364, and current edition, p. 105. The copy given here is not by any means a first draft, yet it is altered when printed in '60 edition and altered again in later editions. A good example of the thought and care Whitman gave to his work.

‡ He is then 14½ years old.

And there is the meteor-shower, wondrous and dazzling, the 12th-13th eleventh month, year '58 of The States, between midnight and morning;
See you the spectacle of the meteors overhead,
See you myriads in all directions, some with long shining trains,
Some rolling over each other like water poured out and falling—leaping, silent, white apparitions of the sky,
Such have I in the round house hanging—such pictures name I—and they are but little.*

185

See'st thou?
Know'st thou?
The Three of the Three—
There is on the one part—
Between this beautiful but dumb earth, with all its manifold eloquent but inarticulate shows and objects,
And on the other part the being Man, curious, questioning and at fault,
Now between the two comes the poet the Answerer.†

186

The same old mystery and problem.

Ever the puzzles of birth and death,
Ever the same old mystery and problem.
I bring, my friends, no news—a passing thought,
Arrested as it flits and flutters by,
Detained a moment as of late it fluttered like a bird or insect round me.

187

The true New World, the World of Science, Mind and Literature.

188

The mystic roll from all America‡

From wooded Maine, New England farms, from fertile Pennsylvania,
The boundless West, the South, the Carolinas, Texas

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," current edition, p. 191. The prose note and the lines of 184 are very early; probably belong to the forties or fifties.—Ed.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," current edition, p. 416. But above lines, to judge from MS., must have been written many years before "When the Full-grown Poet Came" was printed.

‡ The roll of the dead soldiers of the war.

189

The fester of defeat sharper than the bayonet holes in his side ;
What choked the throat of the brigadier when he gave up his brigade ;
These become mine and me, every one ;
And I become much more when I like.*

190

Perfect serenity of mind

To take with entire self-possession whatever comes.
What is this small thing in the great continuous volumes everywhere ?
This is but a temporary portion—not to be dwelt upon—not to distress—not to have prominence

Superior nonchalance
No fumes—no ennui—no complaints or scornful criticisms.
To find how easily one can abstract his identity from temporary affairs.†

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 42, and current edition, p. 64.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 267, current edition p. 147.

PART II.

Notes on the Meaning and Intention of "Leaves of Grass."

1

My poems when complete should be *a unity*, in the same sense that the earth is, or that the human body, (senses, soul, head, trunk, feet, blood, viscera, man-root, eyes, hair) or that a perfect musical composition is.

Great constituent elements of my poetry—Two, viz.: Materialism—Spirituality—The Intellect, the Esthetic is what is to be the medium of these and to beautify and make serviceable there.

2

Remember in scientific and similar allusions that the theories of Geology, History, Language, &c., &c., are continually changing.

Be careful to put in only what *must* be appropriate centuries hence.

3

I say that if once the conventional distinctions were dispelled from our eyes we should see just as much.

I do not expect to dispel them by arguing against them, I sweep them away by advancing to a new phase of development where they fail of themselves.

4

What shall the great poet be then? Shall he be a timid apologetic person, deprecating himself, guarding off the effects.....

5

Poem of adherence to the good old cause—the "good old cause" is that in all its diversities, in all lands, at all times, under all circumstances,—which promulges liberty, justice, the cause of the people as against infidels and tyrants.

Poem of the People—represent the People, so copious, so simple, so fierce, so frivolous.....

6

Write a new burial service. A book of new things.

7

Make no quotations and no reference to any other writers.

Lumber the writing with nothing—let it go as lightly as a bird flies in the air—or a fish swims in the sea.

Be careful [not] to temper down too much.....

8

All through writings preserve the equilibrium of the truth that the material world, and all its laws, are as grand and superb as the spiritual world and all its laws. Most writers have disclaimed the physical world and they have not over-estimated the other, or soul, but have under-estimated the corporeal. How shall my eye separate the beauty of the blossoming buckwheat field from the stalks and heads of tangible matter? How shall I know what the life is except as I see it in the flesh? I will not praise one without the other or any more than the other.

Do not argue at all or compose proofs to demonstrate things. State nothing which it will not do to state as apparent to all eyes.

9

Intersperse here and there pictures of athletic women—sometimes just a word or two—sometimes an elaborated description.

10

Tell the American people their faults—the departments of their character where they are most liable to break down—speak to them with unsparing tongue—carefully systematize beforehand *their faults*.

11

Put in a passage in some poem to the effect of denouncing and threatening whoever translates my poems into any other tongue without translating *every line* and doing it all without increase or diminution.

12

Leading characteristics—To unite all sects, parties, States, lawyers, disputants, young men, women (universology)—To be one whom all look toward with attention, respect, love.

13

It seems to me to avoid all poetical similes—to be faithful to the perfect likelihoods of nature—healthy, exact, simple, disclaiming ornaments.

14

The Great Construction of the New Bible. Not to be diverted from the principal object—the main life work—the three hundred and sixty-five.—It ought to be ready in 1859 (June '57).

15

Boldness—*Nonchalant ease and indifference.* To encourage me or any one continually to strike out alone.—So it seems good *to me*—This is *my* way, *my* pleasure, *my* choice, *my* costume, friendship, amour, or what not.*

16

Make *the Works*—Do not go into criticisms or arguments at all. Make full-blooded, rich, flush, natural *works.* Insert natural things, indestructibles, idioms, characteristics, rivers, states, persons, &c. Be full of *strong sensual germs.**

17

Friday, April 24, '57.

True vista before — The strong thought-impression or conviction that the straight, broad, open, well-marked true vista before, or course of public teacher, "wander-speaker,"—by powerful words, orations, uttered with copiousness and decision, with all the aid of art, also the natural flowing vocal luxuriance of oratory. That the mightiest rule over America could be thus—as for instance, on occasion, at Washington to be, launching from public room, at the opening of the session of Congress—perhaps launching at the President, leading persons, Congressmen, or Judges of the Supreme Court. That to dart hither or thither, as some great emergency might demand—the greatest champion America ever could know, yet holding no office or emolument whatever,—but first in the esteem of men and women. *Not* to direct eyes or thoughts to any of the usual avenues, as of official appointment, or to get such anyway. To put all those aside for good. But always to keep up living interest in public questions—and *always to hold the ear of the people.*

18

Poems.—Hasting, urging, resistless,—no flagging not even in the "thoughts" or meditations—florid—spiritual—good, not from the direct but indirect meanings—to be perceived with the same perception that enjoys music, flowers and the beauty of men and women—free and luxuriant.

* Written about 1856.

19

Lessons.—Clear, alive, luminous,—full of facts, full of physiology—acknowledging the democracy, the people—must have an alert character, even in the reading of them. The enclosing theory of "Lessons" to permeate All The States, answering for all, (no foreign imported models,)—*full of hints, laws and informations,* to make a superb American Intellect and Character in any or all The States. Also the Strength, Command and Luxuriance of Oratory.*

20

Book learning is good, let none dispense with it, but a man may [be] of great excellence and effect with very little of it. Washington had but little. Andrew Jackson also. Fulton also. Frequently it stands in the way of real manliness and power. Powerful persons and the first inventors and poets of the earth never come from the depths of the schools—never. There is a man who is no chemist, nor linguist, nor antiquary, nor mathematician—yet he takes very easily the perfection of these sciences, or of the belle lettres and eats of the fruit of all. Erudition is low among the glories of humanity. I think if those who best embody it were collected together this day in the public assembly it would be grand. But powerful unlearned persons are also grand.

But all book knowledge is important as helping one's personal qualities, and the use and power of a man. Let a man learn to run, leap, swim, wrestle, fight, to take good aim, to manage horses, to speak readily and clearly and without mannerism, to feel at home among common people and able to hold his own in terrible positions. With these.....

21

Poet! beware lest your poems are made in the spirit that comes from the study of pictures of things—and not from the spirit that comes from the contact with real things themselves.

22

Behind—Eluding—Mocking all the text-books and professor's expositions and proofs and diagrams and practical show, stand or lie millions of all the most beautiful and common facts. We are so proud of our learning! As if it were anything to analyze fluids and call certain parts oxygen or hydrogen, or to map out stars and call.....

23

Nature is rude at first—but once begun never tires. Most works of art tire. Only the Great Chef d'Œuvres never tire and never dazzle at first.

* 1856 or 1857.

24

The greatest poems may not be immediately, fully understood by outsiders any more than astronomy or engineering may. The work of the poet is as deep as the astronomer's or engineer's, and his art is also as far-fetched. Science proves itself.—Let poets.....

25

In Poems—bring in the idea of Mother—the idea of the mother with numerous children—all, great and small, old and young, equal in her eyes—as the identity of America.

26

America (I to myself have said) demands at any rate one modern, native, all-surrounding song with face like her's turned to the future rather than the present or the past. It should nourish with joy the pride and completion of man in himself. What the mother, our continent, in reference to humanity, finally means (where it centres around the prairies, Missouri, Ohio, the great lakes, and branches away toward the Eastern and Western Seas) is *Individuality* strong and superb, for broadest average use, for man and woman: and that most should such a poem in its own form express. Of such a Poem (I have had that dream) let me initiate the attempt; and bravas to him or her who, coming after me, triumphs.

27

No, I do not choose to write a poem on a lady's sparrow, like Catullus—or on a parrot, like Ovid—nor love-songs like Anacreon—nor even.....like Homer—nor the siege of Jerusalem like Tasso—nor.....nor.....as Shakespeare. What have these themes to do in America? or what are they to us except as beautiful studies, reminiscences? All those are good—they are what they are—I know they should not have been different—I do not say I will furnish anything better—but instead I will aim at high immortal works—American, the robust, large, manly character—the perfect woman—the illustriousness of sex, which I will celebrate.*

28

Philosophy of Leaves of Grass.

Walt Whitman's philosophy—or perhaps metaphysics, to give it a more definite name—as evinced in his poems, and running through them, and sometimes quite palpable in his verses, but far oftener latent, and like the unseen roots or sap of trees—is not the least of his peculiarities—one must not say originalities,

* Written probably in fifties.

for Whitman himself disclaims originality—at least in the superficial sense. His notion explicitly is that there is nothing actually new only an accumulation or fruitage or carrying out these new occasions and requirements.

He evidently thinks that behind all the faculties of the human being, as the sight, the other senses and even the emotions and the intellect stands the real power, the mystical identity, the real I or Me or You.*

29

Yet there is certainly something in Walt Whitman's works which has never been ventured before—something which never could have been ventured until now (on the arrival and successful proof of America)—something which even yet many leading cities refuse to admit as a legitimate theme for verse.

Perhaps the chief and final clue to these books of Poems, with their parti-varied themes, intertwinings of Prose, is the determined attempt or resolution to put Democracy (we would say *American* Democracy, but the author himself never ceases to bring in other people, the British, French, German, &c., and never loses sight of them or indeed of entire Humanity) [into] an imaginative and poetical statement. Nay it is certain that this is the underlying purpose and there is no "perhaps" about it. The idea of the books is Democracy, that is carried, far beyond Politics, into the regions of taste, the standards of Manners and Beauty and even into Philosophy and Theology.

In one way or another, now strongly odorous, now at second or third or fourth remove, now a silent background, (as in the poems of the Hospitals and the Dead in Drum-Taps) this determined resolution or idea pervades the whole of both books, like some indiginous scent, and, to a fine nostril will be detected in every page—we might almost say in every line.†

30

July, by the Pond. The same thoughts and themes—unfulfilled aspirations, the enthusiasms of youth, ideal dreams, the mysteries and failures and broken hopes of life, and then death the common fate of all, and the impenetrable uncertainty of the Afterwards—which Wordsworth treats his "Intimations of Immorality," Bryant in his "Thanatopsis" and in the "Flood of Years," and Whittier often in his pieces, W. W. also treats in "Leaves of Grass." But how different the treatment! Instead of the gloom and hopelessness and spirit of wailing and reproach, or bowed down submission as to some grim destiny, which is the basis and background of those fine poems. Instead of Life and Nature growing stale—instead of Death coming like a blight and end-all..... ‡

* Probably written as a note to be used by some friend who was writing about "Leaves of Grass"—possibly as part of a notice to be given by himself to some periodical.

† See last note above—29 was written on the back of a letter dated 21st April, 1876—it refers evidently to the '76 edition, in two volumes.

‡ See note to 28. Written probably July, 1876.

31

Amid the vast and complicated edifice of human beings many accomplishments and fitments and furnishings—the results of History and civilization, as they have come to us—the various conventions, social, ecclesiastical, literary, political—the resistless and precious accretion, always treated by him, [the poet] with respect and even reverence. Amid this edifice or complex mass of edifices he builds, as it were, an impregnable and lofty tower, a part of all with the rest, and overlooking all—the citadel of the primary volitions, the soul, the ever-reserved right of a deathless Individuality—and these he occupies and dwells, and thence makes observations and issues verdicts.

32

Preface to Democratic Vistas.

In the following book I have combined together what at first reading may appear incongruous—(and I had better say here at once that he or she who is not willing to give the book at least two or three perusals, had better leave it untouched altogether). But the truest analogies and connections are not those of the surface, or of first sight, or visible; they are often like the Subterranean streams of far-apart outlets and different names, but identical at bottom. So my songs refuse to be described or grouped or classified in a statement and are themselves their only real description and classification.

The central and dominant facts and glories of America are always to be found in the mass or bulk of the People. Other lands in quite all past ages and mainly at present show justifying greatness in their special, exceptional heroes and eminences and kings and martyrs, sages, warriors, bards, intellectualists, or what not, making a gem-like sufficient setting to the whole. If the mass, the slag, possess any brilliance or importance it is reflected from these gems and as a background for them.

But here in the United States, while we have curiously few "great men," in the hitherto accepted sense, in any department, is a *People* in a sense never before seen or imagined. True with tremendous streaks of crudeness, and with deficiencies and faults arousing deepest anxiety, yet still, upon the whole, with all the elements, promise, and certainty of a Democratic Nationality on the largest scales and humanities en-masse such as have yet existed only in dreams—a People as will be seen in the following pages, it is my opinion (repeated perhaps almost tiresomely) that Democracy on New World soil, having established itself in Politics now waits for its thorough percolation in Literature, in the Social intercourse of all classes, and especially that between employers and employed persons. These only will breathe into that corpus the breath of life and make it a living, throbbing, talking, acting soul —personality.

Of course it is to enforce this in various forms, in my way, that I add the.....

The idea of Democracy to which the young men and young women of these States must habituate and adjust themselves, and grow up to, is actual life in all its minutiæ, is not an abstract something in a theory, in the laws, or for election days.....

33

The name of this* tells much of the story—Before and Afterwards. How the whole purport, history, results of Book or Life, range between and within those words! *Before*—that nebula of thoughts and plans and misty hopes!—the ardor—(most curious resumé of all!) those startings out, urging, clearing, beating flights of wings, uncertain where you will soar, or bring up - or whether you will soar at all—to end perhaps in ignominious fall and failure! Those toils and struggles of baffled impeded articulation—those moods of proudest ambition and daring, quickly followed by deeper moods of qualm, despair, utter distrust of one's self—those years of venture and callow formation! unfoldings so copious, often inopportune—so many failures—so much unsatisfactory—a meagre dash or dot of genuine light at best—the vast mass of stolidity—the fortunes, misfortunes, happenings, surprises, through many years—all carried along and merged in the Afterwards—the way things work—the apparent terminations, the results so unexpected. Finally the looking back out of the still and pensive evening—a procession of ghosts in arrière in the soul's twilight, of all those angry wrestlings, those absurd trusts, those high-sounding calls, those contrasts, expectations, rejections, hauteurs, shames, loves, joys.

Accordingly, the reader of the ensuing book will be ushered into no palace hall, a banquet, or the company of gentlemen and ladies of highest refinement. It is probable—nay certain—that the well-established Goethean, Emersonian, Tennysonian doctrine or principle of verse-writing: to carefully select and express the beautiful, with the most exquisite metre, polish and verbal elegance will view the bulk of these writings with dismay and indignation.

Poems have long been directing admiration and awe to something in others, other days. In the following book the reader is pointed in the main, and quite altogether, to him—and herself, the existing day.

Finally I think the best and largest songs yet remain to be sung.

34

"The unknown refused to explain himself. 'What could I say to you that I have not said in another (my own) language? Is it my fault that you have not understood me? You think I wished to speak to your senses, and it was my soul spoke to you. What do I say! It was the soul of the whole of humanity that spoke to you through mine.'"—George Sand. Consuelo, Vol. 5, p. 264.†

* Seems to be a rejected passage from "My Book and I" printed in Lippincott, January, 1887, and afterwards largely used in "A Backward Glance," annexed to current edition of "Leaves of Grass."

† In Whitman's hand among these MSS.

35

Put in a passage in some poem to the effect of denouncing and threatening whoever translates my poems into any other tongue without translating *every line* and doing it all without increase or diminution.

36

Tell the American people their faults—the departments of their character where they are most liable to break down—speak to them with unsparing tongue—carefully systematize beforehand *their faults.*

37

If the following book* does not contain exhaustively within itself, and forever emanate when read, the atmosphere of normal joy and exhilaration which enveloped the making of every page, it will be a failure in the most important respect.

38

No one of the Themes generally considered as the stock fit for or motif for poetry is taken by W. W. for his foundation. No romantic occurrence, nor legend, nor plot of mystery, nor sentimentalizing, nor historic personage or event, nor any woven tale of love, ambition or jealousy is in his work. The usual dominant requirements—beauty, art, hero and heroine, form, meter, rhyme, regularity, have not only not been the laws of its creation but might almost seem at first glance to have never been suspected by the author. Thus compared with the rich ornamentation of the plots and passions of the best other poems, the palace hall, the velvet, the banquet, the master-pieces of paintings and statues, the costly vessels and furnishings, the melody, the multitudinous wealth of conceit, trope, incident, florid and dulcet versification and the much elaborated beauty of the accepted poets, there is something in Leaves of Grass that seems singularly simple and bare.

Instead of any such appetizing richness you are vouchsafed merely a spring, or springs, of plain water, bubbling and cold. You stand in a cluster of silent trees at sunrise, or walk a zig-zag path through the fields or pace the barren sea-beach and look on nothing but airy solitude and hear only the monotonous surging of the waves or sand. Yet the book is also saturated with active human life, the stir and hum of cities, the noise and show of trades, factories, ships, locomotives—fill page after page; with you move, all the practical activity of our aroused land and time. These occupy half the book or more. Again you are met by the silent apparition of domestic and other transactions common to you and every one, personal life, and again by many a secret thought, wish and memory, supposed unknown. Through these and through the whole world of visible shows, employments and of thought you

* Leaves of Grass.

are continually hurried along while a dim form a friendly face accompanies and guides you, as the phantom of the Roman bard accompanied Dante on his difficult and untried way.

In these "Leaves" everything is literally photographed. Nothing is poetized, no divergence, not a step, not an inch, nothing for beauty's sake, no euphemism, no rhyme.

That such a course gives offense to many good people—that it violates the established conventions of poetry is certain. But is there not something secretly precious to the soul in this awful adherence to the truth?

After everything is admitted against them, from the points of view of ladies and gentlemen in drawing-rooms or clergymen in their pulpits is there not an inference that puts us all to shame in the unmitigated and all-comprehending faith of these poems?

Indeed, the qualities which characterize "Leaves of Grass" are not the qualities of a fine book or poem or any work of art but the qualities of a living and full-blooded man, amativeness, pride, adhesiveness, curiosity, yearning for immortality, joyousness and sometimes of uncertainty. You do not read, it is someone that you see in action, in war, or on a ship, or climbing the mountains, or racing along and shouting aloud in pure exultation.

A certain vagueness almost passing into chaos (it remains to be acknowledged) is in a few pieces or passages; but this is apparently by the deliberate intention of the author.

W. W. is now fifty-two years old. No worldly aim has engrossed his life. He is still unmarried. None of the usual ardors of business ambition, of the acquisition of money, or the claims of society, pleasure, nor even the attractions of culture or art seem to have enslaved him. The thought of and the making of this work has spanned, as it were, the whole horizon of his life, almost since boyhood.*

39

Current Criticism.

Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person. By John Burroughs. New York American News Co. 1871.

It seems as if the debate over Walt Whitman and his Leaves of Grass were not only going to be kept up with more and more animation and earnestness every year but that the discussion is to bring (and indeed has so brought already) an examination, unwonted among us, of the very bases of the art of poetry, and of the high original laws of ethics and criticism. These bases—how do they refer to our special age and country? Those laws—what are they, as applied to poets and artists of the first class, for America and for the wants of American people?

Such are the questions which the advent of Walt Whitman has evidently roused and of which these notes are attempts to at least suggest the answer.

* W. W. was fifty-two on 31st May, 1871—was at that time in the Attorney-General's Office, Washington. It is still nearly two years before his paralysis.

40

Walt Whitman's second wind.

Although the phrase may not be thought a very refined one, there is no description that so thoroughly hits the mark as the foregoing one borrowed from the vocabulary of the prize ring.

There is a certain poise of self-pride about the book that offends many.

It is very certain not only that its pages could not have been written anywhere else except in America and at the present, but that the Secession War, or as he calls it the " Union War" is their latent father, and that the result of that war gives an undertone or background of triumph and prophecy to every page.

41

How little posterity really knows about the facts [of] a far-back person or book in his or its own time!

If my poems survive it is certain that this work of Dr. Bucke's with Mr. O'Connor's contribution* will some fair day be brought forward as unanswerable proof how strong were contemporary eulogy and support of them. Alas! We who know the exact state of the case perceive in it a little exceptional half-submerged rock, breasting alone a vast and angry sea of cross winds and refusal.

42

For Ottawa lecture.†

For thousands of years in the history of the masses of humanity why does it seem as if that history was all dominated by one word—war? All too necessary to the progress, civilization, the.....

Now, *Business* does it all—opens up China, Japan, Africa, colonizes, builds roads, penetrates, communicates.....

Is there going to be but one heart to the world?

If I should dare confess to you to-night my friends I should perhaps, rude as it might seem, own up that it is more with the wish to put in shape, for my own sake, the brief experiences of a late trip on the line of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes‡ and touches at the great cities with some thoughts arising out of them, than from any hope of pleasing you, that I am now speaking. I shall certainly not only be unable to tell you anything new, but it may very likely prove that I have only caught

* "Walt Whitman," by Richard Maurice Bucke—David McKay, Philadelphia, 1883—in which W. D. O'Connor's "Good Gray Poet" is included.

† Must have been written in 1880, but I did not know until I found this fragment in 1899 that Whitman ever had at that or any time any thought of lecturing at Ottawa.

‡ The trip made by W. W. and the editor in the summer of 1880 from London to Chicoutimi.

surface and present surface impressions. Still as the Frenchman Taine says in premising his fine ensemble of the letter and spirit of English Literature it is worth something to see how these things seem to a new comer and a stranger.

43

Whitman's Poems Summed up.

"Two Rivulets," joined with "Leaves of Grass," may be summed up as the result of twenty years labor and the attempt [to put] into a new, unrhymed, but rhythmical expression the events, and still more the spirit of those years with all their tremendous developments of war, peace, inventions, science — and the advent of America and Republicanism. For such may be called the general aim of this author, although everything, in both volumes, revolves around the central human personality. The Body and the Soul are one, and in the latter the former is immortal. Thus the principal underlying and elementary qualities of all Whitman's writings are a powerful sense of physical perfection, size, health, strength and beauty, with great amativeness, adhesiveness, a wonderfully buoyant joyousness of spirit, and of immortality, not as an intellection—but as a pervading instinct. With these comes forward far more prominently in "Two Rivulets" than in the preceding volume, the moral law, the "inner light" of the Quakers, the pure conscience, rising over all the rest, like pinnacles to some elaborated building. We have, too, the radical equality of the sexes (not at all from the "woman's rights" point of view however,) and the duties of these men and women as practical citizens, to the National, State, and Municipal Governments.

Undoubtedly this book could never have been written—neither the prose or verse—except for the secession war. We do not mean its mere material statements or themes, but in its spirit its tints and half tints, its singular, almost gloating pride and patriotism and Nationality, the subtle *bouquet* palpable enough in every page to him or her who has palate and nostrils to catch it,—and even in that negative feature of the masters which Schiller celebrates :

"Most the great artist we behold
In what his art leaves—just untold."

The entire work is finally to be considered as, we understand, the author himself markedly claims it to be, from his point of view, the first characteristic literary result of the war.

With this we take our leave of these utterances and their author. Their position in literature remains yet to be tried and established, for there is no denying that they are opposed to most of the literary and art-laws, and many of the decorums established by the intellects of all civilized lands, all ages, yet they are perhaps the most vitalized pulsations of living, loving blood yet thrown into literature, and their roots are democratic and modern far beyond anything known. Their patriotism is of a vehemence hitherto unknown in American authorship.

Then Whitman has a fond confidence that he will yet be absorbed and appreciated by his country. He says:

From my last years, last thoughts I here bequeath,
Scattered and dropt, in seeds, and wafted to the west,
Through moisture of Ohio, prairie soil of Illinois—through Colorado,
California air,
For Time to germinate fully.

44

For criticism of "Leaves of Grass."

We have had man indoors and under artificial relations—man in war, in love (both the natural, universal elements of human lives)—man in courts, bowers, castles, parlors—man in personal haughtiness and the tussle of war, as in Homer—or the passions, crimes, ambitions, murder, jealousy, love carried to extreme as in Shakespeare. We have been listening to divine, ravishing tales, plots inexpressibly valuable, hitherto (like the Christian religion) to temper and modify his prevalent perhaps natural ferocity and hoggishness—but never before have we had *man in the open air*, his attitude adjusted to the seasons and as one might describe it, adjusted to the sun by day and the stars by night.

As the Universal comrade each nation courteously saluting all other nations.

45

There is that about these assumptions that only the vastness, multiplicity and vitality of America would seem able to comprehend, to be fit for, and give scope to.

46

America needs her own poems in her own body and spirit different from all hitherto—freer—more muscular, comprehending more and unspeakably grander. Not importations or anything in the spirit of importations—aloof, and in These States exiles :—not the superb chronicles, faultless, rich, perennial as they are and deserve to be in their native lands of the past events and characters of Europe—Not the current products of imaginative persons, with tropes, likenesses, piano music and smooth rhymes—nor of.....

47

Caution—Not to blaart constantly for *Native American* models, literature etc., and bluster out "nothing foreign." The best way to promulge native American models and literature is to supply such forcible and superb specimens of the same that they will, by their own volition, move to the head of all and put foreign models in the second class.

I to-day think it would be best *not at all* to bother with Arguments against the foreign models or to help American models—but *just go on supplying American models.**

48

It is not that the realities of all these things are in the books themselves—in the poems [ ] etc. The realities are in the realities only, in the earth, water, plants, animals, souls, men and women. Poems are to arouse the reason, suggest, give freedom, strength, muscle, candor to any person that reads them—and assist that person to see the realities for himself in his own way, with his own individuality and after his own fashion.

49

(Of the great poet)—(Finally) For preface. It is not that he gives his country great poems; it is that he gives his country the spirit which makes the greatest poems and the greatest material for poems.

He could say I know well enough the perpetual myself in my poems—but it is because the universe is in myself—it shall all pass through me as a procession. I say nothing of myself which I do not equally say of all others, men and women.

—— ? (or) (Finally) (It is not that he gives you—his country).

He does not give you the usual poems and metaphysics. He gives you materials for you to form for yourself poems, metaphysics, politics, behavior, histories, romances, essays and everything else.†

50

No one will perfectly enjoy me who has not some of my own rudeness, sensuality and hauteur.

51

A poem which more familiarly addresses those who will, in future ages understand me, (Because I write with reference to being far better understood then than I can possibly be now.)

52

(?) Other poets have formed for themselves an idea apart from positive life, and disdainful of it—but for me I ask nothing better or more divine than real life, here, now, yourself, your work, house-building, boating, or in any factory; and I say of every male and every female, he or she can bring out of it all divine (?) growths (?) fruits (?).

* Probably written in fifties.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 264, current edition, p. 137.

53

Mine are not the songs of a story teller, or of a voluptuous person, or of an ennuyéed person,—but of an American constructor, looking with friendly eyes upon the earth and men and beholding the vista of the great mission of The States.

54

If I could speak to personified America I should [say]: I do not consider it of so much importance, in themselves merely, what amount of wealth you and yours have, nor what spread of territory, nor the curious arts and inventions, nor the crowded cities and produce-bearing farms, nor whether one party or another party takes the lead in the Government. But the main thing, the result of all those things, upon favoring the production of plenty of perfect-bodied, noble-souled men and women.

55

In future "Leaves of Grass." *Be more severe* with the final revision of the poem, nothing will do, not one word or sentence, that is not *perfectly clear*—with positive purpose—harmony with the name, nature, drift of the poem. Also *no ornaments*, especially *no ornamental adjectives*, unless they have come molten hot, and imperiously prove themselves. *No ornamental similes at all—not one: perfect transparent clearness* sanity and health are wanted—*that* is the *divine style*—O if it can be attained—

56

What we call literature is but the moist and wobbling cub, just born and its eyes not open yet in many days. You are a living man, and think; in that alone is a more heightless and fathomless wonder than all the productions of letters and arts in all the nations and periods of the earth.

57

"Don't read my books" I heard Walt. Whitman good-naturedly, yet emphatically, say one day to an intelligent but conventional questioner whom he personally liked: "You want something good in the usual sense; a plot, a love story—something based on the accepted principles and on precedent. You don't want something to wrestle with you and puzzle you, you want one of the good English poets' books—or the good and pleasing Longfellow, or such. I have written no such books. I have attempted to construct a poem on the open principles of nature, as comprehended not only in the material worlds of astronomy with the earth and sea, but as in all the movements of history and civilization, wars, the shows of cities, and in man with all his attributes, animal, intellectual, moral and spiritual. The whole drift of my books is to form a race of fuller athletic, yet unknown characters,

men and women for the United States to come. I do not wish to amuse or furnish so-called poetry, and will surely repel at first those who have been used to sweets and the jingle of rhymes. Then every page of my book emanates Democracy, absolute, unintermitted, without the slightest compromise, and the sense of the New World in its future, a thoroughly revolutionary formation to be exhibited less in politics and more in theology, literature and manners; all of which, at present, while interested in and discussing many things, America, curious as it may appear, knows little of, and in fact amid all her knowledge knows almost nothing of her real destination and life. But all will come along in proper time.*

58

Rules for Composition—A perfectly transparent, plate-glassy style, artless, with no ornaments, or attempts at ornaments, for their own sake—they only looking well when like the beauties of the person or character by nature and intuition, and never lugged in to show off, which nullifies the best of them, no matter when and where.

Take no illustrations whatever from the ancients or classics, nor from the mythology, nor Egypt, Greece or Rome—nor from the royal and aristocratic institutions and forms of Europe. Make no mention or allusion to them whatever except as they relate to the new, present things—to our country—to American character or interests. Of specific mention of them, even for these purposes, as little as possible.

Too much attempt at ornament is the blur upon nearly all literary styles.

Clearness, simplicity, no twistified or foggy sentences, at all—the most translucid clearness without variation.

Common idioms and phrases—Yankeeisms and vulgarisms—cant expressions, when very pat only.†

59

We suppose it will excite the mirth of many of our readers to be told that a man has arisen, who has deliberately and insultingly ignored all the other, the cultivated classes as they are called, and set himself to work to write "America's first distinctive Poem," on the platform of these same New York Roughs, firemen, the ouvrier class, masons and carpenters, stagedrivers, the Dry Dock boys, and so forth; and that furthermore, he either is not aware of the existence of the polite social models, and the imported literary laws, or else he don't value them two cents for his purposes.

60

The origination and continuance of metre, and of rhyme afterwards, were not only from their pleasantness to the barbaric ear, but more from their convenience to the memory in arresting and retaining tales and recitations and passing along what they

* Written April, 1869.

† Quite early—early in the fifties?

tell from person to person, generation after generation, preserving the epic song or ballad ages and ages as was often done in old times without the aid of writing or print.*

61

All others have adhered to the principle, and shown it, that the poet and savan form classes by themselves, above the people, and more refined than the people; I show that they are just as great when of the people, partaking of the common idioms, manners, the earth, the rude visage of animals and trees, and what is vulgar.†

62

The foreign theory is that a man or woman receives rights by grant, demise, or inheritance The theory of These States is that humanity's rights belong to every man, every woman in the inherent nature of things, and cannot be alienated, or if alienated must be brought back and resumed.†

63

The originality must be of the spirit and show itself in new combinations and new meanings and discovering greatness and harmony where there was before thought no greatness. The style of expression must be carefully purged of anything striking or dazzling or ornamental—and with great severity precluded from all that is eccentric. ‡

64

Not to dazzle with profuse descriptions of character and events and passions. The greatest poet is not content with dazzling his rays over character and events and passions and scenery and does not descend to moralize or make applications of morals. The soul has that measureless pride which consists in never acknowledging any lessons but its own....this invariably. But to bring the Spirit of all events and persons and passions to the formation of the one individual that hears or reads..... of you up there now. §

65

A new doctrine—leading feature. There is in the soul an instinctive test of the sense and actuality of anything—of any statement of fact or morals. *Let this decide.* Does it not decide? Thus the soul of each man, woman, nation, age, or

* '56 or '57.

† Written about '56.

‡ Written as note to following sentence in Magazine article, dated Oct., '51, on Keat's Hyperion: "It is perhaps safe to affirm that originality cannot be attained by seeking for it, but only eccentricity—oddity and eccentricity, which the great artist avoids as he values his immortality."

§ Written '55 or '56. Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 260, current edition, p. 291.

what not realizes only what is proportionate to itself. For a new school (or theory) —Let the test of anything proposed in metaphysics be this instinct of the soul—this self-settling power. First however prepare the *body*—it must be healthy, mature, clean.

66

Other writers (poets) look on a laborer as a laborer, a poet as a poet, a President as a President, a merchant as a merchant—and so on. He looks on the President as a man, on the laborer as a man, or the poet and all the rest, as men.

67

Many trouble themselves about conforming to laws. A great poet is followed by laws—they conform to him.

68

Understand that you can have in your writing no qualities which you do not honestly entertain in yourself. Understand that you cannot keep out of your writing the indication of the evil or shallowness you entertain in yourself. If you love to have a servant stand behind your chair at dinner, it will appear in your writing ; if you possess a vile opinion of women, or if you grudge anything, or doubt immortality, these will appear by what you leave unsaid more than by what you say. There is no trick or cunning, no art or recipe by which you can have in your writing that which you do not possess in yourself—that which is not in you can [not] appear in your writing. No rival of life—no sham for generation—no painting friendship or love by one who is neither friend or lover. Come, now, I will give the first lesson for a young man for newer and greater literati. Absorb no longer, mon ami, from the text books. Go not, for some years, to the labors of the recitation room or desk or on the accepted track of tourists. Ascend to your own country. Go to the west and south. Go among men in the spirit of men. Go to the swimming-bath, the gymnasium, the new buildings where the working carpenters and masons are. Learn of the elements and animals. Learn to master the horse. Become familiar with arms. Become a good fighter, a good rower, a sure marksman, hardy, one that dress and the criticisms of others and the usages of parlors can not master, one who could sleep in a blanket under a tree if need be, one who does not condemn civilization and refinement but grows through them to be superior to them. What is lacking in literature can only be generated from the seminal freshness and propulsion of new masculine persons. Books have generated upon books, and religions upon religions, and poems upon poems. I say a man is to vindicate himself above all things and a woman above all things. Do not grumble at any fact or condition whatever. What has been has been well, and what is is well, for nothing but such as they could come out of such as underlay them. They also are to underlie what could be built upon

nothing better than them. Sure as the geological developments follow each other in steady and beautiful order—sure as the saurian ages terminate in more advanced developments—sure as man was prepared for upon the earth—sure as he makes his resistless progress through time, over all impediments, and coming on with renewed vigor from all retrogrades and delays—sure as materialism—sure as the soul—shall arise in this land the literature that shall be eligible to embody not a few phases of life only, but all known and conceivable phases of life, and to identify all men and women and all climates and States, New York, Canada, Texas, the Mississippi, the planter, the Yankee, the Californian, the native, the immigrant, town government and the State and Federal Governments. Literature this of the largest friendship, and the vitalest pride and the truest freedom and practical equality ever known upon the earth ; literature the roomiest and least cramped because it shall arise from the broadest geography—the most diverse because it shall absorb the greatest diversity, —the grand organs of whose head shall correspond to the grandeur of its body, Literature not only of the dilletanti and few pleasant reminiscences but of all living things and of the past and future. Literature for a mighty breed of male and female, represented no longer in their legislatures and executives, but represented better by their successions of poets, orators, debaters, readers, musicians, philosophers, equals and mixers with the rest, springing from all trades and employments, and effusing them, and from sailors and landsmen and from the city and the country, making of the vaunted [deeds] of the past but a support to their feet and so treading them under their feet,—poets, musicians, philosophers whom the rest of the world shall not deny, because their greatness shall accept the rest of the world as much as any, and incorporate it and send back all that it has sent to them with interest more than a thousand fold.*

69

After all is said and done in the way of argument, the whole bubble of the sea-ooze against that unspeakable something in my own soul which makes me know without being able to tell how it is that I know. Though the linguists and lore of the whole earth deny what I say, it amounts but to this : So it seems to them. I simply answer, So it seems to me. The greatest of thoughts and truths are never put in print. They are not susceptible of proof like a sum in simple multiplication.

I see myself sweating in the fog with the linguists and learned men. I look back upon that time in my own days I have no mockings or laughter. I have only to be silent and patiently wait.†

70

Sept. '56. Leaves of Grass must be called *not* objective, but altogether *subjective*—"I Know" runs through them as a perpetual refrain. Yet the great Greek poems, also the Teutonic poems, also Shakespeare and all the great masters have been objective, epic—they have described characters, events, wars, heroes &c.

* Written '55 or '56.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 15, and current edition, p. 32.

71

I do not compose a grand opera, with good instrumentation and parts which you shall sing as I have written them, and whose performance will give fits to the dilletanti, for its elegance and measure. To sing well your part of opera is well; but it is not enough. You should be master of the composers of all operas—and of all tenors—and of all violins and first violins,—for they were all men like yourself, and perhaps less developed than yourself.

72

America needs her own poems, in her own body and spirit. Different from all hitherto—freer, more muscular, comprehending more and unspeakably grander. Not importations or anything in the spirit of the importations, aloof and in These States exiles; not the superb chronicles, faultless, rich, perennial as they are and deserve to be in their native lands, of the past events and characters of Europe—not the current products of imaginative persons, with tropes, likenesses, piano music and smooth rhymes—nor of.....

PART III.

MEMORANDA FROM BOOKS AND FROM HIS OWN REFLECTIONS—INDICATING THE POET'S READING AND THOUGHT PREPARATORY TO WRITING "LEAVES OF GRASS."

1

Space considered with reference to the earth, as all parts of the universe bear reference to each other, and all other things therefore bear down their influence more or less upon this earth. THE AIR,—a description of those things that may be said to be most closely identified with the air—for movement, visibility, occupancy &c., as the orbs, space, light, heat (as Silliman says—cosmical not terrestrial). THE SEA,—all the wonders of the sea, the sea covering three-fourths of the land. THE LAND,—physical facts of the land, as first its nebulous beginning, then its geology all through to the present, then its present *beauty*, *realty* and *diversity* as the home of man.

2

The most perfect wonders of the earth are not rare and distant but present with every person, you as much as any. Not distant caverns, volcanoes, cataracts, curious islands, birds, foreign cities, architecture, costumes, markets, ceremonies, shows, are any more wonderful than what is common to you, near you, now and continually with you. Man! Woman! Youth! Wherever you are, in the Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western States—in Kanada, by the sea-coast or far inland—what is more amazing than the sunrise, the day, the floods of light enveloping the fields, waters, grass, trees, persons? What is more beautiful than the night, the full moon and the stars? The prairies, lakes, rivers, forests?

3

A new way and the true way of treating in books—History, geography, ethnology, astronomy etc., etc.—by long list of dates, terms, summary paragraphic statements etc. Because all those things to be carried out and studied in full in any particular department need to have recourse to so many books—it is impossible to put them, or think of putting them, in any history—so that brief DATA, all comprehensive, and to be pursued as far and to as full information as anyone will, afford the best way of inditing history for the common reader.

The History of the World,—viz.: An immense digested collection of lists of dates, names of representative persons and events, maps and census returns.

4

The most immense part of ancient history is altogether unknown.* Previous to ten thousand years ago there were surely empires, cities, states and pastoral tribes and uncivilized hordes upon the earth.

Do you suppose that history is complete when the best writers get all they can of the few communities that are known and arrange them clearly in books? Sublime characters lived and died and we do not know when or where—full as sublime as any that we now celebrate over the world. Beautiful poems, essays of philosophy, witty replies, excellent histories, works of art and ornament.

There were busy, populous and powerful nations on all the continents of the earth at intervals through the stretch of time from ten thousand years ago down to twenty-six hundred years ago—signs and materials of them remain. Of their literature, government, religions, social customs and general civilization—silence. No one can now tell the names of those nations. They had in their own way something corresponding to all the essentials of a modern political power. Their agriculture, factories and handiwork, houses and modes of domestic life, their forms of worship and what they thought of death and the soul, how they were ruled, their trade or want of trade, their traditions and dress, the physiology of their various and separated races, which of them were of fine person and style, warm-hearted and clean, heroic, simple and of a beautiful candor and dignity, what sort of marriage, what condition of schools and art and medicine, and the laying out of cities, and what about liberty and slavery among them, and public benevolence and war and justice, and who were witty and wise, and who were brutish and undeveloped, and who were accomplished and elegant and rich—all these are to be thought about as facts. No dates, no statistics not a mark nor a figure that is demonstrably so.

Upon America stood many of these vast nations and upon Asia, Africa and Europe. In the trance of the healthy brain of man. Time, the passage of many thousands of years, the total vacuity of our letters about them, their places blank upon the map, not a mark nor a figure that is demonstrably so. With all this they lived as surely as we do now. They lived upon America and upon Asia, Africa and Europe. In the trance of the healthy brain of man these unknown peoples show afar off dim and filmy in their outlines. Some grand and elaborated, some with graceful faces learned and calm, some naked and savage, some like huge collections of meaningless insects, some engaged in the chase living for generations in the woods and unfenced fields.

Nobody can possess a fair idea of the earth without letting his or her mind walk perfectly easy and loose over the past. A few definite points mark deeds and national eras, lists of titles and battles and the like make up very little of

* First Sketch, in prose, of unnamed lands. The poem first printed in '60 edition, p. 412, current edition, p. 288.

the movement of humanity and events at any time. The best and most important part of history cannot be told. It eludes being examined or printed. It is above even dates and reliable information. It is surer and more reliable, because by far the greatest part of the old statistics of history are only approaches to the truth and are often discrepant and suspicious.

The native name of Egypt is Khami (black).

The Semitic and Iranian families are primitively connected with each other? Are they not the same?

Ancient Chaldea—Babylon and Assyria *i.e.* Nineveh—Cuneiform inscriptions.

Aramæan (from Aram) a name which applies equally to Mesopotamia and Syria.

Chaldean Christians in Kurdistan called Nestorians.

In Egypt and in Assyria, and doubtless in other ancient nations there were separate castes in language as in men. There was one written language for religion, one perhaps for the nobility and without doubt one for the common mass and people. Thus there in Assyria (as in Egypt) they had a written language, numerals, weights, tables, calculations, financial mediums and dispatches—they had an appropriate religion, poetry, history, amusements.

The inscriptions on the rocks on the road on the west side of the Sinaitic peninsula, to Mount Sinai had already occupied the attention of Cosmos Indicopleustes in the earlier part of the sixth century. After many suggestions from others, different ages, Niebuhr divined their contents, and scorned the idea of anything but greetings and memorials of travelers in different ages.

5

The Ruins in North America—the copper mines of Lake Superior which have evidently been worked many centuries since—probably more than a thousand years ago, perhaps two or three thousand—the mounds in the valley of the Mississippi—the vast ruins of Central America, Mexico and South America—grand temple walls &c., now overgrown with old trees—all prove beyond cavil the existence, ages since, in the Western World, of powerful, populous and probably civilized nations, whose names, histories and even traditions had been lost long before the discovery of Columbus and Vespucius.

6

In the big scrap-book upon which I am now working is pasted some leaves of "Graham's Magazine" (no date—must belong to the fifties) containing an article "Imagination and Fact." The writer says, "We should like to see a history of the campaigns in Greece of Darius, Xerxes, and Mardonius written by Persians." Upon which W. W. has this note:

Yes, an ancient history not written by a Greek or Roman—what a face that would put upon old times.

Again the writer says: "The mountains, rivers, forests and the elements that gird them round about would be only blank conditions of matter if the mind did not fling its own divinity around them." W. W. makes this marginal note:

This I think is one of the most indicative sentences I ever read.

7

Scythia—as used by the Greeks—the northern part of Europe and Asia and the people thereof " Kelts," viz., woodsmen. These were descendants from the same ancestors as the Greeks and Romans themselves. Another name of the above—the " Umbri."

The Celtic, Teutonic and Gothic races are all of Japhetic stock.

Sarmatia, Ancient Russia and Poland. ? the Teutonic races originally from Persia. Then the inhabitants of India and the descendants of the Keltic and Teutonic nations are all of one family and must all have migrated from one country. Whether that country was Persia or Cashmir or a country further east is not easily determined—but it seems that, accordingly, the white man of Europe and the tawny man of India have a common ancestry.

8

British human beings, wild men, the " Koboo." Elias Pierson (June '57) describes to me a very low kind of human beings he saw in one of the Ladrone islands, they were quite hairy, had a few rags for clothing and lived in earthern shelters, something like ovens, into which they crawled. Capt. Gibson affirms that all his statements in his book are true and made in good faith. Then the " Koboo " must be so. What difference does it make whether the lowest men are Borneans or not. Their brutish nature is certain and that is enough. After all are not the Rocky Mountain and Californian aborigines quite as bestial a type of humanity as any ? Remember Le Brun's illustrations of comparative anatomy where he groups the physiognomy of the native races of animals of a country and the physiognomy of the native races of human beings of the same country.

9

? Spinal idea of a " lesson." Founding a new American religion (? No religion). That which is comprehensive enough to include all the doctrines and sects and give them all places and chances, each after its kind.

Egyptian religion—existing in nascence or development through many thousand years, five or ten or perhaps even twice ten thousand years. The central idea seems to have been the wonderfulness and divinity of life, the beetle, the bull, the snipe were divine in that they exemplified the inexplicable mystery of life. It was a profound and exquisite religion.

Greek—existing through several thousand years—certainly two, very likely several more. Central idea, a combination of Love, Intellect and the Esthetic (the beautiful and harmonious)—Refined perceptions, the presence of perfect human bodies, the climate, the peculiar adhesiveness or friendship of the people all are in the Greek mythology.

Hebrew—the most etherial and elevated spirituality—this seems to be what subordinates all the rest—The Soul, the spirit rising in vagueness.

10

? Outlines of lecture. I imagining myself in that condition mentioned. You must do the work—you must think.

To you. First of all prepare for study by the following self-teaching exercises. Abstract yourself from this book; realize where you are at present located, the point you stand that is now to you the centre of all. Look up overhead, think of space stretching out, think of all the unnumbered orbs wheeling safely there, invisible to us by day, some visible by night; think of the sun around which the earth revolves; the moon revolving round the earth, and accompanying it; think of the different planets belonging to our system. Spend some minutes faithfully in this exercise. Then again realize yourself upon the earth, at the particular point you now occupy. Which way stretches the north, and what country, seas etc.? Which way the south? Which way the east? Which way the west? Seize these firmly with your mind, pass freely over immense distances. Turn your face a moment thither. Fix definitely the direction and the idea of the distances of separate sections of your own country, also of England, the Mediterranean sea, Cape Horn, the North Pole, and such like distinct places.

11

This list of one————week's issue from the National Patent Office at Washington illustrates America and American character about as much as anything I know. Remember the show at the Crystal Palace and the American Institute Fairs.*

12

Salt Works. At Salina, "Salt Point," now a portion of Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N. Y., (as Williamsburg is a part of Brooklyn) there are some salt springs. Also they bore into the neighboring ground (sometimes 300 ft. deep) 50, 70, 100 ft. A "block" is erected in which there are arches, with kettles for boiling the water —these are kept fired under day and night—till at the end of a week they have to be cleaned of the sediment, coating etc. By the kettles are baskets and ladles to take out and contain the salt. A spout and trough ranging over the kettles lets in the water as it is wanted. Evaporation supplies the best salt. It is put in bags and large boxes and sent off on the canals.

13†

The old-fashioned keel-boats and keel-boatmen have, of course, almost disappeared with steamboating. Still they are occasionally to be seen west, north, on the streams of Kanada, etc.

* Remarks by Whitman on a list of the patents issued at Washington in a week.

† Marginal note by Whitman on the word "keel-boatmen" used in a newspaper scrap pasted in.

14

The English masses (Talk with Frank Leonard, "Yank" etc.—their travels through English towns with the American circus). The large mass (nine-tenths) of the English people, the peasantry, laborers, factory operatives, miners, workers in the docks, on shipping, the poor, the old, the criminals, the numberless flunkies of one sort and another have some of the bull-dog attributes but are generally minus the best attributes of humanity. They are not a race of fine physique, or any spirituality, or manly audacity, have no clarified faces, candor, freedom, agility, and quick wit. They are short, have mean physiognomies (such as are in the caricatures in Punch), fine-shaped men and women, city bred, being very seldom met with in the city and becoming less and less common in the country. Bad blood, goitre, consumption, and the diseases that branch out from venerealism, gin drinking, excessive toil and poor diet are to-day apparent, to greater or less degree in two-thirds of the common people of England. They are wretchedly poor, own neither houses nor lands for themselves, have no homes, cannot look to have any homes and are acquiring something fierce, morose, threatening in their physiognomy. In their phrenology there is the most substantial basis of any race known, all that can make a solid nation and has made it.

Among the common classes in towns chastity is dwindling out. All drink, few are virtuous. In regard to intelligence, education, knowledge, the masses of the people in comparison with the masses of the United States are at least two hundred years behind us. With all these terrible things about the common people what grand things must be said about England! Power, wealth, materials, energy, individualism, pride, command are hers—and there is to-day but one nation greater than she and that is her own daughter.*

15

British in China. Hong Kong (Elias Pierson tells me) is an island, something like Staten Island in size. Of this the British have exclusive possession, and have fortified it, and keep regiments of soldiers there. Dates referring to China. Fo, a divine being, ruler, lawgiver, and teacher—a God—2500 years before Christ. Silk is plenty—they have a white coarse stuff of grass, that makes, for foreigners, very good shirts, lasting much longer than cotton or linen. The Americans are in very good repute in China—the English and French very bad.

16

June 23, 1857. Talk with Elias Pierson, who was in China in the rebel army in Canton and all through the country.

A religious building: There would be here and there, in the cities a large long building, perhaps one or two hundred feet in length, perhaps even more, and fifty or

* Pinned in scrapbook along with part of a "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," dated 11th December, 1857. Doubtless written about that date.

sixty feet high. Along the walls on both sides range the idols, gods and "Joshes," mostly of wood, some of them small, some thirty feet high, carved, gilt etc. Some are devils, some on horseback, some monsters, deformed persons, half animals, fish and so on. The Chinese are around with the priests, on their knees, pattering, mumbling &c.

The "Josh" is the Chinese idol, in wood or clay—in temples or dwelling houses. It is the same in general as other pagan idols.

Tea.—This is the universal beverage. It is cheap, of course. It comes in cakes (like chewing tobacco here) and is boiled, not "drawn" as here.

Slavery.—This exists in China. It has no regard to color. Nine-tenths of the slaves are women and girls. Polygamy also exists among rich persons.

Personal size and Attributes.—The "fair Chinese" are of good size and proportions with brunette skin, and are generally light and nimble. They have not the muscle of the beef-eating races. They feed on rice, greens, soups and similar diet.

Chinese Army.—Two contending forces, arrayed against each other take it quite easy, adjust their dresses, use their fans if the weather is hot, and are quite careful not to have their faces injured.—They are dandy soldiers. An engagement may happen and no killed or wounded be the result.

Climate.—A large part of China has about the same climate as New York, with snow and ice in winter and some very hot days in summer.

Executions.—Criminals are executed in several ways. A common mode is to set the victim in a sort of box which tightens around his neck and ankles and compresses his body by degrees with a special screw against his breast,—this squeezing him to death. Sometimes may be seen twenty or thirty such victims in rows dead or dying, with their eyes protruded and their tongues hanging out of their mouths.

Pekin.—Away in the interior is Pekin, the great city, the "Chinaman's heaven." Here is the Emperor and the imperial government.

Lascars.—Once or twice a year the Lascars have a characteristic spree. They attire themselves fantastically, one has a chain around his neck, one around his waist, another around his ankles, and the others lead them through the streets with dances and music. And such music! There are perhaps fifty or sixty primitive instruments, reeds, gongs, shells etc., all keeping in a wild sort of uniform rythm. The Lascars in this way march to and fro, all eating, drinking, making merry and collecting money in a vessel which they proffer to everybody. But the strangest destiny awaits this money. At night the Lascars all go together out upon the water, some very deep place, and pour this money into the sea! This is a gift to the Chinese Neptune, or to Pluto, that they may have grace at the hands of those deities in their voyages, or after all voyages are over.

17

Morality and talent are affected more by food, drink, physical habits, cheerfulness, exercise, regulated or irregulated amativeness than is supposed.—O. S. Fowler.

18

A character. Ninety-four years old, keeps up with the times, reads the new literature, was a chaplain in the revolutionary army, an intimate acquaintance of Washington, confined in the sugar house prison in New York city, hale and vigorous and sensible as a man of thirty—Was never sick.

19

Of Insanity.—Some are affected with melancholia, in these the organ of cautiousness will be found large; some fancy themselves the Deity, in these self-esteem predominates; some are furious, in these destructiveness, or more likely, combativeness. But a small organ may become diseased and often does so.

20

The temperaments—four—lymphatic, sanguine, bilious and nervous. Depend on the condition of particular systems of the body. Brain and nerves predominantly active seem to produce the nervous temperament. The lungs and blood vessels being constitutionally predominant give rise to the sanguine. The muscular and fibrous systems being predominant give rise to the bilious (which should more properly be called the fibrous) temperament. The predominance of the glands and assimulating organs give rise to the lymphatic.

Lymphatic: round form, soft muscle, fair hair, pale skin, sleepy eyes, inexpressive face, brain languid, other organs ditto. The system a great manufactory of fat.

Sanguine: well defined form, moderate plumpness, firm flesh, chestnut hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, great fondness for exercise and air, brain active.

Bilious (Judas in Lord's Supper): black hair, dark skin, moderate stoutness, firm flesh, harsh features, great endurance and bottom.

Nervous: fine thin hair, small muscles, thin skin, pale countenance, bright eyes, great mental vivacity.

These temperaments are seldom found pure, almost always *mixed*, as nervous and bilious in Lord Brougham. This nobleman was engaged in a court of law all day, went to the House of Commons at evening, remained there until two in the morning, went home, wrote an article for Edinburgh Review, then went again to court, then again to House of Commons, and only towards the next morning to bed—his vigor having been unabated all that time. Nervous and lymphatic are frequently combined, these give great alternations of activity and indolence. Prof. Leslie would, for a day or two, apply himself with vigor and success to scientific affairs—then as if the nervous energy were exhausted and the nutritive system came up he would sit and eat and doze and sleep, paying no attention to study—then again the nervous would come into preponderance. Nervous and sanguine give activity—first mental—the other physical. The nervous is a grave, thoughtful temperament—sanguine has hilarity and hope, lights the countenance, impels to motion and to animal gayety.

21

CERVANTES (1547-1616, contemporary with Shakespeare) and DON QUIXOTE.

Bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in Cervantes' best years when his spirits were light and his hopes high; but that with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life whose every step had been marked by disheartening struggles and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison and finished it when he felt the hand of death pressing cold and heavy on his heart.*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra—born about 20 miles from Madrid 8th or 9th Oct., 1547.

Wrote verses while a youth, attended the theatrical pieces of Lope de Rueda.

1570 (23 years old) serving at Rome in the household of a Cardinal. Whence he volunteers as a common soldier in an expedition sent by the Pope and the Venetians against the Turks. 1570-75 was in battles by sea and land. 1575-80—in 1575 was captured and carried to Algiers as prisoner; remained in durance as a slave 5 years. 1580 is ransomed and returns home—father dead—family poor.

1581 joins the army again as a soldier—serves in Portugal—becomes familiar with Portugese literature.

1584 is at home again in Madrid and writes and publishes "Galatea" a prose pastoral. Same year marries—poor but a lady. Remained united in marriage 30 years and his widow at her death desired to be buried at his side.

Dramatic performances. Now for several years writes plays for the theatre.

1584-5-6, does not seem to have gained much position or profit as a play-wright. Two of these earlier plays are in existence yet—but resemble too much the "miracle-shows" of the times for modern taste. Cervantes remains poor. Was maimed from an old wound.

1588 goes to Seville. Acts as agent to a government commissary and money collector etc. 1588-1598 in these employments and the like he travels Audalusia and Granada. Was imprisoned as a defaulter—released in 1597.

From 1598 to 1603 we lose track of him, but in 1603 he is established at Valladolid. The court is there under Philip III. and his favorite the Duke of Lerma.

1604-5. Don Quixote. In 1605 the "First part" of Don Quixote was printed at Madrid (licensed 1604). The received tradition in Spain is that Cervantes having been employed by the Prior of the order of St. John in La Mancha to collect rents due the monastery in the village of Argamasilla—that he went there and was persecuted and thrown into prison himself by the debtors—and that while there he started Don Quixote and located the hero in La Mancha perhaps in revenge.

The first part of Don Quixote was received at once with great favor—a second edition was immediately called for.

* This opening passage seems to have been quoted by Whitman, not known from where.

1606. Follows the court back to Madrid. 1609. Joins the Brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament—a religious association (all this time Lope de Vega, the poet, is the great literary idol of the age, in Spain).

Cervantes was full of good nature—full of cheerfulness, activity and a happy tolerance toward everything and everybody.

1613. Publishes "Novelas Exemplaras" (moral tales)—very good, since very popular in Spain but not in other countries. 1614. "Journey to Parnassus" a satire poem. 1615. From this time forward writes plays, also Entremeses (interludes). Eight plays for popular acceptation—are inferior productions.

Don Quixote—second part—1615. In this year also appears the second part of Don Quixote dedicated to the Count de L———. Cervantes in this dedication alludes to his failing health and anticipated death. This second part written in very old age is said to be better than the first.

Death.—23rd April, 1616, at the age of 68—was buried in the Convent of the Nuns of the Trinity—but a few years afterwards this convent was removed to another part of the city and what became of the ashes of the greatest genius of his country is from that time wholly unknown.

1617. Persiles and Sigismunda printed by Cervantes' widow. The story is a northern romance, the hero the daughter of a King of Iceland—the story full of savage men and frozen islands—wild and strange adventures—then the scene changing to south of Europe.

1818. A medal in France in a series to commemorate genius.

1835. A bronze monument of Cervantes was raised in the Plaza del Estamento, Madrid.

Don Quixote. The object, besides writing a good and amusing story, was to foil the fanaticism for romances of chivalry of the Amadis de Gaul type which then generally prevailed in Spain—(The esoteric meaning discovered by modern critics is mostly bosh). The effect. No romance of chivalry of the old pattern appeared after the publication of the First Part of Don Quixote, in 1605. The effect was perfect—from that time they have been rapidly disappearing.

A bogus Second Part to Don Quixote was sent out in 1614 by Alonzo F. de Avellanada—very inferior, and with insulting allusions to old Cervantes.

Cervantes seems to have originally intended his hero to be a parody of the character of Amadis, but soon to have made him the independent creation he is; very distinct—a crazed, gaunt, dignifi knight—with his round, selfish, amusing squire.

22

Saturday, June 21 [1856]. It seems to me quite clear and determined that I should concentrate my powers [on] "Leaves of Grass"—not diverting any of my means, strength, interest to the construction of anything else—of any other book.

23

My own opinion is that myriads of superior works have been lost—superior to existing works in every department, except law, physics, and the exact sciences —1856

24

Then poets must arise to make future D'Israelis unable to say this. Why the best poetry is the *real* history.*

25

The religion of the Bible, or rather of the New Testament, is a beautiful advanced stage in the never-ending humanitarianism of the world—but as the Bible admits of exhaustion like the rest and is now exhausted it may be left to its fate on these terms : As long as it stands it is worthy of standing ; these are perhaps the true terms of all religions.†

26

A main part of the greatness of a humanity is that it never at any time or under any circumstances arrives at its finality—never is able to say : Now as I stand I am fixed forever. If anyone has the feeling to say : I am fixed—and retains that feeling—then a longer or shorter farewell to the greatness of that humanity. Every day something more—something unsuspected the previous day. Always changing, advancing, retreating, enlarging, condensing, widening, being wafted to Spirituality. Always new materialism and things.‡

27

I think it probable or rather suggest it as such that Bacon or perhaps Raleigh had a hand in Shakespeare's plays. How much, whether as furnisher, pruner, poetical illuminator, knowledge infuser—what he was or did, if anything, it is not possible to tell with certain ty

Shakespeare's earliest printed plays 1597. Romeo and Juliet, Richard III., Richard II.

Chapman's translation of Homer printed 1600.

The gift of the £1000 was without doubt made about 1593 when Southamton was 20 years old and Shakespeare 29. I suspect earlier than that ?

1596 his son Hamnet died, in the 12th year of his age.

1598. To this year only five of his plays had been printed although he had been a public writer for twelve years. *Positively* he was by certain parties, more

* Marginal note on following : "I believe that a philosopher," says M. D'Israeli, "would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian." 1856.

† 1856. ‡ 1857.

or less numerous, adjudged already to deserve a place among the great masters as early as this date—1598, in the 35th year of his age.

The printing of Shakespeare's dramas was *without* his instigation or assistance. It is thought quite certain *he was indifferent to their appearance in print*, and did not mind even the blunders and omissions that marred them—probably for the same reason that Forrest would not like to have his plays in print now.

1598. Now (12 years after going to London) he returns to Stratford, purchases and lives in one of the best houses of the place—" New Place."

1601. His father died aged 71—his last years were probably comfortable.

Queen Elizabeth no doubt often saw Shakespeare as an actor and applauded him.

1603. James I. of England and VI. of Scotland commenced to reign. Previously, of course, Queen Elizabeth reigned.

1607. Susanna, his eldest daughter, aged 24, was married to John Hall, "gentleman,"—a physician.

1608 his mother died—a little previous his brother died—the mother was probably over 70 years of age.

Shakespeare at this time, 1608, seems to have had his reputation at its height. £400 a year is supposed to have now been his income, 1608.

Burbage died with £300 a year.

About 1607 (15 years after the Venus and Adonis) Lord Southampton still befriends Shakespeare—writing a letter to the Lord Chamberlain in behalf of him and Burbage.

1600 and for some time before and after *juvenile companies* were much patronized. They must have been very good companies too.

Shakespeare owned in both the Globe and Blackfriars Theatre. He bought and sold, bargained, was thrifty, borrowed money, loaned money, had law-suits.

Richard his youngest brother died in 1612, aged 40. His brother Gilbert, two years his elder, probably resided in Stratford in 1612 and before and afterwards. His sister Joan (5 years younger than he) married William Hart, hatter,—they called their first child " William." His daughter Susanna made him a grandfather when he was 45 years old.

1605 had a chancery suit.

Did right and wrong—was entrusted with commissions—lost by fires, thieves, cheats, committed follies, debaucheries, crimes.

1616, Feb. His daughter Judith married to Thos. Quiney, a vintner. Judith has three children, she died 1661-2.

Made his will, signed it twice with unsteady hand, made an effort with firmness on the final signature, " By me William Shakespeare."

Death at the age of 52.

Death. Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted.

His wife Anne outlived him. She died 1623.

His last lineal descendant died 1670.

The half-length upon his monument (erected anterior to 1623) "conveys the impression of a cheerful, good-tempered, somewhat jovial man."

It is evident to me beyond cavil that Shakespeare in his own day and at death was by many placed among the great masters and acknowledged.* And yet the florid style of praise was applied to everybody and almost everything in those times.

"He was handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit." Aubrey.

Some think Shakespeare was lame and for that reason retired from the stage—came perhaps from some accident. "Gentle" is the epithet often applied to him. At that time was not its signification "like a gentleman," "of high-blooded bearing"?

Fuller speaks of the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Club.

"Myriad-minded Shakespeare."

Evidently he was familiar with the Iliad.

His autograph is in a translation of "Montaigne's Essays"—he then must have been familiar with Montaigne.

Venus and Adonis passed through six editions in Shakespeare's lifetime, and a number more afterwards.

Sonnets first printed 1609.

Milton admired and loved Shakespeare, writes praises of him,—But yet he charges harshly against Charles I. that the monarch had a copy of Shakespeare in his cabinet for his constant use.

The character of the bastard Falconbridge—his gloating pleasure over the fact that he is the *bastard of a King* rather than the legitimate son of a Knight—what was this but either from a sentiment now repudiated or to please the aristocracy? Yet what was it also but a true depicting of those days? A true depicting also of thousand's of men's minds these days?

Shakespeare is much indebted to the ancients. Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," is taken almost verbatim from Plato.† To the Iliad everyone of his best plays is largely indebted.

See Emerson's Shakespeare.

Shakespeare put such things into his plays as would please the family pride of Kings and Queens, and of his patrons among the nobility. He did this for Queen Elizabeth and for James I. His renderings of man, phases of character, the rabble, Jack Cade, the French Joan, the greasy and stupid canaille that Coriolanus cannot stomach, all these fed the aristocratic vanity of the young noblemen and gentlemen and feed them in England yet. Common blood is but wash—the hero is always of high lineage. Doubtless in so rendering humanity Shakespeare strictly rendered

* Later Whitman has put a ? to this paragraph.

† Later Whitman writes against this as marginal note :—"Is this so?"

what was to him the truth—and what was the truth. The class of mechanics, tailors, salesmen, attendants etc., in Europe then, perhaps even now, are they or are they not properly reflected by such reflections as Shakespeare gives of them?

Illustrated London News, 25 Oct. 1856. A paper read by Wm. Henry Smith, author of "Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's plays?" "What Pope says of some of the plays of Shakespeare is probably true of all—that they were pieces of unknown authors or fitted up for the theatre while under his administration —revised and added to by him."

It seems according to Malone that "The London Prodigal" was acted at his theatre and afterwards printed with his (Shakespeare's) name on the title page—and though he had never written a line of it he was indifferent to the cheat and to the printer's impudence. Bacon, according to W. H. Smith, was most probably the real author—he goes on with his reasons therefor, some of them very curious and plausible, especially a contemporary letter to Viscount St. Albans saying: "the most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation or of this side of the sea, was of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." Jan. '57.—Smith continued these lectures.

Over-coloring. Many little things are too much over-colored in Shakespeare—*far too much.* The features of beloved women, compliments, the descriptions of moderately brave actions, professions of service, and hundreds more, are painted too intensely. It is no answer to this to say that a lover would so state the case about a woman he loved, or that a strong, rich nature would be apt to describe incidents in that manner; and that Shakespeare is therefore correct in so presenting them. Immensely too much is unnaturally colored—the sentiment is piled on, similes, comparisons, defiances, exaltations, immortalities, bestowed upon themes certainly not worthy the same, thus losing proportion. (? ? Also most of the discursive speeches of the great and little characters are glaringly inappropriate, both words and sentiments such as could not have come from their mouths in real life and therefore should not in the plays). Yet on great occasions the character and action are perfect. This is what saves Shakespeare. Is he imitative of Homer? If so where and how?

28

Edmund Spencer. Born about 1553—died 1599. Was an intimate friend of Philip Sydney who was killed by a wound at the battle of Zutphen.

Wrote adulatory verses on Queen Elizabeth—"Great Gloriana."

Raleigh was Spencer's next friend after Sydney.

Had a pension of £50 from the Queen and the actual Laureatship. He danced attendance like a lacky for a long time at court, but without luck. He left in disgust at last and went to his Irish estate on the banks of the Mulla.

Earl Leicester was his patron and friend. The "E. K." often mentioned by Spencer is supposed to have been *himself*—"E. K." has much to say of Spencer's Writings—commends them.

Spencer took his degrees of B. A. and M. A. at Cambridge 1573 and 1576.

After serving in an Irish Secretaryship received from the Queen the profitable grant of property, the Abbey of Enniscorthy in the County of Wexford—making the poet rich—owner of and resident in Kilcolman Castle.

There in his castle he must have written or finished in 1588-89 the Fairy Queen —it was published in 1590 ("twelve books fashioning twelve moral virtues"). Was married when 40 or over.

Kilcolman Castle attacked by insurgents—Spencer and his family fled—one of his children burned to death, the castle being fired.

A flight from Ireland.

Poverty ensued, comparative poverty anyhow. Lived a year in London. Died, was buried in Westminster Abbey. A monument erected 30 years after death by Anne, Countess of Dorset.

In his poems reverence for purity and goodness is paramount to all the rest.

In person Spencer was small and delicate, and in custom precise "as became a man of taste."

His face had sweetness and refinement—mild almond-shaped eyes, forehead lofty but not very wide—was well beloved by contemporaries who all exempted him from satire.

Tone of Spencer's poetry is inwardly abstracted, contemplative in the highest degree—loving high themes, princeliness, purity, white garments—rather averse to reality—his personages being only half real. He is haunted by a morbid refinement of beauty—beauty three times washed and strained.

No doubt but he was very learned. Even at the time of writing them, Spencer's words, in his poems, were many of them unusual, obsolete, or considered affected and strained.

Fairy Queen personages: Red Cross Knight—"Holiness," Una—"Truth," Sansfoy—"Faithless," Arthur—"Magnanimity," Orgoglio—"Pride," Gloriana—"Glory"—"Queen Elizabeth." In the Fairy Queen are also Despair, Fear, Care and Mammon.

First book—a king's daughter applies to a knight—her parents are confined in their castle—a vast and terrible dragon has laid in wait devouring the country, and is now after them. The knight sets forth, encounters a monster, an enchanter, kills the dragon, delivers the king and queen, marries the daughter.

29

Swedenborg—born 1688—died 1772, aged 85. At 55 years of age suddenly renounced the world. He is a precursor, in some sort, of great differences between past thousands of years and future thousands. He was little thought of at the time. Perhaps only the celebrity of his knowledge of minerals, mathematics, chemistry and the classics saved him from being counted a fool; it is wonderful the king and officers

did not desert him and leave him to the usual fate of innovators, but they did not. Neither Voltaire nor Rousseau notice him, probably they did not know of him ; the English philosophs and literats the same ; the German the same.

He was a contemporary of the French encyclopœdists ; Goethe born 1749 ; Addison 1672-1719 ; Sam Johnson 1709-1784 ; Pope 1688-1744 ; Hume 1711-1776 ; Gibbon 1737 ; Wm. Pitt 1708-1778 ; Franklin ; Jefferson ; Washington.

30

J. J. Rousseau. Born 1712. Died 1778 (some say by suicide). An American poet may read Rousseau but shall never imitate him. He is a curious study and will cause some contempt.

Rousseau's confessions (Swinton's translation fall of 1856). In 1766 Rousseau, 54 years old took refuge in Wooton, Staffordshire, England, and wrote this frivolous, chattering, repulsive book that still has a great lesson in its pages, and whose revelations one keeps reading somehow to the end.

Born in Switzerland—a sort of vagabond—a copyist of music—parents decent, substantial bourgeoisie. Lost his mother early. One brother, not much together. Father a quiet, easy person.

Jean Jacques left home—lived with various persons—worked—was bashful—learned a little of everything—his "Confessions" are a singular opening up of the trivial incidents, some quite disgusting, which find their tally in every man's life.

A sensitive, Frenchy, frivolous, keen, proud, unhappy, restless, contemplative nature.

Note how "character" is built up after all from the beginning. How the pompous "History" and "Biography" come down to just such as we are.

Remember in those days there were no journals, no "reviews," or masses of cheap literature demanded.

After many wanderings the last ten years of Rousseau's life were in and around Paris. He was very poor ; he lived in a garret and earned his food by copying music. He was old, discouraged, not robust, not popular, not happy. What a ten years and what an ending to them. Six weeks before his death Rousseau was invited to a country mansion. There he walked, meditated, thought who knows what ? Spent the day in botanizing before the night of his death. Did he or did he not die of suicide ?

31

Louis XIV. born 1638 died 1715.

Corneille—Louis XIII.

Racine towards the last of Louis XIV. Tragedies rigidly after the antique models—characters Greek or Roman—everything on stilts—all the talk in heroics.

I fancy the classical tragedies of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire &c., must illustrate the vital difference between a native and normal growth (as the Greek tragedies themselves) and all that comes from the mere study of that growth.

November, 1855, I saw Rachel in Athalie at the Academy of Music.

Myrrha, by Alfieri, the Italian, lurid passions with long winded dialogues about nothing.

32

Burns 1759-1796. By his poems Burns was faithful to lowly things, customs, idioms, Scotland, the lasses, the peasants, and to his own robust nature. He was often hard up, an improvident freehanded man. His poems succeeded—he made £500, an immense sum. He took a farm, was appointed exciseman (£75 a year) lived two or three years in that way, drank, sickened, died.

33

Heldenbuch—Book of heroes—full of half-ghostly, raw head and bloody bones stories—ancient German.

Nibelungenlied—song of Nibelung (author unknown)—it is objective like the Iliad. Probably dates back to about the 6th or 7th century. Carlyle supposed it to be about the third redaction (digestion) from its primitive form out of myths, acts, traditions, or what not.

Characters: Siegfried—the hero, a warrior King, full of courage, the usual type-hero, as seen, duly followed in all modern novels and plays.

Chriemheld—a beautiful princess, sister of three kingly brothers, of Worms, in time Siegfried's wife.

Gunther, the principal of the three brothers.

Brunhilde, a brave, vindictive, relentless woman—Gunther's wife.

Hagen—a brave warrior.

Etzel (King of Hun-land) Chriemheld's second husband—supposed to be the historic Attila, died 450 A.D.

In their present shape these poems Heldenbuch and Nibelungenlied cannot be older than the twelfth century.

The poet himself is unknown—he probably *made up* the poem in the 13th century.

34

Shakespeare and Walter Scott are indeed the limners and recorders—as Homer was one before, and the greatest, perhaps, of any recorder. All belong to the class who depict characters and events and they are masters of the kind.

I will be also a master after my own kind, making the poems of emotions, as they pass or stay, the poems of freedom, and the exposé of personality—singing in high tones Democracy and the New World of it through These States.*

35

Keats died 1821.

Shelley born 1792 died 1822—stock English gentry—must have been quite such another as T. L. Harris. Went to Eton, and Oxford 1810, figure slight, tall, stooped, aspect youthful, screamed loud in talking when enthusiastic, head small, hair long and bushy—generous, benevolent, pure—early riser—in winter evenings lay on the rug before the fire and sleep curled round like a cat—fed simply, liked bread and raisins—expelled from college 1811, married same year —separated 1813—wife died—married second 1816. Was not healthy, or rather not rudely so.

36

Gower, born 1326, died 1402, was an intimate friend of Chaucer who calls him "the moral Gower." Seems to have been a devout churchman. Rich and orthodox—"one of the fathers"—with Chaucer.

37

Geoffrey Chaucer, born 1328, died 1400 aged 72, parents citizens of London. Contemporary of Froissart, Walter de Manny, King Edward and Queen Phillippa.

Chaucer is supposed to have seen and conversed familiarly with Petrarch.

He received in the 39th and 44th years of his age two grants or annuities from the King.

He cultivated his own growth out of that of the Italian and Provençal poets.

Appointed by the King Comptroller of the customs of wool, wool-fells and hides—income £1,000, equal to about $15,000 now.

After death of Edward III. held similar favor and kindness under Richard II.

Wickliffe was his contemporary and friend. Chaucer sat in Parliament 1386.

Personally (aged 30) "of a fair and beautiful complexion, his lips red and full, his size a just medium, his air polished and graceful." Married at 37 to the daughter of a Hainault knight.

Of course in Chaucer's time the language of the court and of learned and refined persons, especially of poetical-disposed genteel persons must have assimilated to the French and mostly was French, coming on to them from William the Conqueror and his nobles and their descendants.

* Probably written before 1850.

Spencer copied Chaucer 200 years after his time.

Of all Chaucer's poems Driden preferred Palamon and Arcite.

As great as Spencer and Milton very easily—and no obstinate quarrel about Dante ; but wait awhile before putting him with Homer or Shakespeare.*

Doubtless at that time no one knew or thought those persons heroes or those wars and politics important. Also Chaucer alone of eminent English poets seems to have been above adulating royalty and nobles for gain's sake.†

There has been hardly a poet in the English language since 1400 but imitates Chaucer more or less.

Driden founded the school under which Pope's style comes. Driden's forte was satire—his poems all have it more or less—visibly or invisibly.

Chaucer was humorous—perhaps as humorous as Shakespeare.

Chaucer was plainly a strong wholesome man with large perceptive organs, friendly, amative, of independent spirit—possessed of the true English tastes, rude, fond of women, fond of eating and drinking, not to be quelled by priestcraft or kingcraft.

38

I think all the peculiarities of poets (perhaps of all marked persons) are to be taken calmly and in a spirit of latitude, not criticised and found fault with. *Those traits were the men*—facts in nature the same as facts in the landscape, in mathematics, in chemistry. This must of course be applied to Milton, Pope, Tennyson etc., just the same as any.

39

Most poets finish single specimens of characters—I will never finish single specimens ; I will shower them by exhaustless laws as nature does, indicating not only themselves but successive productions out of themselves, later and fresher continually.‡

40

Perfect Sanity. Divine Instinct. Breadth of Vision. Healthy rudeness of body. Withdrawnness. Gayety. Sun-tan and air sweetness.§

* Marginal note. The writer in magazine has said : "Chaucer must be classed with Homer and Dante, with Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton."

† Chaucer did not laud the heroes and beauties of his time nor celebrate the great victories of Cressy and Poiters—upon this fact Whitman comments as above.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," current edition, p. 189.

§ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 263, and current edition, p. 137.

41

Heinrich Heine (just dead 1856) Pictures of Travel (1856), portrait—leaning, sleeping head. Poems (as translated) seem to be fanciful and vivacious, rather ironical and melancholy with a dash of the poetical craziness.

42

As to Shakespeare's translations—they are the translation of so much beef and bread into vital human body and soul.

43

Shakespeare, born April 1564, died (in the 53rd year of his age) 1616. One of eight children. Married (on or subsequent to) 28th Nov., 1582. First child christened 26th May, 1583. Wife had twins early in 1585. No more children afterwards. Went to London 1586—is heard of three years afterwards as a sharer in the Blackfriars' theatre.

Shakespeare—first folio edition—one volume nearly 1,000 pages—complete collection of Comedies, Histories and Tragedies published by his associates and first editors Heminge and Condell 1623 (seven years after Shakespeare's death.) "During the next eight or nine years—from the first year of the 17th century to about 1609 or '10—*from the poet's thirty-seventh to about his forty-sixth year*—his genius rose at once to its highest point of culmination. It was the era of his tragic power, of *his resistless control over the emotions of terror and of pity*, and of his deepest and most gloomy philosophy. This was the period when he appeared as '*the stern censurer of man*,' when his deeper insight into the human heart led him to dark and sad views of human nature, sometimes prompting the melancholy philosophy of Hamlet, sometimes bursting forth in the fiery indignation of Timon and Lear. It was during this period that he most impressed upon his style that character which we now recognize as peculiarly Shakespearian by *crowding into his* words a weight of thought until the language bent under it. His versification becomes like his diction bolder, freer, careless of elegance, of regularity and even of melody—a sterner music fitted for sterner themes."

44

Ben Jonson, born 1574, was a working bricklayer.

Plutarch, English translation from a French one in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Shakespeare evidently did not anticipate the fame that was to follow him ? also was indifferent about fame. Did not even see to the printing of his plays and poems or even correcting them when misprinted. He minded his thrift, was hospitable, lived on what he made.

45

Troubadours—poets and singers—South France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Britain, etc. 11th, 12th, 13th centuries. The troubadours of the middle ages.

The troubadours were "gentle," knightly, refined, fit for lords and ladies in saloons—the trouveres were in comparison fitter for the common people. Trouveres (trouver—to find).

Serfdom and villeinage—Crusades. Dante. Petrarch. Froissart. Boccaccio (all last three contemporaries of Chaucer). Feudality.—With the close of the 15th century the middle age period expires. Middle age architecture. Modern poetry is neutral tints.

The English poet has reminiscences and continually extols them. The American poet has a future, and must extol it.

46

Shakespeare. Published Venus and Adonis 1593; Tarquin and Lucrece 1594; Pilgrim 1599; Sonnets 1609.

Shakespeare commenced at 27 years of age, in London—was already the father of three children—seems to have hardly seen his wife afterwards (?) nor did they live together (?) This last is not so certain, they possibly lived sociably in the same house after Shakespeare settled in Stratford.

As a young man must have been a great pet with everybody.

Richard Burbage—young man—his friend—the "star" of the company—the original actor of the leading Shakespearean characters. Burbage died 1619. Was the original Hamlet. He must have been a superb man. He left children, two sons. Besides Hamlet he was the original Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Romeo, Lear, Othello etc.

Venus and Adonis is dedicated to Lord Southampton, and styled by the poet the "first heir of his invention." This, the Lucrece and the Sonnets all precede his great dramas.

Spencer, his contemporary, already alludes to him in 1791 (Shakespeare then only 27 years old) as a superior writer "whom nature's self had made to mock herself," and as "our pleasant Willy."

Spencer was doubtless intimate with Shakespeare and knew what he had in him.

47

Spring of '59 read Dante's "Inferno." It is one of those works (unlike the Homeric and Shakespearean) that make an intense impression on the susceptibilities of an age, or two or three ages of the peculiar temper fitted by previous training and surrounding influences to absorb it and be mastered by its strength. But as

what it grows out of and needs present for its understanding and love has passed quite away it has also passed away. It rests entirely on the fame it achieved under circumstances fitted to it.

The points of the "Inferno" (I am giving my first impressions) are *hasting on*, great vigor, a lean and muscular ruggedness; no superfluous flesh; and the fascination there always is in a well told tragedy, no matter how painful or repulsive. It signifies, in its way, that melancholy and imperious part of humanity, or its elements, out of which the whole structure of the stern and vindictive Jehovahn theology has arisen—from the time of the primitive Jews down—vengeance, gloating in the agony of sinners, bad men, enemies to be punished, and the usual distinctions of good and evil.

It is a short poem. Dante's whole works appear to lie in a very moderate compass. It seems strange that he should stand as the highest type of Italian imaginative art-execution in literature—so gaunt, so haggard and un-rich, un-joyous. But the real Italian art-execution flourishes of course in other fields—in music, for instance, peerless in the whole earth, teaching high over the heads of all lands, all times.

Mark the simplicity of Dante, like the Bible's—different from the tangled and florid Shakespeare. Some of his idioms must, in Italian, cut like a knife. He narrates like some short-worded, superb, illiterat—an old farmer or some New England blue-light minister or common person interested in telling his or her story—makes the impression of bona fide in all that he says, as if it were certainly so. I do not wonder that the middle ages thought he had indeed really descended into Hell and seen what he described.

Mark, I say, his economy of words—perhaps no other writer ever equal to him. One simple trail of idea, epical, makes the poem—all else resolutely ignored. This alone shows the master. In this respect is the most perfect in all literature. A great study for diffuse moderns.

Dante's other principal work, the Paradiso, I have not read. In it, I believe, Beatrice, a pure and beautiful woman, conducts him through Heaven—as Virgil has conducted him through Hell. Probably he does not succeed so well in giving heavenly pictures.

What is more effective conforming to the vulgar and extreme coarsely rank pattern of Hell than the tableaux in the "ninth circle," where two brothers that have hated and murdered each other are made to continually "butt" each other by their heads, steeped in mud, ice and filth.

48

"Even now Jasmund, the people's poet, prefers to sing in Provençal."

De Vere's Comparative Philology, 1853.

49

Pythagoras was very beautiful and lived to a great age. He was of athletic tastes, a boxer, a dancer, wrestler, runner etc. He delighted in music and perfumes —wore his beard long.

50

James Macpherson, 1737-1796. Ossian, the real Ossian, if ever there were one, is put down at 300 or 400 B. C. Very likely a myth altogether. Ossian, bosky shield—wooden shield.

The Irish swear that Ossian belongs to them—that he was born, lived and wrote in Ireland.*

51

An Ossianic paragraph†: Margaret Fuller benighted and alone on Ben Lomond.

Ossian must not be despised—it means that kind of thought and character growing among a rude, combative, illiterate people, heroic, dreamy, poetical, on mountains, *not* on rich lowlands, *not* with placid Gods and temples, *not* with cultivated benevolence, conscientiousness, agreeableness, or constructiveness.

How misty, how windy, how full of diffused, only half-meaning words! How curious a study! (Don't fall into the Ossianic, *by any chance*).

Can it be a descendant of the Biblical poetry? Is it not Isaiah, Job, the Psalms and so forth, transferred to the Scotch Highlands? (or to Ireland?)

The tremendous figures and ideas of the Hebrew poems—are they not original? for they are certainly great. (Yes they are original.)

52

Produce great persons and the producers of great persons.....all the rest surely follows. What has been but indicated in other continents, in America must receive its definite and numberless growth.....the time is arrived and the land got ready and every present age is to pass the sinewy lesson and add to it.

Produce great persons (all) the rest surely follows. The time is arrived and the land got ready for the free growth of that which has been indicated.‡

* Ossian's Address to the Sun is pasted by W. W. on a piece of writing paper and above note appended to it by him.

† 51 is a marginal note to an Ossianic paragraph which is pasted on the paper on which Whitman writes.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," 1860 edition, p. 109, current edition p. 265.

53

Passing through the town of Borgo in old Finland, Russia.

Runeberg, the favorite poet of the Fin. He is said to possess more than mediocre talent and tunes his harp gracefully to granite, furs and the rough music of the northern blasts, all of which the Finnish people love.

Of Finland the roads are good, the scenery wild, pleasing landscapes, of which granite boulders, hills, lakes and pine trees are the principal features—prevented from appearing mountainous by the endless variety of their arrangement. The country is rough, the people are rough also, but friendly and strong.*

54

The florid, rich, first phases of poetry, as in the oriental poems, in the Bible, Arabian Nights, Tales of the Genii, Ossian, the Indians of America (Logan).

Song of Spring—from the Persian.

The primitive poets, their subjects, their style, all assimulate. Very ancient poetry of the Hebrew prophets, of Ossian, of the Hindu singer and ecstatics, of the Greeks, of the American aborigines, the old Persians and Chinese, and the Scandinavian Sagas, all resemble each other.

55

As now are given to science many names—geology, botany, astronomy, physiology, etc. But the real science is omnient, is nothing less than all sciences comprehending all the known names and many unknown.

56†

The Paradise Lost is, to us, nonsense, anyhow, because it takes themes entirely out of human cognizance and treats them as Homer treats his siege and opposing armies and their disputes. The Iliad stands perfectly well and very beautiful for what it is, an appropriate blooming of the poet and what he had received and what he believed and what to him was so in a certain sense. The Paradise Lost is offensive to modern science and intelligence—it is a poetical fanaticism with a few great strong features but not a great poem.

Another point of difference is the Iliad *was wanted* to give body and shape to the nebulous float of traditions.....and it gives them the beautiful, swift, rolling, continuing shape. The Paradise Lost was *not* wanted for any such purpose. What is in the Bible had better not be paraphrased. The Bible is indescribably perfect—putting it in rhyme, would that improve it or not?

* Oct. 1855.

† The notes that follow (under this number) are written on the margin of certain pages of "Christopher Under Canvas," in an 1849 magazine, and are annotations on that text.

Think of a writer going into the creative action of the Deity !

The best poetry is simply that which has the perfectest beauty—beauty to the ear, beauty to the brain, beauty to the heart, beauty to the time and place. There cannot be a true poem unless it satisfies the various needs of beauty.

Wordsworth lacks sympathy with men and women—that does not pervade him enough by a long shot.

Whoever believes in the Calvinistic theology to him the thread of Paradise Lost may seem strong—to others it will be weak.

The difference between perfect originality and second-hand originality is the difference between the Bible and Paradise Lost.

Milton's mind seems to have had the grandest sort of muscle and much of the other stuff that poetry wants. The descriptions are large and definite. He has nothing little or nice about him—but he was *in* too much with sectarian theology and with the disputes between puritans and churchmen. For instance what nations in Asia or Africa, not Christian, would see any great point in his poem if read to them ?

57

Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripedes flourished just before the maturity of Socrates. —Their best works have not come down to moderns.

In Æschylus the figures are shadowy, vast, majestic, dreamy—moving with haughty grandeur strength and will--born 525, died 456 B. C.

Sophocles, born 495 B. C. to 406. The dialogue and feelings are more like reality ("the harmonious gracefulness of Sophocles tuning his love labored song like the sweetest warbling from a sacred grove") the interest comes home nearer. Great poetical beauty.

Euripides born 495 B. C., died very old—love and compassion, scientific refinement ("the subtle reasonings and melting pathos of Euripides")—something like skepticism. This writer was a hearer of Socrates.

Aristophanes born 480 B. C. Nineteen of his plays remain out of eighty or ninety—contemporary of Socrates, whom he lampoons in "The Clouds."

Aristotle born 384 B. C., at Stagira, in Macedonia, went early to Athens, studied under Plato, was afterwards tutor to Alexander the Great, returned to Athens, opened a gymnasium or school, left to escape a charge of atheism, poisoned himself.

Plutarch born 50 A. D., lived to old age.

Zoroaster, two centuries after Moses. Menu preceded both 1700 B. C.

Confucius, China, 500 B. C.

Pindar was in his prime about the time of the birth of Socrates.

58

The Iliad, The Bible, and The Æschylean Tragedies as Prometheus, the Principal Shakespearean Tragedies as Hamlet—are not complete. Each of these poems is but a portion of a poem—each, strictly considered, is but an episode—neither of them is a filled up entirely perfected work of art, though what is supplied is admirable. Something far more is wanted than all that is supplied. The building is grandly planned and what is done is done by great mastery ; but the building is not even half done.

Of the Bible the parts do not have that unquestionable self-proved identity that is necessary—nor does Christ merge and make fruitful at all the Syrian Canticles that preceded him. The real owners and heirs of the Hebrew Bible, rejecting the New Testament and what it stands for still wait for the climax of the poem. Taking it altogether it is wonderful how such a contradictory repertoire was brought together and has held sway. Or is this diversity the very reason it has held together ? Has there been something to touch or approach every phase of human want, development, tenderness, fanaticism etc.

59

Oct. and Nov., 1857. Reading Virgil's Bucolics, Eclogues and the Æneid.

The Æneid was one of the very first books (translated in English) printed after the invention of printing. It was printed before 1500 by Caxton.

Virgil born 70 B.C., died 19 B.C., aged 51. Was of the patrician order—was well educated—naturally of elegant tastes and poetical studies—had patrons among the leading Romans.

Of the Æneid, it seems to me well enough except for the fatal defect of being an imitation, a second-hand article—Homer's Iliad being the model. It is too plain an attempt to get up a case, by an expert hand, for Roman origin and for the divine participation in old Italian affairs just as much as in those of beseiged Troy and in mythical Greece. The death of Turnus, at the conclusion, seems to me a total failure as a piece of invention, description etc.

The Bucolics and Georgics are finely expressed—they are first-rate.

60

Immortality was realized—the influence of the thought of it entering into the positive acts of the citizens every day, sending yet its tangible bequest to modern ages, and looking with calm and rugged quaintness to-day from the slopes of the pyramids. Personal qualities were accepted and obeyed (when are they not accepted and obeyed ?). Through these Sesostris more than three thousand years ago ruled Egypt for more than three score years. He was six feet ten inches high and nobly proportioned and supple. He was considerate of the common people. He

conquered Asia and Europe, honoring most those that resisted him most. He was a rugged, wholesome and masculine person and in the list of Egyptian greatness comes first after Osiris.

Not only Assyria and Egypt—not only Phœnicia and Lydia and Persia and Media and India had their literature growing out of the nature and circumstances and governments and enjoyments of the people, with more or less specimens, of course long since lost, of the grandest and most perfect forms of expresssion—but the men and women of other nations, other empires and states, other mighty and populous cities contemporary with them in other parts of the world, or ages antecedent of them, it may be in distant regions of the Eastern Hemisphere, or it may in North or South America, had their loves and passions and prides and aspirations also typified and put in shape and held in compositions. Language was systematized and passed on from one generation to another in methods answering to what was needed. These unknown empires and cities and their literatures existed just as certainly as the known ones and perhaps in greater vigor and fluency than the known ones. Travellers in every age and in all parts of the world come upon their dumb and puzzling relics.

In those early days the bards were the only historians. They were far more. All that all times lives in men and women, the feelings, the aspirations, pride, majesty, delicacy, adhesiveness, amativeness, the dread of being thought mean, the demand for a vogue more and better than practical life affords, urged audiences for the singers and poets of those rude races and make the bards who spoke to them sacred and beloved.

61

Egypt (and probably much of the sentiment of the Asyrian empire) represents that phase of development, advanced childhood, full of belief, rich and divine enough, standing amazed and awed before the mystery of life—nothing more wonderful than life, even in a hawk—a bull or a cat—the masses of the people reverent of priestly and kingly authority. The definite history of the world cannot go back farther than Egypt, and in the most important particulars the average spirit of man, except in These States, has not gone forward of the spirit of ancient Egypt.

62

India represents meditation, oriental rhapsody, passiveness, a curious schoolmaster-teaching of wise precepts and is the beginning of feudality, or the institution of the lord and the serf—much of the late-age lord or fine gentleman so nice and delicate dates back to Hindustan.

Assyria and Egypt.

Greeks—illustrating the æsthetic and intellectual development of our race in fluency, poems, the beautiful, in theory and action, friendship, architecture, manners, philosophy and much else.

Romans—the physical, that which makes a commanding and mighty race, that which gives perfection to war, conquest, invasions, audacity, amplitude, victory, the majesty and discriminations of law, the dignified in attitude, speech, and the like.

Hebrews—the spiritual element, the indefinite, the immortal, sublimity, the realm to which the material tends, the realm of shadows, meditation, the influence of the stars in solitude at night, the sublime idea of a coming man or Saviour, a perfect individual.

More or less undoubtedly Hindustan, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, China, Phœnicia and other elder lands preceded the Greeks, Romans and Hebrews. But what preceded these latter is hard to tell except by the process of reasoning from effects to causes.

Back to ten thousand years before These States, all nations had, and some yet have, and perhaps always will have, tradition of coming men, great benefactors, of divine origin, capable of deeds of might, blessings, poems, enlightenment. From time to time these have arisen, and yet arise and will always arise. Some are called gods and deified—enter into the succeeding religions.

63

We know of no beginning in universal literature any more than in chronology. We only [know] what is first to be mentioned.

The first literature to be mentioned is doubtless Assyrian literature and the literature of Egypt and Hindostan. Many, many thousand years since, books, histories, poems, romances, Bibles, hymns, works illustrative of mechanics, science, arithmetic, humor, Government, war, manners, manufactures and all the principal themes of interest to civilized life and to men and women, were common in the great Asiatic cities of Nineveh and Babylon and their empires, and in the empire of Hindostan, and in the African Memphis and Thebes and through Egypt and Ethiopia. Cheap copies of these books circulated among the commonality or were eligible to them. Vast libraries existed; there were institutions in which learning and religion grew together. Religion had a deep and proportionate meaning, the best fitted to the people and the times. Astronomy was understood—with which no nation can be degraded nor any race of learned persons remain without grand thoughts and poems.

64

Sustenance for the great geniuses of the world is always plenty and the main ingredients of it are perhaps always the same. Yet nothing ever happened to former heroes, sages and poets so inspiring to them, so fit to shine resplendent, light upon them and make them original creators of works newer, nobler, grander, as the events of the last eighty years. I mean the advent of America.*

* Written about '56.

65

A poem in which is minutely described the whole particulars and ensemble of a *first-rate healthy Human Body*—it, looked into and through, as if it were transparent and of pure glass—and now reported in a poem.

66

Why need genius and the people of These States be demeaned to romances? Let facts and histories be properly told, there is no more need of romances.

67

Still more is due those episodes of France. ? Plutonic among lands, more dreadful than any, yet indispensable, they, another, larger, latest among the few moral strata, enfolding the globe, is theirs. They are not inviting. They are not good—they gashed, streaming with blood—But, examining them, we know the future will not have credentials, more to be envied, than, sole among men, different, colossal, those dread deeds will present for the race of France!

68

.....that it perpetually fibre and strengthen and vivify all which is good, and erase all which is bad. Compulsion on the other hand, is a temporary support, gained at the price of much bad feeling and reaction. Schools—proud of and valuing it for its good name, works of art, architecture, parks, ornaments, aqueducts, avenues and the perfection of its civilization and conveniences. Every one of these officers should be possessed with the eternal American ideas of liberty, friendliness, amptitude and courage. It is all nonsense to fancy that the sphere of such fine traits can only be on some higher and more diffused and commanding scale, as Governor or Senator or President. The right sort of man will exemplify them just as well here directly at our doors or in our City Hall.*

69

The true friends of the Sabbath and of its purifying and elevating influences and of the many excellent physical and other reforms that mark the present age, are not necessarily those who complacently put themselves forward and seek to carry the good through by penalties and stoppages and arrests and fines. The true friends of elevation and reform are the friends of the fullest rational liberty. For there is this vital and antiseptic power in liberty that it tends for ever and ever to strengthen what is good and erase what is bad. Compulsion is a temporary support, causing much bad blood and certain reaction. For the city or state to become the general overseer and dry nurse of a man, and coerce any further than before mentioned.....

* The MSS. of this piece is in a bad state.

70

Of this broad and majestic universe, all in the visible world, and much in the greater world invisible, is owned by the Poet. He owns the solid ground and tills it and reaps from every field and harvests cotton and grain and clover. All the woods and all the orchards—the corn ear and stalk and tassel, the buckwheat its white tops and the bees that hum there all day—the salt meadows.....

71

In remarks on myself. What they say of him—he was just like other men—he shall not be singled out—one of the common.....

72

For dropping. Poem—embodying the sentiment of perfect happiness, *in myself* body and soul being all right—regardless of whatever may happen.

73

Lafontaine, born about 1621, lived 73 years (1694) was of good family, inherited some property—wrote fables in verse—somewhat like Esop's—also wrote poems and plays—lived 20 years supported by a noble lady in her house—was intimate with (? Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, Moliere).

74

What life hides too !*

* Among other printed slips, newspaper, and other—pasted and huddled together I find the following sonnet by Rev. Joseph Blanco White—a sonnet which Coleridge praised highly :

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report Divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet, 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

On the margin Whitman has written the above four words : "What life hides too." Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 166, and current edition, p. 345.

75

Goethe's complete works, last complete edition of his own revision, 1827-8 a short time before his death. Goethe born 1749—died 1832.

Carlyle, in reviews and otherwise, seems to have been the introducer of Goethe and the principal German writers from 1827 onward 10 years.

Goethe (reading Carlyle's criticisms on Goethe). His first literary productions fell in his 23rd year. Sorrows of Werter in his 25th year. In 1776 Goethe was seen by the heir-apparent of Weimar. Soon after invited to court and accordingly settled at Weimar. (Goethe was tall, handsome, every way personally attractive) had the title of Legations-rath (some time after). By degrees whatever was brightest in Germany had been gathered in this little court. There was a classical theatre under Goethe and Schiller. There Wieland taught and sang. In the pulpit there Herder (was this about 1807 ?). Goethe had risen until at last he was appointed minister (I suppose chief).

Here is now (January, 1856,) my opinion of Goethe. (Had I not better read more of Goethe before giving an opinion ?). He is the most profound reviewer of life known. To him life, things, the mind, death, people, are all studies, dissections, exhibitions. These he enters upon with unequalled coolness and depth of penetration. As a critic he stands apart from all men and criticises them. He is the first great critic and the fountain of modern criticism. Yet Goethe will never be well beloved of his fellows. Perhaps he knows too much. I can fancy him not being well beloved of Nature for the same reason. A calm and mighty person whose anatomic considerations of the body are not enclosed by superior considerations makes the perfect surgeon and operator upon the body upon all occasions. So Goethe operates upon the world.....his office is great.....what indeed is greater ? He shall have the respect and admiration of the whole. There is however what he cannot have from any.

So Goethe lived amid princely persons, all ceremonies, etiquettes, ranks, ribbons, caste, the classics, refinements, taxes, money plenty, deference,—all that belongs to a petty German court and the minutest observances of the same, with exact precedence and routine for everything. Arranged art exhibitions, palace-building, laws for the university and so on.

Goethe's poems, competitive with the antique, are so because he has studied the antique. They appear to me as great as the antique in all respects except one. That is the antique poems were *growths—they* were never studied from antiques.

Goethe's *Wanderjahre* was published in his 72nd year—(Sorrows of Werter in his 25th)—its characters illustrate (in dialogue and incident) a philosophical theory of the Christian religion, finely spun. The orthodox statement of Christ, the Crucifixion etc., are re-stated—"the sun hiding its head when He died " etc.

18 Feb., 1856. There is one point of the Goethean philosophy, which, without appeal and forever incapacitates it from suiting America and the forthcoming

years. It is the cardinal Goethean doctrine too, that the artist or poet is to live in art or poetry alone apart from affairs, politics, facts, vulgar life, persons and things—seeking his "high ideal."

22 Feb. Goethe is never carried away by his theme—he is always Master. He is the head person, saying to a pupil: Here, see how well this can be done.

Carlyle vaunts him as showing that a man can live even these days as an "Antique Worthy." This vaunt Goethe deserves—he is indeed a cultivated German aristocrat, physically inextricable from his age and position, but morally bent to the attic spirit and its occasions two thousand and more years ago. That is he, such are his productions. The assumption that Goethe passed through the first stage of darkness and complaint to the second stage of consideration and knowledge and thence to the third stage of triumph and faith—this assumption cannot pass, cannot stand amid the judgments of the soul. Goethe's was the faith of a physical well being, a good digestion and appetite, it was not the faith of the masters, poets, prophets, divine persons. Such faith he perhaps came near and saw the artistical beauty of—perhaps fancied he had it—but he never had it.

Goethe is the result of a well-ordered, polished, learned state, not physically great, acknowledging etiquette,—of moving mainly among gentlemen and ladies of culture, and taking it for granted that there is nothing better needed than culture. The educated mind has pleasure in Goethe's works [*this passage was first written*: The mind has almost boundless pleasure in Goethe's works]—in many, perhaps all of them. Still questions arise: Why do uneducated minds also receive pleasure from Goethe? Is he really an original creator or only the noblest of imitators and compositors? Would or could he have written anything without the studies of the antiques? Is a man or women invigorated, made cleaner, grander, sweeter, by his poems? Or more friendly and less suspicious? Has he raised any strong voice for freedom and against tyrants? Has he satisfied his reader of immortality?

What Goethe was it is doubtless best that he was. It is also eligible, without finding any fault with him, to inquire what he was not. He could not have been what he was without also being what he was not [i. e., without having those deficiencies which he had]. To the little court of Weimar, to the poetical world, to the learned and literary worlds, Goethe has a deserved greatness. To the genius of America he is neither dear nor the reverse of dear. He passes with the general crowd upon whom the American glance descends with indifference. Our road is our own.

76

Schiller, born 1759, died 1806, aged 47. Of the last 15 years of his life not an hour could have been entirely free from pain. Was helped by Goethe, aided to emoluments. They two were friends—had frequent and learned correspondence. (It is published).

77

What are inextricable from the British poets are the ideas of royalty and aristocracy, the ideas of the radical division of those who serve from those who are served and a continual recognition of the principles at the bases of monarchy and the societies and beliefs of caste. In the continents of the Eastern Hemisphere a bard whether ancient or modern has been an attaché to a nobleman or a court or to the order of noblemen or courts. The skald, the harper, the troubadour, Shakespeare, the feudal minstrel, the more modern poet, the laureate, all write, or did write or speak for those selected persons and at their behest and for the honor and largesse they gave. Shakespeare composed altogether for the court and for the young nobility and the gentry ; he had no other audiences. The courts have at all times pensioned eminent poets and do so at this day. In all times and in all nations it has been the faith of poets to believe in the noblest thoughts and deeds and to express them and to diffuse the love of beauty. In this we inherit and partake of every one without distinction of place. In this is the common glory of poets irrespective of period or place. In this the good of any one is the good of all. Yet is no poet dear to a people unless he be of them and of the spirit of them, a growth of the soil, the water, the climate, the age, the Government, the religion, the leading characteristics, a height and individuality for his own nation and days and not for other nations—in Egypt an Egyptian, in Greece a Greek, in Germany a German, in England an Englishman, in the United States an American.

Of the leading British poets many who began with the rights of man abjured their beginning and came out for kingcraft, obedience and so forth. Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth did so.

78

Barthold Niebuhr—1776-1831—55 years. Born at Copenhagen, during youth visited London and Edinburgh. Was an occupant of political offices for the younger-manhood years of his life—but in 1823 (aged 47) retired to Bonn and became the great reformer of Roman History (and ancient History generally). Was much excited by the French Revolution of July 1830, said to have hastened his death, Jan. 1831—See pages 249-50-51 German Literature.

79

Niembsch von Strehlenau (Nikolaus Lenau),—Hungarian—died 1853, insane, idiotic and animal—from love—aged 35. Tanko, the horse-herd, a popular poem —life of a Hungarian horse-herd, scenes, characteristic adventures, common life —real life.

80

Conversation with Mr. Held about German poets — his talk — as follows: Freiligrath a democrat—impulsive when he meets any one, or as he walks the road, or at a meal etc. etc. he composes—he improvises easily. Rückert, Uhland, Kinkel, Hoffman, Heine, Xavier.

81

Shakespeare depicts actual life, Schiller the ideal, Goethe mixes both actual and ideal.

82

Niebelungen Lied—scene much in the City of Worms and environs—Siegfried fifth century—much of it dialogue, passed on from one character to another, flowing out. Only experts in antique German can get along with the Niebelungen—it is as far different from modern German as the Saxon preceding Chaucer is from the present English.

83

The secret is here: Perfections are only understood and responded to by perfections.

This rule runs through all and applies to mediocrity, crime and all the rest; each is understood only by the like of itself.

Any degree of development in the soul is only responded to by the similar degree in other souls. One religion wonders at another. A nation wonders *how* another nation can be what it is, wonders how it can like what it likes and dislike what it dislikes; a man wonders at another man's folly and so on. But what a nation likes, is part of that nation; and what it dislikes is part of the same nation; its politics and religion, whatever they are, are inevitable results of the days and events that have preceded the nation, just as much as the condition of the geology of that part of the earth is the result of former conditions.

84

Oliver Goldsmith, born at Pallas (Ireland) Nov. 1728 – father a curate and small farmer—moved to Westmeath—£200 a year—educated Trinity College, Dublin, thoughtless, heedless, credulous,—gambled, was helped to money—lost it—at 24 went to Edinburgh to lectures—thence to Leyden—at 27 with a smattering of medical knowledge wandered through France, Switzerland, Flanders, Italy—returned to England—lived in low life—from 30 to 36 a literary hack—then better known and better off—then prosperous, received sums of £200, £300, £600 etc. for his poems, histories and plays. As a talker, frivolous, weak, no good—as a writer and

compiler, wonderfully ignorant. Was a gambler still—got deeply in debt £2000—preyed upon his mind—associates regarded him with kindness and contempt—he was envious and showed it—income, last seven years of his life, £400 a year. Died 3 April, 1774, in his 46th year. He sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him.

85*

Leigh Hunt criticized his own poems. Spencer criticized himself. Also the same sort of self-criticism by other poets. *The piece thus headed runs as follows:* "We will not go with Mr. Hunt into the critical analysis of his own poetical productions though many of his remarks thereon are as racy as the poems themselves. *This method of commenting upon one's own productions is not altogether unauthorized. Mr. Hunt gives for it the example of the old Italian poets, with Dante at their head.* He regrets that Shakespeare had not been his own commentator, and Spencer given elucidations respecting his Platonic mysticisms on the nature of man. He would have enjoyed 'A divine gossip with him about his wood and his solitudes, and his nymphs, his oceans, and his heaven.'"

86

The great poet absorbs the identity of others and the experience of others and they are definite in him or from him; but he presses them all through the powerful press of himself.....loads his own masterly identity.

87

Keats' poetry is ornamental, elaborated, rich in wrought imagery, it is imbued with the sentiment, at second-hand, of the gods and goddesses of twenty-five hundred years ago. Its feeling is the feeling of a gentlemanly person lately at college, accepting what was commanded him there, who moves and would only move in elegant society, reading classical books in libraries. Of life in the nineteenth century it has none any more than the statues have. It does not come home at all to the direct wants of the bodies and souls of the century.

88

Frederick Schlegel—1772-1829—one of two celebrated literary brothers—the other named Augustus. Had a strong predilection toward the wonderful and mysterious. 1803 entered Roman Catholic Church. Wrote "Philosophy of History," most valuable tenet of which is,—"*the inexpediency of destroying old institutions*

* This (apropos of his own later doings) is an interesting item. It is a newspaper paragraph headed in W.'s hand as above.

before new ideas are prepared to develop themselves in consistency with the order of society." Lectures (" History of Literature ") 1811-12 have chiefly extended his fame. *He makes literature the representative expression of all that is superior in a nation,* thus elevating it, especially poetry, far above the views of trivial and commonplace criticism, and regarding it as incorporating and being the highest product of human life and genius. He appreciates the great masters of all countries and sets them off from crowds of temporary persons.

Prejudices.—But remember in reading these lectures Schlegel was full of the prejudices of a zealous, newly converted Roman Catholic.*

89

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, born 1763 at Wunsiedel, near Bayreuth, Germany —died 1825 aged 62, rather poor the earlier years, father a subordinate clergyman —went to university—his father died—he was hard up for many years afterwards. Resolved to make his living by writing books—his first work being finished—no publisher—tried some time, at last found one in Berlin—unnoticed by the reviews, except one, and that gave a scornful notice. Richter still holds his purpose—writes another work, " Selections from the Papers of the Devil "—ransacked high and low for a publisher, but found none—until some years afterwards. Stood out in costume, wore his shirt open at the neck etc.—horrified all the " Magisters "—held out in costume seven years, and then returned to orthodoxy.

Living in the most scanty manner for some ten years, in 1793, when 30 years old, he began to be known and his works marketable, " The Invisible Lodge," " Hesperus " etc. about that time (novels). The reviews acknowledged him, and he went on writing and receiving good returns. He wrote many, many works (some sixty or more vols. I believe). He married 1798, a good wife of rather upper grade —had a pension from a princely prelate in 1802 and continued for life. His eldest son died 1821. Was writing on a favorite theme, Immortality (had been quite blind some years), when 14 November, 1825, he died.

Richter seems to have been a thoroughly irregular genius, according to the laws and models. He was gay, sparkling, a rattler, profound—one of those that to new readers do not please, but once falling in with him, and reading his books, it is amply made up. He seems to have " believed in Christ " and the orthodox tenets.

His person was huge, queer, irregular. He is witty, very—yet a certain true pathos pervades even his comedy.

I should say that he was unnatural and lurid, judged by the calm and wholesome models. He is full of love and appears to be the originator of much of the soft and sentimental ways of the swarms of tale-writers of the last thirty years, in Britain and America.

* Above dated by W. W. '57.

90

Carlyle certainly introduced the German style, writers, sentimentalism, transcendentalism etc. etc. etc. from 1826 to 1840—through the great reviews and magazines—and through his own works and example.

91

Tennyson has a pension of £200 a year, conferred by the Queen some time since. His age now (1856) 48 years. Sept. '55 Tennyson published Maud and Other Poems. It is a love story, rather tedious and affected, with some sweet passages.*

92

Homer and Shakespeare (both are objective) deserve all the reward that has been bestowed upon them. They did what was to be done, and did the work divinely. Homer poetized great wars, persons, events, throwing together in perfect proportion a perfect poem, noisy, muscular, manly, amative, an amusement and excitement, a sustenance and health.

Shakespeare, the gentle, the sweet musical, well-beloved Shakespeare, delineated *characters*. They are better represented by him than by any other poet at any time—Kings, traitors, lovers.....ambition, perplexed persons, youth, old age he easily reflects. He through them delivers many profound thoughts—many poetical, subtle fancies—many involved, rather elaborate, unnatural comparisons. Well may Homer remain, and Shakespeare remain.

Could (shall) there not be a poet of America no less than they but different from, doing more than either of them? Stamping *this age*, and so all ages, in his poems? Feeding character with a strong clean meat? Riveting the passing incidents, sentiment, persons, tendencies, visible things, landscapes, voyages, politics, Manhattan Island, the Yankee, the Californian, all American features and leading facts in poems? Bequeathing the most precious of all works in literature to the future American woman and man?†

93

Samuel Johnson—1709-1784—Was born in Litchfield, England. Father a book-seller, educated thoroughly—read everything—went through college, physically queer, scrofulous, purblind, crotchety, alimentive, married a vulgar old woman that painted and wore all sorts of false things—was faithful and fond to the last—"Dear Titty"—went to London—struggled on there *thirty years* through all sorts of privations and starvations—sometimes lucky (a little)—wrote "Idler," "Rambler"

* Above written on margin of magazine article on Poets Laureate.

† Written about 1856.

etc—"Rasselas" written in a week to make money for mother's funeral expenses etc.—wrote Dictionary—had £1500 for it—edited an edition of Shakespeare (a poor one)—at last received a pension of £300 a year from the Government —was always of coarse behavior,—wrote in a latinized style, not simple and with unlearned instincts but pompous and full of polysyllables.*

94

A good article [*added later*] yes it is. Yet with all this glorification of Wordsworth read the personal traits of him, with sayings, looks, foibles etc., as given by those who knew him. Died 1850—aged 80.

Of a poet—Keats perhaps,—His words are English and American, but his poem is Greek.†

95

Wordsworth, it seems, is the originator of this kind of poem—followed here by Bryant and others.‡

96

Memory.—Nothing makes this faculty so good as the employment of it—Locke.

97

Plutarch—born about the year 50 A.C.—died, it may be, 125 A.C. Notes of life, books etc. Translations, when appeared.

Amiots' translation (French) 1558.

A Greek text at Paris 1624.

First English translation—during reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Dryden, with many others in company, also made a translation—"a motley work."

Born in Bœotia in Greece about the year 50 of the Christian era. Studied (like the general Greek youth)—acquired a great art of memory—read all the books (MSS.) of his time—leaned toward the tenets of Pythagoras. Was of patrician family—supposed wealthy—had two brothers his associates in study and amusements —he always speaks of them with pleasure and affection. Probably traveled into Egypt. Certainly into Italy—studied Latin quite late in life—never made much progress. Lectured in Rome—so, lectures, it seems, there were, even in those days;

* Written about 1856.

† Notes on magazine article on Wordsworth, date of article 1851, date of notes about 1856.

‡ Note on Wordsworth poem: "It is the first mild day of March."

quite like the modern fashion, they seem to have been. Plutarch has a good reputation at Rome. Some say he was preceptor to the Emperor Trajan.

Notes, in the time of Plutarch, were unknown in literary compositions—this accounts for his digressions and tedious episodes.

Late in life retired to Chœronea, a philosopher, priest.

Was married—had five children, four sons and a daughter.

I suppose he attained a good old age—"a long life."

Most of his writings, with many lives, are lost—those that remain big, but a portion of what he wrote.

98

Tennyson is the imitation of Shakespeare, through a refined, educated, traveled, modern English dandy.

99

The Poets are the divine mediums—through them come spirits and materials to all the people, men and women.

100

Imagination and actuality must be united.

101

Dryden—1631 to 1701—seems to have been of vigorous make, sharp-tempered—used his poetical talent to make money, show up his enemies,—those of the opposite party, noblemen, politicians etc.—He sings a good deal in the inflated, distressingly, classical style of those times.

102

But I will take all those things that produce this condition and make them produce as great characters as any.*

103

This redeems a hundred "Princesses" and "Mauds," and shows the *great master.*

I have read "Maud," it will not live long.†

104

See how these fellows always take a *handsome man* for their God!‡

* This is written as note to a long argument that for many reasons the modern man cannot be as heroical as the ancient.

† Note to T's Ulysses—date May, '57.

‡ Referring to Keats' description of Hyperion, "Golden his hair etc."

105

Every great artist, poet etc., will be found to have some precursors or first beginners of his greatness. Doubtless Homer had though we know them not.

106

Dr. Priestly or Priestley—conversation with Mr. Arnold 7 March, '57. Dr. Priestly was quite a thorough man of science (physical science) as well as of morals and mentals. Mr. Arnold says the Dr. first made the definite discovery of oxygen—can this be so? He was a Unitarian—came from England to the United States—settled on a small farm in Northumberland, Pa.—His great tenet seems to be "philosophical necessity," that all results, physical, moral, spiritual, everything, every kind, rise out of perpetual flows of endless causes, (to state it so for want of more elaboration). Mr. Arnold went to Pittsburgh to preach in a little Unitarian church owned by Mr. Bakewell, a rich person, a follower, admirer, and personal friend of Dr. Priestly. I infer that Dr. P. died somewhere about 1810—perhaps nearer '20—I cannot get it exactly. He must have been a *real man.* He was not followed by the American Unitarians. (How these Unitarians and Universalists want to be respectable and orthodox, just as much as any of the old line people!)

107

Frances Wright—Madame D'Arnsmont—talk with Mrs. Rose, Feb. 9, '57—Frances Wright was born in Scotland of gentle lineage—parents died early—educated by uncles—noblemen—was talented early—of free inquiring disposition—republican—wrote "A Few Days in Athens" when 20 years old—came to America—lectured—had to do with the "Free Enquirer," an atheistical weekly—was a noble (but much scorned) woman—married D'Arnsmont—the great error of her life—he coveted her property—thwarted her—kept exclusive possession of her child, a daughter. Frances had great wealth (Mrs. Rose says $150,000)—D'A. obtained all—even a second bequest left to Frances by a Scotch aunt—Frances had even to sue for a maintenance out of her own property—Judge allowed her $1,000 a year. Frances died somewhere about 1853, a heartbroken, harassed woman—all her philanthropic schemes and ideas coming to nought. (I like much her portrait-engraving—where she is represented seated.)

108

.....Where he withdrew for a long time to a solitary part of the house.

In this manner just after commencing his dinner one day he felt the horrible touch quicken the pulses within him and knew the sign well. He stopped, pushed back the plate from under his mouth and rose to go. Mother nor any one

else spoke a word to him. Something more ghastly and blear than ever seemed this time to ride upon his galloping heart. Swiftly he sped from the house and along the road to the grave-yard and threw himself flat on his belly on the earth and folded his arms under his open eyes.

Then the world receded from him and as it became dim in the distance he plainly heard the bell of the church tolling the burial toll. Presently he saw afar off the funeral ranks approaching. Slow: How slow, and how long. How noiseless entering the old gate and treading on that never mowed grass. They set down the coffin and a cry of despair went from him when he saw that the black dressed mourners who stood nearest were his own folks. Perhaps it was himself he should see in the linen shroud there. They lifted the lid and he looked on the dead face of his sister who was that minute at home with the others at the table and in her ordinary health. Yet it all came to pass as the young man beheld it.

He certainly had the power of a foreseer. He very often knew days beforehand of a death that should happen, and who it was and how it was to be. This terrible consciousness came to him irrespective of place or occasion. Sometimes it came to him at night while he lay sleeping in bed; sometimes while he was eating at the table. When it came he would rise up and prepare himself, speaking not a word, walking straight for the graveyard of the village. There he would remain a short time like one with a vision. He would then sometimes see mistily, the whole of the future, soon coming, funeral. The procession would arrive and the minister. The coffin would be brought in and placed on the trestles and the lid would be silently taken off and he with the rest would look on the face of the corpse. Then they would screw the lid on for the last time and the minister would pray, and then the burial, then a pause, after which the people would leave and [ ] with [ ] return home and.....*

109

.....distinctness every syllable the flounderer spoke, up to his hips in the snow and blinded by the sharp crystals that made the air one opaque white. He swore, prayed, howled and wept. Pete was terrified himself, it was the blackest and bitterest night and by far the wildest storm he had ever known. The snow lay deep and had many huge drifts. He went aloft in the garret and gave the farm laborer a dollar cash in hand to get up and go with him in search of the tipsy friend. While they stood inside the door, listening more clearly for the point whence the poor fellow's cries proceeded, they could hear every word with the minutest clearness; but when one rod from the stoop, and standing in the storm, of not one sound were they conscious except the soughing storm, strained they ever so hard. For an hour they plunged through the drifts, guiding themselves as well as they could by well known trees and fences. Pete had been

* Belongs to forties.

satisfied, while listening in the house, that the drunken youth was stuck in a certain field, usually a shorter cut across the road. So they went treading to and fro over that ground feeling as well as they could with their feet; and sure enough at last there they hit him, under the snow, perfectly stiff and still. They carried him back to the house and had a good time fighting the death in him the whole night. But they saved him.

Coarse, wild, sensual and strong was this young man's nature, for coarse, wild and strong had been his life. He has large and ugly qualities enough, but he is self-complete, and his very grossness and dishonesty are noble from their candor. The castrated goodness of schools and churches he knew nothing of.*

110

20 March, '54.

Bill Guess—aged 22. A thoughtless, strong, generous animal nature, fond of direct pleasures, eating, drinking, women, fun etc. Taken sick with the small-pox, had the bad disorder and was furious with the delirium tremens. Was with me in the Crystal Palace, a large, broad fellow, weighed over 200. Was a thoughtless good fellow.

Peter —— ——, large, strong boned young fellow, driver. Should weigh 180. Free and candid to me the very first time he saw me. Man of strong self-will, powerful coarse feelings and appetites. Had a quarrel, borrowed $300, left his father's somewhere in the interior of the State, fell in with a couple of gamblers, hadn't been home or written there in seven years. I liked his refreshing *wickedness*, as it would be called by the orthodox. He seemed to feel a perfect independence, dashed with a little resentment, toward the world in general. I never met a man that seemed to me, as far as I could tell in forty minutes, more open, coarse, self willed, strong and free from the sickly desire to be on society's lines and points.

George Fitch—Yankee boy, driver. Fine nature, amiable, sensitive feelings, a natural gentleman, of quite a reflective turn. Left his home because his father was perpetually "down on him." When he told me of his mother his eyes watered. Good looking, tall, curly haired, black eyed fellow—age about 23 or 24—slender, face with a smile, trousers tucked in his boots, cap with the front-piece turned behind.

111

This singular young man was unnoted for any strange qualities; and he certainly had no bad qualities. Possessed very little of what is called education. He remained much by himself, though he had many brothers, sisters and relations and acquaintance. He did no work like the rest. By far the most of the time he remained silent. He was not eccentric, nor did anyone suspect him insane. He loved in summer to sit or lean on the rails of the fence, apparently in pleasant

* Written probably in '40's or early '50's.

thought. He was rather less than the good size of a man; his figure and face were full, his complexion without much color, his eyes large, clear and black. He never drank rum, never went after women, and took no part in the country frolics.

112

Something that presents the sentiment of the Druid walking in the woods..... of the Indian pow-wow.....of the Sacramental supper.....of the Grecian religious rites.

113

Iron Works. There is a forge in the Adirondack Mountains—the "Adirondack forge"—To get to it you land at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain and go back forty miles.

A forge would be a large rude building with from one to a dozen or more charcoal fires—on which the ore is thrown, and melted—the iron runs down and settles at the bottom, like a bushel-basket-shaped lump—a "loup" or "loop," as they call it. The men are around these fires with huge crowbars—they have to tell the state of the melting by the "feel" of the ore and iron with these crowbars.

The forge-fires in the mountains and the men around, feeling the melt with huge crowbars.

The work of colliers and miners.

Electro-plating.*

114

The Whale. (Talk with Mr. Maher, an old whaleman). When the black-whale is sculling itself along feeding, its head projected two-thirds out of water, scooping up its food from the surface, its great lips turned back, it is one of the most hideous looking objects that can be imagined and would frighten badly a "green hand" who should see it for the first time. The sperm-whale, a good specimen, is one of the grandest-looking creatures, for beauty and strength—when enraged and swiftly moving it is splendid. When a cow whale is struck the others never desert her—but new ones continually arrive as if to assist her. When a bull is struck, all the rest leave. Sometimes the whales sport in the water coming straight up, perpendicular quite out—others turning with their bodies half out, vibrating their flukes playfully. Others again descending, after elevating their flukes a great distance straight up in the air, and waving them.

The spout of air and water—when dying the red spout of blood. The whale boat. The harpooneersman. The blubber, the clear oil in the head.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 62; '56 edition, p. 133; current edition, p. 173.

An old whale is probably a thousand years old.

The cow has but one calf at a birth.* She will sometimes when alarmed enclose it as with her fins and dive down into the deep sea—(just like a mother protects her child).

Feeding on *squid*—large chunks a foot square or larger, are sometimes found in the belly of a whale—it is, I believe, like the white meat of the halibut, drum etc.

115

Paul Jones bore for his banner on the Bon Homme Richard, a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles—and the motto : " Don't tread on me."

116

Andubon proposed the wild turkey as the ensign of America—he says in its native woods, either in flight, or perched, it is a magnificent bird.

117

Describing the death of seven brothers and their parents—who can say that those were least lucky who died the earliest or under the most appalling circumstances ? or that those were luckiest who made the most wealth and lived the longest stretch of mortality ?

118

One good of knowing the great politics of nature is to initiate their rectitude and impartiality in all the politics of the State.

119

Did you ever think for a moment how so many young men, full of the stuff to make the noblest heroes of the earth, really live—really pass their lives, year after year, and so till death ? Constant toil—ever alert to keep the wolf back from the door—no development—no rational pleasure—sleeping in some cramped dirty place —never knowing once a beautiful happy home—never knowing once in their whole lives real affection, sweetly returned, the joy, the life of life—always kept down, unaware of religion—no habitual rendezvous except the bar-room—unaware of any amusements except these preposterous theatres, and of a Sunday these and those equally preposterous and painful screamings from the pulpits.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 36, and '56 edition, p. 57, where text reads : "Where the she whale swims with her calves ;" and '60 edition, p. 68 : "Where the she whale swims with her calf." The date, then, of above note is between '56 and '60.

120

All the nations of this earth, diverse as they appear in mind or body, are members of one family, and own themselves, through distant removes, and after many ages, many incredible fortunes and different developments—own themselves as the children of a common father.

121

The two ideas of unity and progess. The great idea of humanity is progress—onward! onward! backing and filling—every step contested—sometimes a long interregnum—sometimes a retrogression—but still, by degrees, a sure, resistless progress. All nations, all times, show more or less of this idea—but the splendid centripetal place where it has collected itself, with unlimited.....

122

In this.....Deploying on every side, touch or start from what point you like, are.....

It were unworthy a live man to pray or complain no matter what should happen. Will he descend among those rhymsters and sexless priests, whose virtues are lathered and shaved three times a week, to whine about sin and hell—to pronounce his race a sham or swindle—to squall out at.....*

123

Picture of the most flowing grandeur of a man.

When a man joined to his great power and wealth and strength has the knowledge of the perfect equanimity and.....

A man of gigantic stature, supple, healthy, accomplished, powerful and resistless is a great man.

But when a man with all that is not trapped into any partiality—when he strikes the balance between the eternal average of the developed and the undeveloped—when he goes on the square with those who have not yet climbed as high as he—tender to children and old people and women—indulging most the stupid, the sinful and the vulgar—because them the world is most down upon—

124

.....steamboats and vaccination, gunpowder and spinning-jennies; but are our people half as peacable and happy as were the Peruvians and Mexicans ere the Spanish navigators introduced to them the blessings of artificial science and of the true faith?

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 25, and current edition, p. 44.

It is out of this mass of folly, wickedness and injustice and its influence that a man is required to lift himself, as the very first step towards his being perfect. He must have a very high faculty of independence. The mere authority of law, custom or precedent, must be nothing, absolutely nothing at all with him. High.....*

125

This is the Earth's Word—the pervading sentiment or lesson is to be that the only good of learning the theory of the fluency and generosity and impartiality, largeness and exactitude of the earth is to use all those toward the theory of character—human character.

126

A City Walk—Just a list of all that is seen in a walk through the streets of Brooklyn and New York and crossing the Ferry.

127

When the whole combined force of the nation is champion for one human being, outraged in his rights of life or liberty, no matter of what color, birth or degree of ignorance or education he or she may be, then the law is grand.

128

Bloom.—Broadshouldered, six-footer, with a hare lip. Clever fellow and by no means bad looking. (George Fitch has roomed with him for a year and tells me there is no more honorable man breathing). Direct, plain-spoken, natural-hearted, gentle-tempered, but awful when roused. Cartman with a horse, cart etc. of his own —drives for a store in Maiden Lane.

129

Poem. There can be no greatest and sublimest character without having passed through sin. Not the earth has now arrived rotund and compact with all the beautiful life upon the surface, the trees, the running waters, the air, the..... after all the geological.....Any more than the divine man, when he becomes, has pas.....

130

In Metaphysical Points, here is what I guess about pure and positive truths. I guess that after all reasoning and analogy, and their most palpable demonstrations of anything, we have the real satisfaction when the soul tells and tests by its own

* Odd page (numbered 4) of a MS.

archchemic power—superior to the learnedest proofs as one glance of living sight is more than quarto volumes of description and of maps.

There is something in vast erudition melancholy and fruitless as an Arctic sea. With most men it is a slow dream, dreamed in a moving fog. So complacent! So much body and muscle; fine legs to walk—large supple hands—but the eyes are owl's eyes, and the heart is a mackerel's heart.

These words are for the great men the gigantic few that have plunged themselves deep through density and confusion and pushed back the jealous coverings of the earth, and brought out the true and great things, and the sweet things, and hung them like oranges rounder and riper than all the rest, among our literature and science.

These words are for the five or six grand poets, too; and the masters of artists. I waste no ink, nor my throat on the ever-deploying armies of professors, authors, lawyers, teachers and what not. Of them we expect that they be very learned and nothing more.

What gentlemen! What then? Do you suppose it is for your geology and your chemistry and your mathematics.....*

131

For Oratory. It is great art in a man to be able to triumph on either side of an argument and get applause. But the highest art is to be able to triumph only on the right side without regard to applause.

132

There are leading moral truths underlying politics, as invariable and reliable as the leading truths in geology, chemistry or mathematics. These truths are the foundation of American politics.

133

Such boundless and affluent souls.....bend your head in reverence, my man! They are met through all the strata of life. Their centrifugal power of love, I think, makes the awfulest forces of nature stand back. Its perennial blow the frost shall never touch; and what we call death shall go round outside it forever and ever.

(Every hour of the day and night, and every acre of the earth and shore, and every point or patch of the sea and sky, is full of pictures. No two of this immortal brood are alike, except that they are all of unspeakable beauty and perfection, and large and small alike descend into that greedy Something in Man whose appetite is more undying than hope, and more insatiate than the sand with water.)

* Written about 1856.

134

The noble soul steadily rejects any liberty or privilege or wealth that is not open on the same terms to every other man and every other woman on the face of the earth. Meanwhile it is the endless delusion of big and little smouchers, in all their varieties, whether usurping the rule of an empire or thieving a negro and selling him—whatever and whichever of the ways that legislators, lawyers, the priests and the educated and pious prefer certain advantages to themselves over the vast retinues of the poor, the laboring, ignorant man, black men, sinners, and so on—to suppose they have succeeded when the documents are signed and sealed, and they enter in possession of their gains. Shallow dribblets of a day ! are less in their high success than the dullest of the people they would overtop.

135

The regular time for baking bread is *one hour.*

The good hostess that could always make fine apple dumplings, except once when she had grand company and mixed her flour up so rich that it all cooked to tatters in the pot.

? seems perpetually goading me—the soul—If all seems right—it is not right—then corruption—then putridity—then mean maggots grow among men—they are born out of the too richly manured earth.

136

Of a summer evening a boy fell asleep with the tears of foolish passion yet undried upon his cheeks. And there he dreamed a dream. Years with all their chequered events of pain and joy rolled away. Many were spent in travel—some in the pursuit of power and wealth—which pursuit was successful. At an advanced age, and sobered down from the hot-brained fever of youth, a message came that his mother was nigh to death and desired his presence. Swift wheels rattled then and the patter of horses' hoofs sounded rapidly on the road—but the beatings of the traveller's heart were more rapid still. When he arrived at his early home he found his mother dead. He stood and looked upon her face and then went aside, and many a time again approached he the coffin and held up the white linen and gazed and gazed. He came in the day when crowds were in the rooms—though all to him was a vacant blank—all but the corpse of his mother. And at last he came in the silence of the midnight before the burial, when the tired watchers were asleep. Long—long—long were his eyes rivetted on the features of that dead corpse, with an expecting look, as if he waited something. He bent down his ear to the cold blue lips and listened—but the cold blue lips were hushed forever. Now for two little words, *I pardon,* that proud, rich man would almost have been willing to live in poverty for ever : but the words came not. From the moment when he first saw his mother's face, and

whenever he looked at her, a wondrous faculty had awoke within him. All that was present—everything connected with his business—his schemes of ambition, his worldly gains, his friendship and his plans of life, seemed entirely melted from his thought. A doubly refined memory called up before him and around him all he had ever done in his life that seemed directly or indirectly unfilial toward his mother. Each word, each look, each action returned; not the minutest trifle connected with them but stood in brilliant light before him. He remembered how on such a day in boyhood he ran from home—how once, in vicious spite, he terrified her by plot to make her believe he was drowned—how at such a time he had mocked her words—and again how he had many times denied her authority. And strangely distinct was the remotest, the tiniest, of all circumstances involved in these memories. O, Crucified! Who meekly at the command of thy parents went down from the temple at Jerusalem, and wast ever gentle to her that gave thee birth—thy dreary death-agonies alone—so it seemed to him—outdid the pangs of that gazer on the dead!

And this was the boy's vision. Ah, happy that boy to wake and find it indeed but a dream! Covered with huge drops of sweat, and trembling in every limb, the youth raised himself from his horrid slumber and blessed God that the path of the future years yet lay before him.*

137

I know well enough that man grows up becoming not a physical being merely, but markedly the mental being of the earth—the esthetic and spiritual being, the benevolent and.....

But the main thing is, in the same connection, that he is to be the seer of nature—he only can celebrate things, animals, and landscapes. His mentality is a quality to be used toward things, as his vision is used.

If he depart from animals and things he is lost.

In other words, man is not only an animal like the others, but he alone has the quality of understanding and telling how divine a thing an animal is—what life, matter, passion, volition, are.

He alone carries all the substances of the world by this quality in himself and illustrates them.

138

There are that specialize a book, or some one divine life, as the only revelation. I too doubtless own it whatever it is to be a revelation, a part, but I see all else, all nature, and each and all that to it appertains, the processes of time, all men, the universes, all likes and dislikes and developments—a hundred, a

* From paper, writing, etc., I judge the above was written in the forties.

thousand other Saviours and Mediators and Bibles—they too just as much revelations as any. The grand and vital theory of religion for These States must admit all, and not a part merely.

139

How mean a person is sometimes a rich man or a man in a great office—even in the Presidency!

140

A volume—(dramatic machinery for localities, characters etc.)—running in idea and description through the whole range of recorded time—Egyptian, Hindostanee, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Alb, Gallic, Teutonic,—and so on down to the present day.

141

One obligation of great fresh bards remains.....the clink of words is empty and offensive.....the poetic quality blooms simple and earnest as the laws of the world.

The audible rhyme soon nauseates.....the inaudible rhyme is delicious without end.

142

Theory of a Cluster of Poems the same *to the passion of Woman-Love* as the "Calamus-Leaves" are to adhesiveness, manly love.

Full of animal-fire, tender, burning,—the tremulous ache, delicious, yet such a torment.

The swelling elate and vehement, that will not be denied.

Adam, as a central figure and type.

One piece presenting a vivid picture (in connection with the spirit) of a fully complete, well-developed, man, eld, bearded, swart, fiery,—as a more than rival of the youthful type-hero of novels and love poems.

143

The divinest blessings are the commonest bestowed everywhere, and the most superb beauties are the cheapest, the world over.

144

Materialism—(put this section forward.....reality and demonstration with the opening).....that this earth is under a constant process of amelioration—as it always has been—that it, in some manner not perhaps demonstrable in astronomy, expands outward and outward in a larger and larger orbit—that our immortality is *located* here upon earth,—that we *are immortal*—that the processes of the refinement

and perfection of the earth are in steps, the least part of which involves trillions of years—that in due time the earth beautiful as it is now will be as proportionately different from what it is now, as it now is proportionately different from what it was in its earlier gaseous or marine period, uncounted cycles before man and woman grew. That we also shall be here, proportionately different from now and beautiful. That the Egyptian idea of the return of the soul after a certain period of time involved a beautiful.....nature.....mystery.....

145

Outdoors is the best antiseptic yet. What a charm there is about men that have lived mainly in the open air—among horses—at sea—on the canals—digging clams—timberers—rafters—steamboaters or framers of houses and mechanics generally. Cleanly shaven and grammatical folks I call mister, and lay the tips of my fingers inside their elbows after the orthodox fashion, and discuss whatever had the biggest head line in the morning papers, and pass the time as comfortably as the law allows. But for the others, my arm leans over their shoulders and around their necks. In them nature justifies herself. Their indefinable excellence gives out something as much beyond the special productions of colleges and pews and parlors as the morning air of the prairie or the sea-shore outsmells the costliest scents of the perfume shop. How gladly we leave the best of what is called learned and refined society or the company of men from stores and offices to sail all day on the river amid a party of fresh and jovial boatmen with no coats or suspenders and their trousers tucked in their boots. Then the quick blood within joins their gay blood and the twain dance polkas from the bottom to the top of the house. After long constraint in the respectable and money-making dens of existence a man emerges for a few hours and comes up like a whale to spout and breathe! One glimpse then of the eternal realities of things—the real sun, burning and dazzling—the old, forever young and solid earth—real men and women refreshing, hearty and wicked.

146

.....tainting the best of the rich orchard of himself.....and he who anyway does not respect his own organs and cherish them and strengthen them, and keep himself clean outside and inside—let that man young or old never deceive himself with the folly that the sore stuff is hid by the cloth he wears and makes no avowal. Though the secret is well hid, though the eyes does not see, nor the hand touch, nor the nose smell, the rank odor strikes out.

147

The only way in which anything can really be owned is by the infusion or inspiration of it in the soul. Can I dully suppose that I may attain to certain possessions—as houses or stocks or lands or goods; and when I have paid the money and taken the receipts and warranty deeds such property will be mine to enter

upon and enjoy. Yes, may-be as people stone blind from their birth enjoy the exhibitions of pictures and sculpture.

But the true owner of the library.....*

148

The money value of real and personal estate in New York City is somewhere between five hundred millions and a thousand millions of dollars. Now what is all this in itself? Though it seems to be the [ ] of all men and women to [too ?], though for its security the laws are made and the police drilled—though [ ]—yet in its positive, intrinsic [ ] it is all nothing of account. The whole of it is not of so much account as a pitcher of water, or a basket of fresh eggs. The only way we attach it to our feelings is by identifying it with the human spirit—through love, through pride, through our craving for beauty and happiness.

149

.....ground where you may rest yourself and look quietly upon such, and on the theories of the schools and upon governments and religions. All have something noble and true, all and every one of them; but not the best that ever was built or ever will be built on earth can stand as the final destination of man. Sit awhile, wayfarer. I give you biscuits to eat and milk to drink; but when afterwards you have bathed and renewed yourself in sweet clothes, and stayed here a little time, I shall surely kiss you on the cheek, and open the gate for your egress hence.

The law which is thus both greater and less than the finest compilation.....†

150

Theories of Evil—Festus, Faust, Manfred, Paradise Lost, Book of Job.

151

Feb. 25, '57. Dined with Hector Tyndale. Asked H. T. where he thought I needed particular attention to be directed for my improvement—where I could especially be bettered in my poems. He said: "In massiveness, breadth, large, sweeping effects, without regard to details.—As in the Cathedral at York (he said) I came away with great impressions of its largeness, solidity and spaciousness, without troubling myself with its parts."

Asked F. Le B. same question, viz.: What I most lacked. He said: "In *euphony*—your poems seem to me to be full of the raw material of poems, but crude, and wanting finish and rythm."

Put in my poems: *American things, idioms, materials, persons, groups, minerals, vegetables, animals etc.*

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 410 "of ownership."

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 52, and current edition, p. 74.

152

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing—1729-87—contemporary of Voltaire—very active—lived in Berlin, Leipsic, Breslau, Hamburg etc. Was a severe and almost perfect critic—exposed Klopstock's deficiencies as a poet and the false imitations of the classics—author of Laocoon (1766)—and of good dramas—also a didactic drama "Nathan the Wise," inculcating Kosmos religious notions. He was the R. W. Emerson of his age and paved the way for Goethe and Schiller—Lessing was a Jew.

153

In art originality is an effect just as much as a cause.

154

1854—Alexander Smith's Poems—"A Life Drama" and minor pieces. There is one electric passage in this poetry, where the announcement is made of a great forthcoming Poet, and the illustration given of a king who, about dying, plunges his sword into his favorite attendant, to send him on before.

Alexander Smith is imbued with the nature of Tennyson. He is full of what are called poetical images—full of conceits and likenesses; in this respect copying after Shakespeare and the majority of the received poets. He seems to be neither better nor worse than the high average.

155

Bayard Taylor's poems more resemble N. P. Willis's than any others. They are polished, oriental, sentimental and have as attribute what may be called their psychology. You cannot see very plainly at times what they mean, although the poet evidently has a meaning.*

156

The Song of Hiawatha by H. W. Longfellow. A pleasing ripply poem—the measure, the absence of ideas, the Indian process of thought, the droning metre, the sleepy, misty, woody character, the traditions, pleased me we well enough.

157

1855. I have looked over Gerald Massey's Poems—London.—They seem to me zealous, candid, warlike, intended, as they are, to get up a strong feeling against the British aristocracy both in their social and political capacity. Massey, I hear, is a youngish man, a radical, an editor now I believe in one of the Provincial towns. His early life laborious, a workman in a factory I think.

* Written 1854.

158

Sculpture. Then sculpture was necessary—it was an eminent part of religion, it gave grand and beautiful forms to the gods—it appealed to the mind, in perfect harmony, with the climate, belief, governments, and was the needed expression of the people, the times, and their aspirations.

It was a part of architecture—the temple stood unfinished without statues, and so they were made with reference to the temple—they were not made abstractly by themselves.

159

In the geography of poetry there are only four or five continents—the rest range among the plenteous archipelagos—some large islands and countless little ones.

160

You cannot define too clearly what it is you love in a poem or in a man or women. A great work of a great poet is not remembered for its parts—but remembered as you remember the complete person and spirit of him or her you love.

When he becomes vitalized with nationality and individuality from top to toe—when he seizes upon life with masculine power—when he stands out in simple relief as America does.*

161

Health does not tell any more in the body than it does in literature. Which is the poem or any book that is not diseased. (If perfect health appear in a poem, or any book, it propogates itself a great while). Show health and native qualities and you are welcome to all the rest.

162

This is as one feels. One feels better satisfied with the garden trimly cut and laid out, and another (I too) enjoys the natural landscape, even barrens and shores and sterile hills above all gardens.†

163

The superiority of Emerson's writings is in their character—they mean something. He may be obscure, but he is certain. Any other of the best American writers has in general a clearer style, has more of the received grace and ease, is less questioned and forbidden than he, makes a handsomer appearance in the society

* Above paragraphs written on same piece paper—at same time—in fifties I should judge.

† Written on margin apropos of following passage: "Emerson seems to desire not art, but undisciplined, untrimmed nature. He does not appear practically to apprehend that art is not artificiality, is only nature raised to higher and more perfect degrees."

of the books, sells better, passes his time more apparently in the popular understanding; yet there is something in the solitary specimen of New England that outvies them all. He has what none else has; he does what none else does. He pierces the crusts that envelope the secrets of life. He joins on equal terms the few great sages and original seers. He represents the freeman, America, the individual. He represents the gentleman. No teacher or poet of old times or modern times has made a better report of manly and womanly qualities, heroism, chastity, temperance, friendship, fortitude. None has given more beautiful accounts of truth and justice. His words shed light to the best souls; they do not admit of argument. As a sprig from the pine tree or a glimpse anywhere into the daylight belittles all artificial flower work and all the painted scenery of theatres, so are live words in a book compared to cunningly composed words. A few among men (soon perhaps to become many) will enter easily into Emerson's meanings; by those he will be well-beloved. The flippant writer, the orthodox critic, the numbers of good or indifferent imitators, will not comprehend him; to them he will indeed be a transcendentalist, a writer of sunbeams and moonbeams, a strange and unapproachable person.*

164

The perfect poet must be unimpeachable in *manner* as well as matter.

165

Still if this be so in spirit as well as form it were a fatal defect †

166

One having attained those insights and contents which the universe gives to men capable of comprehending it, would publish the same and persuade other men and women to the same. The conditions are simple, spiritual, physical, close at hand .....they are long and arduous and require faith, they exist altogether with the taught and not with the teaching or teacher.

167

What is wanted is not inquiries and reviews and.....

We want satisfiers, joiners, lovers. These heated, torn, distracted ages are to be compacted and made whole. These frothing, maddening waves are to be.....

* Written as note to a magazine article, date May '47. To judge by paper and writing goes back to early fifties.—W. (it would seem) knew Emerson pretty well in those early days.

† Marginal note to following: "There is hardly a proposition in Emerson's poems or prose which you cannot find the opposite of in some other place."

168

Still all kinds of light reading, novels, newspapers, gossip etc., serve as manure for the few *great productions* and are indispensable or perhaps are premises to something better. The whole raft of light reading is also a testimony in honor of the original good reading which preceded it. The thousands of common poets, romances, essayists and attempters exist because some twenty or fifty geniuses at intervals led the way long before.

169

When American literature becomes distinct from all others. When American writers become national, idiomatic, free from the genteel laws. When America herself appears (she does not at all appear hitherto) in the spirit and the form of her poems, and all other literary works.....

170

The great poet submits only to himself. Is nature rude, free, irregular? If nature be so, do you too be so. Do you suppose nature has nothing under those beautiful, terrible, irrational forms?

171

It is not enough of these states that they are to hold sway over physical objects, over armies, navies, wealth, manufacturers and all substantial objects. They must be eminent leaders of the mind and imagination. Here must arise the great poets and orators that all new centuries continually wait for.

172

Commencements? (for review of the past Presidentiads). An idea. It is not only to great heroes and representative men that the world is indebted, but it is indebted to weak and shameful persons in high places. I say this nation makes as great use of shallow Presidents as of its brave and just Washington, or its wise Jefferson.

173

Torquato Tasso—1544-1595—51 years. Born at Sorrento, near Naples. Father a poet (Bernardo Tasso) and educated gentleman. Mother died at his 16th or 17th year. Torquato studied—moved among the nobility, the court, the learned etc. Wrote the poem "Rinaldo" in his 18th year—in 10 months—received through Italy with great applause. At the age of 21 went to Ferrara as a gentleman of the household of the Cardinal d'Este. The two ladies "the Princesses," sisters of the Cardinal d'Este, Lucretia aged 31, Leonora 30 (the former soon married to Prince d'Urbino), with these "Tassino" was a favorite.

The father Bernardo died 1569, aged 76, "after a life marked by many vicissitudes and sorrows, but cheered throughout by literary enjoyment and a truly Christian philosophy."

In 1570 Tasso "attended his Lord the Cardinal to the Court of France." Tasso made application some time after to be received into the service of Alphonso, Duke d'Urbino, Lucretia's husband, and succeeded. He was assigned a pension of 1,500 crowns of gold a month. He soon after worked faithfully and at leisure on the "Jerusalem." But first finished and published his pastoral poem of "Aminta," received through Italy with great applause. Completed the "Jerusalem" in 1575 (age 31). He submitted the poem to the judgment of a number of his friends—"a step which in the sequel involved him in the greatest difficulties, not less from the diversity of opinions than from the ascetic severity of some of his censors, who professed to see, in his charming fictions, something profane and seductive" etc. etc.

The "Jerusalem" underwent several revisions, two grand ones in particular —one of the censors read it not as a critic but as an "inquisitor." Jealousies, absurd criticisms, heartsickness etc. etc.

Tasso goes to Rome but soon returns to Ferrara. Has an interview with one of the Duke's greatest enemies. Italian suspicion and treachery—fears—doubts and cross purposes. Several troubled years—the "Jerusalem" printed.

Tasso had not long returned from [to ?] Ferrara ere his melancholy, induced originally on his ardent temperament by the severity of his critics and the persecutions of his enemies, returned upon him more deeply than ever. He had "symptoms of that mental disorder which was soon to affect his reason." He disturbed himself with hundreds of fantastic fears. "At length one evening in June, 1577 (aged 33) in the chamber of the Duchess d'Urbino he ran after one of her servants with a drawn dagger."

The Duke now issued orders to have Tasso confined in his chamber. More fears, groundless alarms, dread of losing the favor of the Duke.

Tasso takes flight clandestinely from Ferrara, leaving his MSS. etc. From this period a wanderer from court to court in Italy, a prey to sorrow and morbid heart. Goes to Sorrento to his sister—goes to Rome—at last returns to Ferrara under a cool permission from the Duke. But leaves Ferrara again soon—wanders—wanders—wanders—at last bringing up again at Ferrara. During a marriage festival at the court, is neglected—in a fit of invective gives loose to the keenest invectives against the House of Este. The Duke is apprised of them and Tasso is arrested and taken to the hospital of St. Anne, an asylum for lunatics and paupers.

This was in 1579—years passed—sick—declining—sometimes sane, sometimes crazed—*over seven years passed* in this prison. He was liberated in 1586.—Again he travels up and down Italy.

The last twenty years of his life seem to have passed very unhappily, wandering, insane—just conscious enough of it to make it doubly poignant—either persecuted or (which is always worse) supposing himself to be persecuted.

Personally Tasso was of lofty stature, fair complexion (eventually pale), head large, beard brown, eyes large (their look generally directed toward the heavens)—of attractive appearance—born a gentleman in an age when the term had all its high distinction.

174

Wm. Gilmore Simms. Notice in Emerson's United States Magazine, June '57.

"The man of great and commanding genius, who leaves his mark upon the ages, inevitably takes his stand-point of observation outside of that which is current and approved by his contemporaries. He in effect represents posterity more than his compeers. He has an omniscient perception by which he separates the dross from the crucible and finds the pure gold" etc. etc.

W. G. Simms—born Charleston, S. C., April, 1806—now 51 years old—is a true Southerner, florid, warm, of rich nature, defends slavery etc., is a copious writer—rather too *wordy*, overloads his descriptions—too *self-conscious*—his descriptions, characters etc. are good—well drawn.

175

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.*

Kant, 1724 to 1804. Fichte, 1762 to 1814. Schelling, 1775 to 1854—died in Switzerland. Hegel, 1770 to 1831.

Metaphysics—Hegel and Metaphysics.

Hegel—born at Stuttgard in 1770—died 1831 at Berlin of cholera—educated at University of Tübingen—student of theology—matriculated in 1788, aged 18—then in retirement pursued extensive and severe courses of study. At 31 was a public lecturer at Jena, at the University—was an associate of Schelling—examined, in his lectures, the difference between Fichte and Schelling—edited a newspaper—then conducted an academy or gymnasium at latter place (as rector)—inaugurated and planned his great work or works.

Was professor of philosophy at Heidelberg (1816–1818) and there published his Encyclopœdia, developing his whole philosophy.

* * * * * *

I will begin by impressing upon your attention the growing and greater particularity with which the moderns use the words relating to those philosophical inquiries.

* All his life Whitman planned to deliver lectures and occasionally he did deliver one, as for instance that on the assassination of Lincoln. Those in question here, on the great German metaphysicians were never completed and of course never delivered. The MS. in my hands is simply a series of fragments which are here given word for word as they stand. They were probably written in the late sixties or very early seventies.

The realms of all words are more or less filling the past and will fill the future, getting more definitely bounded. This is one of the marked characteristics of our times Precision is demanded. Though they inevitably run into each other, each term in the category has yet its own exact and limited area, and the best writer [illegible word] often leaps beyond the proof. Science, strictly speaking, deals in positive facts, practical experiments, proofs. Philosophy combines them, applies them to solve the vast problem of universal harmony, ensemble, the idea of the all. Religion means moral development, duty, the idea of man's duty in the abstract, and duty toward his fellows, toned and colored by that something above him or enclosing him out of which prayer and worship arise. Theology is the thought and science of God. Metaphysics, defined by Kant.....is according to another and perhaps still better description, that which considers the whole concrete show of things, the world, man himself, either individually or aggregated in History, as resting on a spiritual, invisible basis, continually shifting, yet the real substance, and the only immutable one. This was the doctrine of Hegel. Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, born—died—

Hegel was a philosopher in the domain of metaphysics and in that has probably rendered greater service than any man we know, past or present.

Strictly speaking the transcendental metaphysics present no new contribution to morals, to the formation or guidance of character, the practice of virtue or for the better regulation either of private life or public affairs. With respect to such morals, virtue, or to heroism and the religious incumbency the old principles remain, without notable increase or diminution, the same to-day as we trace them in farthest India, Egypt, Greece, the Vedas, the Talmud, the Old Testament, Epictetus, Zerdusht, the divine teachings of Christ, and as substantially agreed upon by all lands, all times as far back as we can go.

Religion and morals, I say, are not palpably affected, although doubtless there has to be more or less of a re-adjustment and perhaps re-statement of theology.

Nor does the Hegelian system, strictly speaking, explain the universe, either in the aggregate or in detail. The senses, eyesight, life, the least insect, growth, the dynamics of nature are not eclaircized. Thought is not caught, held, dissected. To penetrate Nature and solve her problems the human faculties under present conditions are no more eligible now than before and under mortal conditions will in all probability never be eligible. The Eternal mystery is still a mystery. Then after granting this there remains an entirely legitimate field for the human mind, in fact its chosen ground where all had before gone by default. Because final and paramount to all is man's idea of his own position in the universes of time, space and materials, his faith in the scheme of things, the destinies which it necessitates, his clue to the relations between himself and the outside world, his ability in intellect and spirit at any rate to cope and be equal with them, and with Time and Space. These, and thoughts upon these come to the soul and fill and exercise it and remain of vital interest after it has exhausted all other fields. These touch all human beings without exception and include everything that is of permanent importance to them.

They are the greatest themes. They are greater than Science, History, Art, Democracy, or any problems of the Utilities or prosperity or wealth or any sectarian Religion. I would not be understood to deprecate the Great Departments, the Specialties I have just named, but I say that compared with the question of man in the visible and invisible worlds the others become comparatively insignificant. Yourself, myself,—amid the baffling labyrinths—what am I, what are you here for? —give us some suggestion (however indirect or inferential), or clue, or satisfying reason—the world with its manifold shows—the beginningless, endless wonder, Time —the other wonder Space—oneself, the darkest labyrinth, mightiest wonder. What triumphs of our kind out-topples this—that one, a man, has lived and has bestowed on his fellow-men the Ariadne's thread to guide them through the maze?

Only Hegel is fit for America—is large enough and free enough. Absorbing his speculations and imbued by his letter and spirit, we bring to the study of life here and the thought of hereafter, in all its mystery and vastness, an expansion and clearness of sense before unknown. As a face in a mirror we see the world of materials, nature with all its objects, processes, shows, reflecting the human spirit and by such reflection formulating, identifying, developing and proving it. Body and mind are one; an inexplicable paradox, yet no truth truer. The human soul stands in the centre, and all the universes minister to it, and serve it and revolve round it. They are one side of the whole and it is the other side. It escapes utterly from all limits, dogmatic standards and measurements and adjusts itself to the ideas of God, of space, and to eternity, and sails them at will as oceans, and fills them as beds of oceans.

The varieties, contradictions and paradoxes of the world and of life, and even good and evil, so baffling to the superficial observer, and so often leading to despair, sullenness or infidelity, become a series of infinite radiations and waves of the one sea-like universe of divine action and progress, never stopping, never hasting. "The heavens and the earth" to use the summing up of Joseph Gostick whose brief I endorse: "The heavens and the earth and all things within their compass—all the events of history—the facts of the present and the development of the future (such is the doctrine of Hegel) all form a complication, a succession of steps in the one eternal process of creative thought."

The essential quality, nature, scope, position of Man in Time and Space. What is he? His soul? The relations between it and this manifold nature, the world, with its variegated, countless objects—the other worlds—the perplexing idea of immortality—how fuse the material life, the fact of death, chemical dissolution, segregation, with the puzzling thought of Identity's continuance, despite of death—Humanity, the race, History, with all its long train of baffling, contradictory events—the tumultuous procession—the dark problem of evil, forming half of the infinite scheme—these are the themes, questions, which have directly or indirectly to do with any profound consideration of Democracy and finally testing it, as all questions and as underlying all questions.

Who advances me to light upon these ? And without depreciating poets, patriots, saints, statesmen, inventors and the like I rate [Hegel] as Humanity's chiefest teacher and the choicest loved physician of my mind and soul.

It is true, analogy, comparison, indirection, suggestions are perhaps all that is possible. But the soul quickly seizes the divine limits and absorbs them with avidity.

Penetrating beneath the shows and materials of the objective world we find, according to Hegel (though the thought by itself is not new but very antique and both Indian and Grecian) that in respect to human cognition of them, all and several are pervaded by *the only absolute substance* which is SPIRIT, endued with the eternal impetus of development, and producing, from itself the opposing powers and forces of the universe. A curious, triplicate process seems the resultant action ; first the Positive, then the Negative, then the product of the mediation between them ; from which product the process is repeated and so goes on without end. In his "Introduction to the Philosophy of History," this is illustrated in the portion on "History as a manifestation of Spirit."

He has given the same clue to the fitness of reason and fitness of things and unending progress, to the universe of moral purposes that the sciences in their spheres as astronomy and geology have established in the material purposes and the last and crowning proof of each is the same, that they fit the mind, and the idea of the all, and are necessary to be so in the nature of things.

Religions.—Pagan and Christian.

Probably the great distinction of the Pagan religions grouped into one and led by the Greek theology, is that they appreciated and expressed the sense of nature, life, beauty, the objective world, and of fate, immutable law, the senses of power and precedence, and also to a greater or less degree, the mystery and baffling unknownness which meet us at a certain point of our investigation of any and all things. In the Christian cultus, as we get it, instead of these the moral dominates, gentleness, love, the distinctions of right and wrong, the ideas of purity, abnegation of self, terminating often in a diseased benevolence, voluntary penances, celibacy, the bloodless, cast-iron virtue, gaunt Calvinism, the harping on "rights," and traversing the ecstasy of Roman Catholicism, the revolt of Protestantism to Unitarianism, addressed merely to the intellect.

Kant was born in Koningsburg, Eastern Prussia, in 1724, of Scotch stock on the paternal side. His father was a saddler, carrying on a small business. His mother seems to have been a superior woman of deep religious sensibilities. At sixteen he entered the University of Koningsburg as a theological student and preached occassionally in the country pulpits of the neighborhood. He was poor, took employment as tutor, went from family to family among people of rank and others, returned to the University as private lecturer, spending fifteen years in that position. Was then and always fond of the study of physical geography and astronomy. Published a series of essays and treatises, became popular as a lecturer, was often sought by persons of distinction.

Thus going on, increasing in fame, we find him at the age of 42 advanced to the post of an under-keeper of the royal library at the salary of about $50 a year—and four years later promoted to the ordinary chair of logic and metaphysics at $300 a year. He ripens slowly. His great work, the *Critique of Pure Reason*, is published in his 57th year. Though in great danger of sinking into oblivion before its importance can be understood, it surmounts that danger and in a few years becomes famous.

Kant—like Socrates and to some extent like Plato is more a searcher and tester of systems than a maker of them. Like them, though in his own way, not their's, he discusses, inquires, suggests, speculates, is very cautious, propounds little or nothing absolutely. He clears, frees, removes, seldom absolutely furnishes or fulfils.

"Metaphysics, according to Kant—in which he only echoes the general voice of philosophers—is conversant with the world above sense, or beyond experience." He is occupied with such problems as the nature of absolute being—Ontology. The essence and immortality of the soul—Pneumatology. The prevalence of freedom or fate in the world—Cosmology. The being of God—Speculative theology.

Before Kant two stages: Dogmatism—lots of systems, each affirmed positively—which led by their contradictions and absurdities to: Scepticism—typified in Hume and some of the French philosophs.

We must sum him up briefly. Kant analyses, dissects, dissipates the vast suffocating miasma that had so long spread impediments to philosophy—discusses much—clears away, removes, sometimes like a surgeon's knife—yet in fact and after all decides little or nothing—is of indescribable value—denies the possibility of absolute knowledge of the external world—begins with Hume—admits that we receive all the materials of our knowledge through the senses—but immediately rises above that admission. Long before, the speculations of Locke and the other materialists, had reached the formula that "there is nothing in the understanding which has not arrived there through the senses." Leibnitz had replied, "Yes, there is the understanding itself." Kant's entire speculations are but a splendid amplification of this reply. He endeavors to get at and state the philosophy of the understanding. The problem of the relation between the understanding and the universes of material nature, he did not attempt to solve.

The pursuit or examination and elaboration of the inquiry: *Is a science of metaphysics possible and practicable?* involves the gist of Kant's entire labors, forms (leaving out much that he accepts from others) his own original contribution to Metaphysics itself, and is, in some respects, probably the most illustrious service ever rendered to the human mind. Previous to him, strange as it may seem, no philosopher appears to have troubled himself seriously with this vast impediment rising at the threshold of all metaphysics. Successive dogmatists had sprung up from time to time who had treated and more or less confidently decided on absolute being, origin of materials, the immortality of the soul, the question of a personal God, and the other problems that have in all ages vexed human reason and cannot be escaped.

Moral portrait of him (I. K.) by Herder—1795.

"I have had the good fortune to know a philosopher who was my teacher. In the vigor of life he had the same youthful gaiety of heart that now follows him, I believe, into old age. His open forehead built for thought, was the seat of imperturbable cheerfulness and joy; the most pregnant discourse flowed from his lips; wit, humor and raillery came to him at will, and his instructions had all the charm of an entertainment. With the same easy mastery with which he tested the doctrines of Leibnitz, Wolf, Baumgarten, Cousins and Hume, or pursued the discoveries of Newton, Kepler, and other lights of science, he also took up the current writings of Rousseau, such as Émile or Héloïse, or any new phenomenon of the natural world, and from the criticism of each, came back to the impartial study of nature, and to the enforcement of the dignity of man. History in all its branches, natural sciences, physics, mathematics, and experience were the materials that gave interest to his lectures and his conversation; nothing worthy of study was to him indifferent; no faction or sect, no selfishness or vanity, had for him the least attraction, compared with the extension and elucidation of truth. He excited and pleasantly impelled us to mental independence; despotism was foreign to his nature. This man whom I name with the deepest gratitude and respect is Immanuel Kant."

The objection has been taken and well taken that the journey of philosophy beginning in Kant brings us to an uncertainty about everything. The laws of sight, touch, weight etc. are dethroned. Materials and material experiences amount to nothing. The realities we thought so absolute are only ostensible and are either scattered to the winds or permitted but a passing and temporary sway.

Fichte (1762–1814) commenced life as a poor boy, was sent to school by a wealthy person, received a university education, became tutor in Prussia, was intimate with Kant, absorbed his philosophy, wrote a work which passed for the master's own, traveled through Germany and Switzerland, married a niece of the poet Klopstock, was appointed professor at Jena, where, in his lectures, he inaugurated and gradually developed his philosophy, gave offence by some of his notions, resigned, went to Berlin, where he occupied himself in writing and in giving private lectures, made a great impression on the learned, was appointed professor in the university of Erlangen, was compelled to flee from the invading armies of France, in due time repaired again to Berlin, was appointed rector of the new university of that city, where he died.

Fichte is described as a fervid and telling speaker, but not so clear or acceptable as a writer. His works are voluminous, in his philosophy he begins by declaring for Kant. He founds and builds largely on the distinction between the *I* and the *not I*. Upon the fact that a man can only realize anything in its relations to himself, and from the capacities and measurements that constitute himself, he lays so much stress, that the whole universe, becomes in brief, the *I* as that is the only thinking subject, active principle and consciousness. His philosophy is simple, single, complete and ogical as far as it goes. There will always be a select class of minds and superior

ones to which Fichte's theory will be everything. And perhaps there will always be a stage in the progress of every mind which it only will fill and satisfy or seem to satisfy.

Fichte, as will be seen, grows out of and is closely related to Kant. But while the master was satisfied with inquiry and at most with love of or comprehension of the truth, the follower would put it in practical action. In his peaceful life he was as noble and heroic in his way as the best and bravest warrior in war's campaigns. *Subjectiveness* is his principle, explaining all. Strongly stated nothing exists but the *I*. And in this the central fact is ever moral obligation, duty, conscience, giving vitality to all.

Then comes Schelling (1775-1854) who professes to largely answer the questions left open by Kant with a doctrine of "spontaneous intuition"—in other words to solve the problem left open by Kant with the theory that the human mind and external nature are essentially *one*. That that which exists in concrete forms etc. in Nature, exists morally and mentally in the human spirit. The difference between him and Fichte is that Schelling's philosophy is more largely *objective*.

The chief forte of it—seeking to counterbalance and restrain Fichte's all-devouring egoism—is *the essential identity of the subjective and objective worlds*, or, in terms, that what exists as mentality, intelligence, consciousness in man, exists in equal strength and absoluteness in concrete forms, shows and practical laws in material nature—making the latter one with man's sane intuitions. The same universal spirit manifests itself in the individual Man, in aggregates, in concrete Nature, and in Historic progress.

He elevates Man's reason, claims for it the comprehension of divine things, demands a sort of Platonic ecstasy or inebriation as the fountain of utterance of first-class philosophy.*

His palace of idealistic pantheism was never completed, is more or less deficient and fragmentary, yet is one of the most beautiful and majestic structures ever achieved by the intellect or imagination of man. For in Schelling's philosophy there is at least as much imagination as intellect.

These then are the illustrious four who have originated and carried out, with epic succession and completeness, the modern systems of critical and transcendental philosophy. The critical is represented by Kant, who begins and ends it. The transcendental rises out of and is founded upon the critical and could have had no beginning or growth except from its previous existence.

There is a close relative-connection, sequence etc. between all the four even in time. They fit into each other like a nest of boxes—and Hegel encloses them all. Taking their whole philosophy, it is the most important emanation of the

* Throughout 175, as in all Whitman's writings, the hands may be the hands of Esau (Elias Hick, Hegel, Schelling etc. etc.) but the voice is always the voice of Jacob—Whitman himself.

mind of modern ages and of all ages, leaving even the wonderful inventions, discoveries of science, political progress, great engineering works, utilitarian comforts etc. of the last hundred years in a comparatively inferior rank of importance—outstripping them all. Because it assumes to answer and does answer, as far as they can be answered, the deepest questions of the soul, of identity, of purposes worthy the world and of the relation between man and the material nature and workings of the external universes, not depreciating them but elevating man to the spiritual plane where he belongs, and where after all that physical comfort and luxury, with mental culture, and political freedom, can accomplish, he at last finds, and there only finds, a satisfaction worthy of his highest self, and achieves Happiness.

It is true no philosophy possible can, in deepest analysis, explain the universe. The least insect, the eyesight, motion, baffle us. No thought can be seized and dissected, and though the corporeal parts and aggregates can, the main things, the atoms and vitality, remain in mystery. But subtle, vast, electric is the soul, even in present relations, and restless and sad until it gets some clue however indirect to itself and to the relations between itself and Time, Space and all the processes and objects that fill them.

Idealism underlies the Four great philosophers, all alike. It does not crop to the surface in Kant, but he necessitates it more than any of them.

Taking the advent of the 19th century for a chronological centre, the years surrounding it are probably of an importance in the history of metaphysical science (the science that cognizes that which is above sense and beyond experience) beyond any others known. All the Four I have mentioned were living, Kant at a great age, Hegel was being formed.

I see to my own satisfaction and see very clearly, that to any individual mind the ambition for universal knowledge is a vain ambition, and that it [is] already carried to extravagant lengths and [is] tainting the schools. But it seems to me the *thought* of universality—the conception of a divine purpose in the cosmical world and in history, the realization that knowledge and sciences however important are branches, radiations only—each one relative—is not only the grand antedating background and appropriate entrance to the study of any science but to the fit understanding of the position of one's self in Nature, to the performance of life's duties, to the appreciation and application of sane standards to politics and to the judgment upon and construction of works in any department of art, and that by its realization is provided a basis for religion and theology that can satisfy the modern.

Perhaps to have begun properly I ought to have mentioned Leibnitz (1646-1716) a moralist and philosopher, by many considered as starting German metaphysics, perhaps too timid and orthodox, when tried by the great standards, but of noblest mind and powerful influence. His favorite themes were natural theology and the moral government of the world. In his book "Théodicée" he

exhibits loftiest thoughts and doctrines, goodness, benevolence, a harmonious unity in variety etc. are inculcated all through his pages.

He has read my "Vistas" to little purpose who has not seen that the Democracy I favor (if forced to choose) willingly leaves all material and political successes to enter upon and enjoy the moral, philosophical and religious ones.

I have mentioned Hegel in the preceding pages but I find I cannot be contented without saying something more elaborate about him and what he stands for.

If I were asked to specify who, in my opinion, has by the operation of his individual mind done the most signal service to humanity, so far, I sometimes think my answer would be to point to him and join with his name the name of Kant and perhaps Fichte and Schelling. If I were questioned who most fully and definitely illustrates Democracy by carrying it into the highest regions I should make the same answer.

Finale? It remains to be inquired and the inquiry has the most important bearing upon metaphysics and especially with reference to its future discoveries—whether after all allowance for Kant's tremendous and unquestionable point, namely that what we realize as truth in the objective and other Natural worlds is not the absolute but only the relative truth from our existing point of view; in other terms, that this is what we realize of the objective world by our present imperfect senses and cognizance and that what we thus realize would be entirely changed and perhaps overthrown and reversed if we were advanced to superior development and points of view. It remains, I say, to be inquired (considered) whether there is not probably also something in the Soul, even as it exists under present circumstances, which being itself adjusted to the inherent and immutable laws of things (which laws and the principal points of resemblance being the same throughout time and space, irrespective of apparitions, partialisms, processes, moods) does not afford a clue to unchangeable standards and tests—whether in its abysmic depths, far from ken or analysis, it (the soul) does not somehow, even now, by whatever removes and indirections, by its own laws, repel the inconsistent, and gravitate forever toward the absolute, the supernatural, the eternal truth. Perhaps this is what Fichte finally meant.

It is certain that what is called revealed religion as founded or alleged to be founded on the Old and New Testament, and still taught by the various churches in Europe and America, is not responded to by the highest, devoutest modern mind. Having its truths and its purposes in History, and the greatest ones, the time has unquestionably.....

176

....those stages, Egyptian, Hindu, Hebraic, Greek, Christian—with a hundred dimly preserved, as the.....

Those stages all over the world.....leaving their memories and inheritances in all the continents—how credulous! how childlike and simple! how the priests revered—the bloody rites, the mumeries and all puerile and bad things, redeemed

through the ages, the continents, by that one meaning.....underlying.....fervor out of which.....wayward forms arose. Complaint? Nay—as I walk here I will pause—I stand silent and admirable before the movements of the great soul of man in all lands and in every age. I look inward upon myself—I look around upon our own times—and how can I complain of the past? Of present and past, I do not blame them for doing what they have done and are doing—I applaud them that they have done so well—I applaud.....*

177

The celebrated old German poem we are going to make a running sketch of is traceable back to the Twelfth Century, when, or soon after when, it was probably put in the shape transmitted to modern times, by some rhapsodist whose name is now unknown, yet it is quite certain that this remarkable epic, long antedates even that far-off period. How much further back, though, it is impossible to tell, with any certainty.

Of the many critical theories about the construction of the Niebelungen the most plausible is that the ballads or versions floating about, were collected by this rhapsodist before alluded to during the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century, and fused into one connected Epic. The critics say they can tell the connecting passages; and they point to marked differences of style and contradictions. The Niebelungen is thus, by high authorities, stated to have been formed from ballads belonging to several ages, but having a general principle of union and character, and thus come to be united upon the thread of one main plot.

178

Reading Ossian awhile this morning.

Ossian———? for note, Preface.

For all their restorations—perhaps something worse—there is to me so much race (to use an old Scotch word) of the prehistoric, primitively Irish and Caledonian thought and personality in these poems—notwithstanding their general mistiness and gossamer character, (they always bring up to me the long trailing drape of the moss hanging down so profusely on the live-oaks in Florida or Louisiana, and slowly moving to the twilight breezes)—I have had more or less good from what they give out. It [is] like the reminiscence of an odor shut up for ages in some venerable chest. A witty friend of mine calls them the *real ghosts* of poems.

179

The idea (illustrated by Kant) that it isn't those who travel the most that know the most or think the deepest, widest, clearest. I even think that sometimes a life devoted to persistent travel is a squandered life. The knowingest people I have met have not been the gad-abouts.

* Written on two fragments of paper both torn and indeed almost destroyed.

180

The relations between the mass of employed persons on one side and the employers (capitalists, factories, R. R. organizations, owners etc.) on the other side is one of the vast, complicated, unsettled problems of America to-day—one of the problems to which, although I think it will be solved, I confess I do not yet see any solution or indications of solution. There are to be sure plenty of reforms and panaceas offered—but like some of the sciences (chemistry for instance) though it cannot be said that we have either got it, or see its resultant and absolute structure, we are working—thousands of good men are faithfully working—towards that resultant and absolute structure.

181

Reading Shakespeare, Sept. 1865, Washington. Edition in eight volumes of Wm. Veazie, Boston, 1859. The text regulated by the Folio of 1632 [? 1623]. Portrait from the monument in Stratford Church. Ben Jonson's eulogy—very fine and sounding :

" He was not of an age, but for all time."

" A good Poet's *made* as well as *born*." Shakespeare born about 23 April, 1564 (died 1616) began his theatrical career in London (about) 1586. Was owner in *two* theatres *Globe* and *Blackfriars*.

182

Richard Burbage, principal owner in theatre and principal actor of first parts, must have been quite a character—he was quite rich—died in 1619—(worth £300 a year).

183

Poem of the Universalities. Poem of the Universal likenesses of all men—humanity. Though the times, climes, differ, men do not so much differ. There *is* a universal language. What is heroic is universal among men. Love is universal among [men]. Liberty is—justice is—the hatred of meanness is—etc.

Poem of the Longings of Friendship. Pictures of Friendship—the hankering for friends—the memory of only a look—the boy lingering and waiting.

184

In the West—a vision—? Poem of vision of future. Depicting the West a hundred years from now—two hundred years—five hundred years. (This ought to be a splendid part of the poem) (? poem of Ohio ?)—it ought to lay in the colors and draw the outlines with a large, free and bold hand.

185

The Poem. One grand eclipsing Poem. Poem of Materials. ? Several poems. ? Many poems on this model—the bringing together of the materials—*words*, *figures*, *suggestions*, *things*—(words as solid as timbers, stone, iron, brick, glass, planks etc.) All with reference to main central ideas. With powerful indications—yet loose, fluid-like, leaving each reader eligible to form the resultant-poem for herself or himself. Leading Chicago poem.

186

Speaking of literary style in poems, "Nothing is more easy," said Voitaire, "than to do violence to nature—nothing more difficult than to imitate her."

Verse was the first writing of all we know—Greek—the Old Testament.....

187

On the other side is the "barbaric yawp" of a very different poet—as different as a Collin's steamship or modern locomotive tearing along the Erie railroad with its train of cars well-filled with the men and women of to-day is from the Lord Mayor of London's state barge or his carriage with its adorned slowness and its pageantry and liveries—or as different as the strong and hearty life of the people is from the bookish life of cloisters and from the etiquette of the English or French Courts. With.....

188

Cheap looking glasses and nearly all pictures distort things from the unerring harmony and equilibrium of nature.

Superb and infinitely manifold as natural objects are—each foot out of the countless octillions of the cubic leagues of space being crammed full of absolute or relative wonders—not any one of these, nor the whole of them together, disturbs or seems awry to the mind of man or woman. When one is sick or old or irritable and the richest parlors and costliest ornaments appear unsightly and.....

189

Literature it is certain would be fuller of vigor and sanity if authors were in the habit of composing in the forenoon—and never at night.

190*

Premonitory. That these lectures are hints or *en-passant* toward further development. That they are but primary lessons. That the Past and the Present

* This section is written on a series of slips of paper—the order in which they come is not clear—pieces between have been dropped out. They are quite old, probably belong to early fifties. At the time these notes were made Whitman seems to have had the idea of promulgating his doctrines by talks, lectures, either in place of or jointly with a book to be written.

[are] to be treated with perfect respect—that whatever I say, I know well enough the tremendous..... That man is the master and overseer of all religions. That I stand with (not their slave) admiration and boundless awe before all the growths of the Past, of men in all ages, all lands, the present, civilizations, religions, politics.....

I do not condemn either the Past or the Present. Shall I denounce my own ancestry—the very ground under my feet? that has been so long building. I know that they are and were what they could not but be. When I think of the Past—the.....

Do you suppose religion consists in one particular form or creed—the Christian or any other? No it is the whole universal heart of man.

In religion a modest statement, and proposition of things—as if presented with subdued mind, suggestive, modest, not flaunting and arbitrary.

Religion—In the Introductory remarks.

While to the ordinary, the divine masses, to those whose inherent religious capacity is deep enough—(and it is just as deep in the American people as in any race known upon the earth, old or new)—While to such, thoughtless, the sublimest and most spiritual facts are taken for granted as well understood and settled, and as being preached in the churches and taught in the schools and books. As for me, I approach these as, even in their littlest beginnings, impenetrable mysteries—and yet with audacious hand to be seized upon and wrestled with.

.....amid new combinations, more copious, more turbulent than earth's preceding times, inaugurating a new world mental and spiritual as much as any—new races of men.

Of these, I, throwing my voice toward the youths of the west, rapidly draft for them and myself, my lectures—and [ ] in them these: That they etc. etc.

.....processions of races, swiftly marching and countermarching over the fields of the Earth—the sublime creeds of different eras, some left glimmering yet, others quite faded out—the religions, the new ones arising out of the old ones, each filling its time and land yet helplessly withdrawing in due time, giving place to the more needed one that must succeed it. For all religions, all divine, are but temporary journeys subordinate to the eternal soul of the woman, the man supreme the decider of all. What are they.....to the ineffable, eternal traveler through them all [to] man, before whom all religions, the divinest idols, the gods, these of ours with the rest, sink into the—[ ] corners?

When I stand off, silent, and view how in the Present, as perhaps in the Past after its ways, amid vain forms and toys, amid vermin and gnawing rust, overlaid with stifling and suffocating things, corpses piled over them, smothered, as in subterranean fire, invisible, yet impossible to die, the divine ideas of spirituality, of the immortal soul of the woman and the man, of another sphere of existence, of con-

science and perfect justice and goodness, have been serenely preserved through millenia of years and with many traditions are here transmitted to us, to me, to you, whoever you are, I receive the great inheritance with welcome joy.

I know well enough the life is in my own soul, not in the traditions, the phantoms--but I know the traditions help me well—how could I be developed even so far, and talk with decision to-day, beginning the study of these things without all those traditions? I know, too, that I am the master and overseer of all religions—and you shall be—not their slave.

Toward the last. Finale.

Inquiries, free children of The States, aspiring to know and do greater things, sweeping on with the rest, with this universe, this globe, whelmed with its mysterious miracles, compact every side, every moment, as fishes in the sea—inaugurating a New World, mental and spiritual, as much as any—rising, glittering.....

191

The lesson is a profound one. The Union is proved solid by proof that none can gainsay. Every State that permits her faction of secessionists to carry her out, shrivels and wilts at once. Her credit is the first thing that goes. A reign of terror is inaugurated. All trade, all business stops. Travel by the usual routes is suspended. The best and many of the wealthiest citizens escape by flight. Incomes are not paid to widows, orphans and old persons. The arm of the law ceases to lift itself in any one's protection. The devils are unloosed. Theft, outrage, assassination stalk around, not in the night only but in open day.

192

Tennyson shows how one can be a British poet laureate, elegant and "aristocratic," and a little queer and affected, and at the same time perfectly manly and realistic.

What, on the whole, is this man's service to his Age, to Humanity, and especially to America?

First, I should say, his personal character. He is probably not to be mentioned as a rugged, evolutionary, aboriginal force, but (and a great lesson is in it) he has been true to the vital, native, healthy, patriotic and veracious (though local and conventional) moral line in himself. He reflects the age, its refinement, its pale cast of thought, perhaps its ennui. Then my friend John Burrough's simile is entirely true: "His glove is a glove of silk, but his hand is a hand of iron." *

* Cf. Prose works, p 404.

193

In the present state of society and literature nothing is more singular than to be without singularity—nothing more eccentric than to be entirely sane and without eccentricity.

194

What we thought we knew all about we know little or nothing about, and they who presume to teach know least of all about [it]. It is so unspeakably greater than we thought. There is more miracle in a wave, a rock, a tree, than we were attributing to the whole theology. What children's fables are those you are gauging this mighty thing by?

195

Literature.*

The tendency permitted to Literature has always been and now is to magnify and intensify its own technism, to isolate itself from general and vulgar life, and to make a caste or order.

America has been called proud and arrogant. It may be, but she does not show it in her literature. It is indirect and therefore more effective. Day by day and hour by hour in tragedy and comedy, in picture and print, in every importation of art and letters, she submits to one steady flow of discrepancy and one supercilious and ceaseless.....

(Bring in a sockdologer on the Dickens-fawners.)

There is something very bitter in the tacit adoption in our great democratic cities of these forms and laws imported from the royal capitals of Europe, the.....

In the plentiful feast of romance presented to us, all the novels, all the poems really dish up one only figure, various forms and preparations of one only plot, namely, a sickly, scrofulous, crude, amorousness. True, the malady described is the general one which all have to go through on their way to be eligible to Love, but this is not love.

Books, as now produced, have reached their twentieth remove from verities. Our writers have apparently forgotten that there is anything to be aimed at except Literary Literature. But in its profound relations, in its origin in great minds, this great medium and institute has only to do with thoughts, men, things, and even the soul at first hand.

* A series of scraps under this head intended for use in some lecture or article never (I think) completed.

196

Poem (subject) ? for recitation.

Something which in each verse shall comprise *a call* (local and native, sea or land, American, wild).

As the country girl (or boy) toward sun-down letting down the bars and calling the cows out of the lot—Kush ! Kush ! Kush !

Or the horses and colts, exhibiting an ear of corn with one hand and holding the halter behind out of sight with the other—Ku-juk ! Ku-juk ! Ku-juk !

Or the watch at mast-head of the whaler looking out for whales—There she blo-o-o-ws !

Or the quail whistling (whistling) Phoo ! Phoo ! Phooet !

What are the peculiar calls of drovers with a great herd of cattle ?

What are—if any—some of the peculiar calls of raftsmen ?

How would the calls of a man driving oxen do ? What are those calls ?

Don't attempt too close or vivid a rendering of the calls—a mere trick—leave an easy margin—more poetical.

For the three-stanza-piece of out-door cries :

First, There she blows—there she blows.

Second, Cu-juk ! C'juk ! C'juk ! or Co ! Co ! Co !

Third, Here goes your fine fat oysters—Rock Point oysters—here they go.

197

How many deeds of moment (I have been thinking that old thought lately), how many long and connected process-causes of future great results—How many quiet solid lives entirely unfanfaronaded, unknown, unnoted by the public talk or telegrams, or newspapers—often unsuspected by neighbors and friends—are transacting dem.....

198*

Had been simmering inside for six or seven years—broke out during those times temporarily—and then went over.

But now a serious attack, beyond all cure. Dr. D., my Washington physician (and a good one to whom I pay respect and faith yet) said it was the result of too extreme bodily and emotional strain continued at Washington and down in front, in 1862-3-4 and 5.

* A reference to his paralysis.

I doubt if a heartier, stronger, healthier, physique ever lived from 1840 to '70. My greatest call (Quaker) to go around and do what I could among the suffering, sick and wounded was that I seemed to be *so well.* I considered myself invulnerable.

199*

List of things recognized by my Lectures.

The Texan Ranger.

The Boston Truckman.

The young men and young women too of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Charleston, New Orleans.

Above all I recognize the localities and persons of my own land.—The Kentuckian, the Tennessean, the Kanadian, the Californian, the Alabamian, the Virginian.

The lumberer of Maine, the oysterman of Virginia, the corn gatherer of Tennessee. (Look in Census—or rather List, MS.).

I recognize in America the land of materials, the land of iron, cotton, wheat, beef, pork, fish and fruit.

I recognize all the great inventions, machines, and improvements of to-day, the ten-cylinder press printing thirty thousand sheets an hour—the electric telegraph that binds continents and threads the bottoms of seas—the tracks of railroads—the cheap newspaper.

[I recognize] the idea that the common American mechanic, farmer, sailor etc., is just as eligible as any to the highest ideal of dignity, perfection and knowledge. (I sometimes think an independent American workingman is more eligible than any other).

200†

Railroad poem. Poem of corn and meat—pork, beef, fish. Poem of mines. Inland poem. Poem of the man's hand and the woman's hand.

N. B.—In Western edition don't make it *too* west—namely, it is enough if there be nothing in the book that is distasteful to the west, or is meaningless to it—and enough if there be two or three pieces, *first-rate,* applicable enough to all men and women, but *specially* welcome to western men and women.

* This note takes us back to the pre-poetical era in Whitman's life—when his idea was to present his thought in Lectures.

† This piece belongs to the fifties.

201

Idea of a Poem. Day and Night. Namely, celebrate the beauty of Day with all its splendor, the sun—life—action—love—strength. Then Night with its beauty (rather leaning to the celebration of the superiority of the Night). *

202

Was it thought that all was achieved when Liberty was achieved? (Shaking the head—no—no—no.)

Make a large part of lectures-meaning consist in significant gestures.

When liberty is achieved—when rage no more the red and circling rivers, with death in every eddy.

When the exiles that pined away in distant lands and died have borne the fruit they died for—†

203

A poem, theme—Be happy. Going forth, seeing all the beautiful perfect things.

204

I tell you greedy smoucher! I will have nothing which any man or any woman, anywhere on the face of the earth, or of any color or country cannot also have.

Remember that the clock and the hands of the clock, only tell the time—they are not themselves the aggregated years.—Which is greatest—time, which baffles us, or its indexes, made of wood and brass, by a workman at ten dollars a week? Time itself knows no index, it is merely to stand us a little in help that we combine sets of springs and wheels and arbitrarily divide by hours and quarters—and call this measuring time. ‡

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 234, and current edition, p. 344.

† Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '56 edition, p. 269, and current edition, p. 287.

‡ Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 edition, p. 29. "By God! I will accept etc." Current edition, p. 48. The above note is very early and is almost certainly a passage in a proposed lecture and belongs to the time that "Leaves of Grass" as a poem had not been planned.

PART IV.

SHORTER NOTES, ISOLATED WORDS, BRIEF SENTENCES, MEMORANDA, SUGGESTIVE EXPRESSIONS, NAMES AND DATES.

I

Language. Religion. Numismatics, coins and medals. Topography—look in census reports—description of a city, town or place. Geography. Government, politics, parties. Marriage. Physiology. Phrenology. Literature. Education, schools, teachers, leading philosophs. Commerce. Manufacturers. Products, agriculture, mines etc. Rivers, bays, ports. Climate. Laws, jurisprudence. The medical art. The fine arts, pictures, statues, labor-saving machinery. Architecture, both city and country. Crime, criminals etc. Prisons. Legislation, newspapers, tariffs, farming, ancestry.—Who are the most eminent men? also women? Trades, mechanics etc. Servants and masters. Slavery. Death. Cheapness and dearth. Luxury. Wages. Domestic animals. Artificial drinks. Soirees. Licentiousness. Markets. Amusements, festivals, games, holidays. War. Iron. Police. Architecture. Fortifications. ? Individual freedom. Insurance. Condition of women. Furniture. Manners, social usages, customs. Diet, food, cooking. Costumes. Public meetings. Travel, roads, railroads, ships, steamers, canals. Holidays. Post offices, mail, expresses. Aqueducts. Music, sculpture, painting. Fisheries. What heroes? Most eminent persons? Poetry—poets? Erpetology (from gr.) of reptiles —By Cuvier into four orders, 1st Chelonians, tortoises, turtles etc.; 2nd Saurians, lizards, crocodiles etc.; 3rd Ophidians, slow-worms, serpents, etc.; 4th Batrachians, frogs, toads, newts etc. Marine, both of peace and war. Visits. Health. Longevity. Cleanliness. Philosophy, look at phrenological list. Weights and measures. Express. Persons, in history and geography of the world, introduce everywhere lists of *persons*—the *great persons* of every age and land. Acoustics, hearing or sound. Aeronautics, navigating the air. Algebra, computing abstract quantities by help of signs and symbols. Casuisty, affairs of conscience. Chirography, handwriting. Dialectics, reasoning, used by Plato for metaphysics. Dialling, from day, an instrument to show the time of day. Dynamics, matter in motion, moving powers. Entomology, insects. Ethics, right or wrong, morals. Geoponics, agriculture. Horology, measuring time. Logic, reasoning, connection of ideas. Meteorology, weather, air. Osteology, science of all that relates to the bones. Pathology, causes,

effects and differences of diseases. Philology, words, languages, etymology, grammar, rhetoric, poetry and criticism, phonology and ideology. Ethnology, the science of the different races of men, and their origins. Sociology. Theosophy, divine wisdom and illumination. Phonology, sounds, writing where each sound has a specific character. Philanthropy. Ideology, Science of the mind—history, elucidation and illustration of human ideas. Biology, Science of the mystery of life, term introduced by Treviranus of Bremen instead of physiology. Psychology, science of man's spiritual nature or of the soul. Etiology, an account of the causes of anything —particularly diseases. Mathematics, the science that treats of quantity, whatever can be measured, numbered etc. Pure or speculative Mathematics considers quantity abstractly, without relation to matter. Mixed Mathematics treats of magnitude etc., as existing in material bodies. Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry etc. are branches of Mathematics. Ethnology, the tracing of the divisions, parentage and localities of races—as whence they sprang and what are their typical marks. Language. Politics, under this come all of what are called governments, laws, human rights, and the like. Religions. Literature, Iliad, Bible, Nibelungen, Shakespeare, Ramayana, Dante, books of Egypt, Persia and Assyria are lost, Emerson, Voltaire, Rousseau, histories, novels, essays, newspapers. Zoology, lists of names of all animals. Gases and Waters, Minerals, Vegetables, Animals.—Four Kingdoms of Nature—all there as in the myriad forms and identities of the world and under the divine something called life.

2

The Teutonic includes the Scandinavian—the latter is a branch or a portion of the Teutonic. Visigoth—a western Goth, one from the western shores of the Baltic—in distinction from Ostrogoth, or Eastern Goth. Asia now contains and has from time immemorial contained more than half the population of the earth and more that one-third the land of the earth. China alone has (so estimated) 360,000,000 inhabitants.

Scythia,—the name given to the northern part of Asia and Europe adjoining to Asia—from the same root as Scot—from a word meaning woods, or shade—viz.: Scot —a man of the woods.

Ancient Numidia, Gelutia etc. northern part of Africa on the Mediteranean, now Algiers, Tripoli etc.

3

There is a river in the ocean—*i.e.* the gulf stream.

4

Religions—Gods. Supposed to be about one thousand religions. Names of Gods, sects and prophets : Phtah, Isis, Osiris, Kneph, Chiven (god of desolation and destruction), Mahomet with a green banner, a sabre, a bandage and a crescent,

priests: imaums, mollahs, muftis, dervish, santon with dishevelled hair. Jehovah, Adonai, Christ, Brahm, Buddha, Ormuzd, god of light. Ahrimanes, god of darkness. Parsees, from Persia followers of Zoroaster, their pope or high priest is called "Mobed." Foraaster (Ferdusht). Vishnu, preserver of the world, image of the Lingam the male sign. Fot, the Chinese god (Phtah). Bowze, Japanese with a yellow rope. Tuisco, a god of the ancient Germans. Kaldee (Sabian Kaldee of Assyria). Orus, the sun. Serapis or God of ensemble, I think. Hercules, Pluto, Satan, Lucifer. Typhon, made up of all that opposes, hinders, obstructs, revolts. Charon, the ferry man to Tartarus and to Elysium. Minos, Rhadamanthus, judges of the dead, the wand, the bend, the ushers and the urn. (Mercury) Hermes, the God of Science. Zoroaster 3000 B. C. (Bunsen) others say 600 or 700 B. C. Manu preceded Moses 2100 B. C. The Egyptian priests (the Greeks also) regarded the preservation of health as a point of the first importance and indispensably necessary to the practice of piety and the service of the Gods. Confucius 550 B. C. Lamas in Thibet and China. African negroes worshipping a great snake. Mithras, the Persian deity—the modern parsees are the representatives—the mediator between Ahrimanes and Ormazd. Brahma, to create. Vishnu, to preserve. Chiven (Siva) to destroy. In India—the Vedas—all the three deities from "the eternal" Siva. Zoroaster or Zerdusht, two centuries after Moses. Pouranas, Vedas (there are three or four, Shastras, Sadder, Zendavesta, Bible are sacred books. Pouranas treat of mythology and history. Vedas, the fourth, concerning ceremonies, is lost. Boudha, Bhudda (Fot, Phtah, Mercury) the Boudha doctrine is found in book of 3000 B. C. Hermes, author of Egyptian Vedas. All seems to go back to Manu who preceded Zoroaster, Moses and the rest, and must have been 2100 B. C. and more definitely embodied on the banks of the Ganges, the Indian theology with Brahma, Vishnu and Chiven. Manu son or grandson of Brahma. Tar a nis a celtic divinity, the evil principal, sometimes confused by Latin writers with Jupiter. Mithras, masculine, the sun. Mylitta, feminine, the moon. Tuisco, ancient teutonic deity, leading—? Tuesday. Talmud (of Jerusalem) very old. Sybilline verses among the ancients always looking for—a great mediator, a judge, god, lover, legislator, friend of the poor and degraded, conqueror of powers. Krishna (? thence Christ). Young Bacchus, the clandestine nocturnal son of the virgin Minerva whose life and even death bring to mind those of Christ and have the star of day for their emblem—the holocaust, the libation, circumcision, baptism, ablution, prayer, confession. Apollo, the god of light, healing and deliverance. Fo, divine being, teacher, god 2500 years B. C. Confucius, 531 B. C. Pan, the great whole with a forehead of stars, body of planets, feet of animals. Kneph—"existence"—a Theban god, a human figure dressed in dark blue holding in one hand a sceptre and a girdle, with a cap of feathers on his head (to express the fugacity of thought),* Zeus. Pythagoras, three centuries after Homer. Orpheus 1450 B. C. Ancient verses of the orphic sect which originated in Egypt. Orpheus, Musaeus, 1400 B. C. in Greece. Mylitta in the old Persian mysteries was the name of the moon, Mithras that of the

* See "Leaves of Grass," edition of '56, p. 111—current edition, Salut au Monde S. 6.

sun. Sunday—the sun, Monday—the moon, Tuesday—Tuisco, an ancient Teuton deity, Wednesday—Woden or Odin, Thursday—Thor (thunder), Friday goddess Frixa—? Frigah, equal, co-ordinate feminine principle or divinity, Saturday —Saturn (? Kronos). Scythian from Scythes, a son of Jupiter and founder of the Scythian nation. Pelops seems to have been a son or grandson of Jupiter, who came from Asia to Greece and laid the foundation of a new royal dynasty which supplanted the older order of the Danadi about 1300 B. C., "Agamemnon king of men" in the Iliad was his (Pelops) grandson.

5

Tacitus—of the Germans (? Scythians). In ancient songs they celebrate Tuisto, a god sprung from the earth, and his son Mannus, the origin and founder of their nation. To Mannus they assign three sons.

6

Law, lex. Lux, light. Alcoran signifies law. Lecture, lectio (latin) to read. Originally laws were promulgated by word of mouth to the people. Abrahamic movement 28th or 29th century before Christ. Buddhism was the state religion of India from the 3rd century before to the 6th century after Christ.

Tien or Tin was a Chinese name for the divinity.

7

Birth of Hercules 1205 B. C. Death of Hercules 1153 B. C. Trojan expedition 1136 B. C. Troy taken 1127 B. C. Very unsatisfactory previous to 776 B. C., when the Greek olympiads commence. Moses of course born in Egypt while the Jews (descendants of Joseph and companions) were settled as a sort of half-captive and degraded race there. Moses born in 1571 B. C. Queens reigned in Egypt and governed absolutely. Sesostris, Remesis 2nd, 1355 B. C., reigned over 62 years. He partitioned the land among the peasants and compounded with them to pay a fixed tax to him. Time first began to be computed "from the Christian era" the (birth of Christ) about the year 536.

8

"Give me my liar" were the words of Charles V. when calling for a volume of history. "I know history to be a lie," said Walpole. Raleigh, 1552-1618—his history of the world—written while in prison. He saw from his window a contest between two parties of disputants. Afterwards listening to accounts of the same from outsiders he says, "These must be samples of the historians—all liars," and threw his compilation away.

America *now* of all lands has the greatest practical energy. But has it not also the highest infusion of pure intellect? Well if it has, does it not want something *besides* intellect? What are you after in people? Merely the intellect?

A man more resolute in the hour of defeat than in that of tiumph.

Is not our putting up of monuments, statues to Washington etc. a poor relic of the old Asiatic, Greek or Roman spirit?

9

Russian serfs. It seems that the Russian empire, with a population of from 50 to 60 millions, has forty millions of serfs or slaves. Finland—a large ancient country, an important part of Russia.

Palestine, David 1020 B. C.

Dido 800 B. C.

Æneas 800 B. C.

Mahommedanism rose 600 A. D. Mahomet born 569, died 632.

Independent and Chinese Tartary—the belly of Asia (one-third of that continent) from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific. Anciently called Scythia, southern part Parthia. From this region sprung Zinghis khan, a Mougol chief, 1226 A. D., and ravaging, stretched his empire. Tamerlane, 1400 A. D., in time his successor. He extended his rule to Hindostan, founding the Mogul rule there which terminated 1803. From Tartary issued the Celts, Goths, Turks etc.

10

Asia. Peoples:—Caucasians, Georgians, Turks (Asiatic) 10,000,000, Arabs 12,000,000, Persians 8,000,000, Afghans 5,000,000, Beloochistans 500,000, Tartars 5,000,000, Muscovites or Russians 66,000,000, Kamskatkans, Thibetians, Clans of Nomadic Tartans, Hindoos 142,000,000, Chinese 367,000,000, Burmese 2,000,000, Japanese 25,000,000, Bornese 3,000,000, Ceylonese 1,500,000, Anamese 5,000,000, Siamese 3,000,000, Malays—all the lands, islands, peninsulas etc. in the S. E., Sumatrans 2,500,000. Ancient—Celts, Goths, Chaldees, Assyrians.....

11

Europe. Rivers. Britain: Thames, Shannon, Tay, Trent, Severn. France: Seine, Loire, Rhone. Spain: Douro, Tagus, Guadalquiver. Rhine. Elbe (Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Austria). Danube (Austria, runs into Turkey). Oder (Prussia). Po (Sardinia and divides Austria from Italy). Tiber (Papal States). Arno (Tuscany). Dneiper. Volga. Ural. Cities. Christiana 27,000, Norway. Copenhagen 125,000, Sweden. Bremen 53,000, Netherlands. Hague 66,000, same. Cracow. Brussels 124,000, Belgium. France: Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles. Spain: Madrid, Cadiz. Portugal: Lisbon. Edinburgh. Dublin. London. Palermo, Sicily. Naples. Florence 105,000, Tuscany. Genoa 120,000, Venice 120,000, Austria. Rome 184,000. Berne 24,000, Switzerland. Turin 135,000. Vienna 425,000, on the Danube. Prague 114,000, Elbe, North Germany. Milan 205,000.

12

Europe bounded: North, Arctic Ocean: East, Black Sea, Caucasus Mountains, Caspian Sea, Ural River and mountains; West, Atlantic; South, Mediterranean. Countries: Iceland, 60,000: Norway, 1,328,000; Sweden, 3,440,000; Denmark, 2,300,000; Russia (in Europe), 54,000,000; England (including Wales) 18,000,000; Scotland, 2,889,000; Ireland, 6,516,000; France, 36,000,000; Spain, 14,000,000; Portugal; Austria, 36,515,000; Prussia; Netherlands, 3,363,000; Belgium, 4,360,000; Switzerland, 2,390,000; Sardinia, 5,000,000; Rome, 3,000,000; Naples, 9,000,000; Hungary, 11,000,000; Venice and Lombardy, 5,000,000; Germany; Bavaria; Wurtemberg; Baden: Saxony, 2,000,000; Sicily; Greece, 1,100,000. Seas: White Sea, North Russia; North Sea, English Channel; Bay of Biscay; Mediterranean; Baltic (between Sweden and Russia); Gulf of Bothnia; Gulf of Venice; Black Sea, (South Russia); Caspian, (South-west); Zuyder Zee, a great bay in the Netherlands; the Schelt.

13

Two samples of Voltaire's writings.—Translated from his Philosophical Dictionary. See what is marked on pages 173 and 174.

14

Africa. The Equator—on it in Africa the Guineas; Ethiopia; Zanzibar; Liberia, only a little north; the Gaboon coast; the high interminable ridged mountains of the moon just north of the equator and running east and west 2000 miles, three miles high.

Capes. Cape Verde, the westernmost cape of the continent of Africa—on the coast of Senegambia not far north of Liberia; Cape of Good Hope, southern extremity; Cape Guadafui, eastern, lat. 10 north, point dividing the Indian Ocean from the Red Sea; Cape Bon, northermost, coast of Tunis, in the Mediterranean; Cape Bajadore, on the desert, western extremity.

Isthmus of Suez.

Seas. The Red Sea; the fresh sunned Mediterranean and from one to another of its islands; Gulf of Guinea; Straits of Gibraltar; small islands off the western coast, and large island, Madagascar, off the eastern coast.

Mountains. Mts. of the moon; Snow Mts. southern part Africa, Cape Colony; Red Mts. Madagascar.

Cape of Good Hope 8550 miles from New York.

Rivers in Africa: The Niger 3300 ms. long; the Congo, 1000 ms. or more emptying into the Atlantic through lower Guinea; the Nile (the black, venerable, vast mother the Nile); White river, away down in Ethiopia emptying into the Nile; Senegal, 900 ms., emptying into the Atlantic through Senegambia; Orange river, Cape Colony.

Peoples. Caffres, southern extremity of Africa; Nubians, below Egypt, up the Nile; Liberians ("free Liberians") the new colony, only a little north of the equator; Fezzanese, of Fezzan, a province north part of Africa a little from the Mediterranean; Ashantees, in Guinea, just north of the equator, west side; Bushnanas, of South Africa, probably the same as Hottentots; Foulahs, in Senegambia, west coast, 10 n. lat.; Berbers, of Bebera, a city same name, province on the equator, eastern shore of Africa; Abyssinians, a large fine formed race, black, athletic, fine heads,—city Gondar, Abyssinia, province east coast Africa, bordering partly on Red Sea, partly on Indian Ocean; Barcanese, of Barca, on the Mediterranean; Soudanese, of Soudan, 7,000,000; Ethyopians, quite entirely inland, on and mostly below equator, a country doubtless of hot-breathed airs and exhalations, cities, ignorance, altogether unenlightened and unexplored; Fellahtas, on the Niger River in Soudan 10° n. of equator.

15

Europe. Cape Clear, southern point of Ireland; Malin head, northern point; Lands End, south-west point England; Kinnard's head, a north-east point Scotland; Shetland islands, away north; Hebrides, west Scotland; "The Minch," the passage between the Hebrides and Scotland.

16

Provençal and Scandinavian Poetry. Chaucer. American Poets. Remains of Literature of the middle ages. Pope. Robert Southey. Characteristics of Shelley. Shakespeare vs. Sand. Moralists, La Bruyère, Montaigne..... Poets and Poetry of Europe. Scotch School of Philosophy and Criticism, Campbell. Dr. Beattie's life of..... Waller and Marvell. Wordsworth's Prelude. Speculative Philosophy of the 19th Century. Keats. The Raven. E. A. Duykinck on Literature for 1845. On Poetry (an excerpt). Wordsworth and Tennyson. Songs and song writers. Bells and Pomegranates, Robert Browning. Casa Guidi Windows, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Wordsworth, American Literature (Margaret Fuller). Tennyson, Shelley, Keats. Taylor's Eve of the Conquest. Hyperion of Keats J. D. W. Oliver Goldsmith. Festus, Manfred, Paradise Lost, Book of Job. Festus. Miss Barrett's Poems. Lessing, Laocoön, J. D. W. Phrenology, a Socratic Dialogue J. D. W. Style, J. D. W. Essay on Critics.—Dialogue between Poet and Critic.

17

1854. 10,000 new books were published in Germany—2025 journals, of which 403 political. Prose writers of America—Review of Emerson. Styles American and Foreign. America and the early English Poets. Thoughts on Reading. Pleasures of the Pen. New English Poets, Owen Meredith (young Bulwer), Mathew Arnold, Sidney Dobell, Alexander Smith, Gerald Massey. A good word "Scantlings."

18

Leigh Hunt—born 1784—is he now living? aged 72. Yes (July '57) he lives, old and in fair condition, in London, aged 73. [*Added afterwards.*] Died Aug., '59, aged 75.

Hexameter translation of Homer—Prof. Newman's translation. Get Buckley's prose trans. of Iliad—republished here by Harper.

Translators of Homer. The greatest poets can never be translators of the poetry of others—that is in any other way than Shakespeare translated—which was by taking the poor or tolerable stuff of others and making it incomparable.

Sixteen English translations of Homer and more besides [1857].

19

Hume 1711-1776. Chansoniere (song singer) Chanson (a song).

Driden born 1631, died 1700. Pope, 1688-1744.

It is the same now.*

This is very finely done criticism. Southey born 1774.†

Old age of great masters—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes.

This article contains good stuff. ‡

See above and *Beware.* §

Read, Read, Read. ‖

20

Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Scott, Milton, Byron, Hume, Swift, Addison.

Chaucer, Spencer and Milton were full-blooded Cockneys. Shakespeare alone was not a Londoner although a long resident.

1356. The first English book—"Sir John Mandeville's Travels."

1385. Polychronicon—a sort of jumble of history. For to those dates there was no English Literature—hardly even for many years afterwards. The English language was not thought of as fit for the learned or for poets.

* Written on margin of review of Pope in North British for Aug. 1848, the writer speaks of "an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious."

† Written on margin of article on Robert Southey from same review (no name) printed Feb. 1851—a note by Whitman.

‡ Written on margin of an article on egotism torn out of Graham's Magazine (Philadelphia) for March 1845 has been carefully read and annotated.

§ Against a passage pointing out the dangers of egotism.

‖ Against another passage.

21

Orphans of Vorosmarty, the greatest Hungarian poet—June 1856.

22*

? Hallam, D'Israeli. Chaucer born 1328 died 1400. John Gower born 1325 died 1409. Gawin Douglas, Scotch, 1474-1522. John Wickliffe (with Chaucer, 1324-1384. Sir Thomas Moore 1480-1535. Edmund Spencer 1558-1598. Christ. Marlow 1562-1592. Shakespeare 1564-1616. Ben Jonson 1574-1637. Phil Massinger 1584-1640. Sir Philip Sidney 1554-1586. Sir Walter Raleigh 1552-1618. Francis Bacon 1561-1627. Milton 1608-1674. Sam Butler, Hudibras, 1612-1680. John Driden 1631-1700. John Locke 1632-1704. John Bunyan 1628-1688. Alex. Pope 1688-1744. Jos. Addison 1672-1719. Samuel Johnson 1709-1784. Jonathan Swift 1667-1745. Daniel Defoe 1663-1731. Henry Fielding 1707-1754. Lawrence Sterne 1713-1768. Tobias Smollet 1721-1771. Oliver Goldsmith 1729-1774. Henry MacKenzie 1745-1831. David Hume 1711-1776. Edward Gibbon 1737. William Robertson 1721-1793. Dr. Hugh Blair 1729-1774. Philip Dorner Stanhope, Earl Chesterfield 1694-1773. Lady Mary Wortley Montague 1690-1762. Edmund Burke 1730-1797. Letters of Junius 1769-'70-'71. "Transition School," James Thompson 1700-1748. William Cowper 1731-1800. Thomas Gray, Elegy in Churchyard, 1716-1771. William Collins 1720-1756. Mark Akenside 1721-1770. James McPherson, Ossian, 1737-1796. Thos. Chatterton 1752-1770. Dr. Thos. Percy, Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 1755. Robert Burns, 1759-1796.

"Modern Literature." Sir James Macintosh 1765-1832. James Montgomery born 1771. Sir Walter Scott 1771-1832. H. K. White 1785-1806. Robert Bloomfield 1766-1823. Ann Letitia Barbauld 1743-1825. Lord Byron 1788-1824. Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822. Geo. Crabbe 1754-1832. Thos. Campbell 1777-1843. Thos. Moore 1780. Robt. Southey 1774-1843. Wm. Wordsworth 1770-1850. Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1773-1834. Felicia Hemans 1794-1835. L. E. Landor 1802-1838. T. B. Macaulay 1800—still living. Scotch: Jas. Hogg 1772-1835. Robt. Tannahill 1774-1810. Allan Cunningham 1784-1842. Wm. Motherwell 1797-1835. Novelists: Ann Radcliffe 1764-1823. Maria Edgeworth 1771. Edward Bulwer Lytton 1784. Charles Dickens, about 1812. G. P. R. James 1801. Orators: Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham 1708-1778—2nd Wm. Pitt 1759-1806. C. J. Fox 1748-1806. Henry Grattan 1750-1820. Geo. Canning 1770-1827. O'Connell 1774-1847. Brougham 1779. Peel 1788. Hazlitt 1780-1830. Chas. Lamb 1775-1835. Carlyle born 1795.

Of the foregoing two or three pages—the lists of names on colored paper—Remember, these are Europeans and Americans, not the whole world's contribution. Each continent, each nation, gives its contributions—every one, at any time, as perfect as it can be, considering what preceded it.

* The notes in this section (22) were made in 1855.

Dennis Diderot 1713-1784—(71 years). His father was a cutler, good man mother also. Diderot educated well by the Jesuits. Came to Paris a young man Lived ten years a loafer, a rascal, a literary hack. Emerged by degrees—is the backbone and brain of the French encyclopoedia. (The encyclopoedia was some years—12, 16 or 20—in being finished). Diderot was befriended by the Russian Empress Catherine. She gave him £3,000. It is said of him that he had the most encyclopoedical head ever in the world, and was a most superb talker. Diderot with his mouth of gold.

23

For lecture on "The Poet" Chaucer born 1328 died 1400 aged 72 was a contemporary of Petrach also of Wycliffe the reformer.

About 500 years ago the English language commenced. The main thing dates back about half a century; the essentials are as old as Chaucer. The positive living and sufficiently formed shape now held by us with modern improvements.

Chaucer born 1328 either in London or in the County of Kent.

In the army in 1359. In the king's household 1360-1367. In Parliament in 1387. Married when towards 38 years old. Was a contemporary of the poet Gower and befriended him—also contemporary of Petrach; was in Italy 1374. Wife died 1387. Boethius' "Philosophic Consolations," year 522—then the middle ages first became acquainted with the flattering doctrine that man, by the exercise of his reason, becomes superior to the dominion of fortune. Zeno. Chaucer "Love." Language. English Language. A reliable short resumé of Language.*

24

Ossian—Thoreau. Macpherson 1737-1796. Chaucer. An important thought to open "History of Brooklyn" or any History. Names of poets: bards, scalds, minstrels, minne-sängers (love singers) and meister-sängers, troubadours, trouvers,—minne-lieder (love songs).

Until the 16th century that Luther by his noble translation of the Bible gave to Germany literature as well as religion.†

"Trobar" and "trouver" (langue d'oc and langue d'oui) signifying "to find." The word poet has in Greek a similar derivation (poet—maker gr.).

Niebelungens Not—continuous poem of 10,000 verses.

Resumé of the Niebelungen.

* The notes in this section (23) are made by W. W. on the margin of a magazine article on "Chaucer," dated 1849. Name of magazine does not appear nor month of issue. The article has been very carefully read and elaborately marked, underscored etc. It would seem that Whitman intended basing a lecture upon it.

† He reads and marks an article in Edinburgh Review for July, 1848, on "Proveçnal and Scandinavian Poetry": for lecture on The Poet. Which lecture he was evidently planning to write and deliver.

The battle of Chalons, deciding the fate of Europe—451.

Subjective—out of the person himself. Objective—of other persons, things, events, places, characters. As the Iliad is profoundly objective, " Leaves of Grass " are profoundly subjective.

Subjective or lyric, objective or epic, as for instance the Iliad is notably objective but " Leaves of Grass " are profoundly subjective.

Who was Tyrtæus?

Persian Poetry.

Poems among the Siamese. The cast of the southern Asiatic mind, literature, poetry. Caste—Suppleness,—so much that the Teutonic descendant cannot sympathise with

Zerdusht. Zoroaster? " the Chaldeans or ancient Persians with their Zerdusht " Carlyle.

Cossacks, fierce, ruthless, sitting around a table drinking brandy, after a battle, singing a song in praise of blood, the gallows, the knout, torture etc.

Phrase—his biographer says of Diderot (1713-1784)—" all the virtues which do not require a great suite of ideas were his."

Of animals or very inferior persons—the minus human. Of superior persons—the plus human.

25*

The Ramayana is the most ancient having one separate distinct thread. Vedas, there are four. One was written 1400 B.C., other anterior.

Two most ancient Indian poems—the Ramayana of almost unknown antiquity, one continued thread of action—the Mahabharata full of mixed episodes and legends.

Ramayana by the poet Valmiki. Probably Valmiki and Homer were contemporaries—perhaps V. was the earlier of the two.

The Athenian historical pet was Theseus; the Dorian, Hercules; the Hindostanee—Brahminic, Rama; the French, Napoleon. Who was the Roman? Scandinavian? Briton? Arthur—Alfred.

The style of a great poem must flow on " unhasting and unresting."

Vyasa, poet of the Mahabharata.

26

Carlyle, born 1795, Nov. ('57), aged 62.

Dec. '57 Carlyle's Frederick the Great is announced to be now in press.

Byron born at Dover, England, 1788, died at Missolonghi, 1824 aged 36.

* Notes on a magazine article (1848) on Indian Epic Poetry.

Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Colridge, Southey, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, Rogers, Keats, Wordsworth, Bulwer, D'Israeli.

Appearance of Carlyle 1827.

Appearance of Dickens 1835 (then 23 years old).

27

Etymology—origin and derivation. Distributes words into parts of speech, tenses, genders etc.

Syntax—constructing words in a sentence.

Prosidy—accent, versification, laws of harmony.

Preterit—past—noting the past tense of a verb as, "I wrote."

28

Ditherambic — trochee — iambic — anapest — Hexameter — Pentameter — Pyrrhic, a poetic foot of two short syllables—Spondee, two long syllables, in poetry —dactyl—spondee.

Hexameter—in ancient poetry a verse of six feet, the first four of which may be either dactyls or spondees, the fifth must regularly be a dactyl, the sixth always a spondee.

"So thus | having spok | en the casque | nodding | Hector de | parted."

Iambus—Iambics—Anciently certain songs or satires supposed to have given birth to ancient comedy.

Iambus, a poetic "foot" consisting of two syllables, the first short and the last long, as in "de-light." e. g.

"He scorns | the force | that dares | his fu | ry stay."

Trochee—(from a Greek word signifying to run). A poetic foot consisting of two syllables, the first long, the second short (I suppose such as this):

"Would you | gaze up | on the | waters | of the | lordly | Missis | sippi."

Dactyl (from the Greek word for "finger," the joint nearest the hand being long, the other two joints short).

A poetic foot of three syllables, the first long, the others short—I suppose such as:

"Thundering | upward and | downward the | surges roll'd."

Hexameters.—Verses whose lines are six poetic feet either dactyls or spondees: e. g.

"Then when An | dromache | ended said | tall bright | helmeted | Hector."

Dactyl a poetic foot of one long and two short syllables: e. g.

"Oft at the | close of the | day when the....."

Spondee—a poetic foot of two long syllables : e. g.

"Auro | ra now | fair daugh | ter of | the dawn."

Pentameter—having five regular feet (as the line immediately above).

Iambus—two short syllables.

Trochee – a long and a short syllable.

Pentameter—ancient poetry—a verse of five feet. The two first may be either Dactyls or Spondees—the third is always a Spondee and the two last Anapests. A pentameter verse subjoined to a hexameter constitutes what is called an Elegiac.

Anapest—three syllables, the first two short the last long, the reverse of the Dactyl as

"Can a bo | som so gen | tle remain | unmov'd | when her Co | rydon sighs."

29

Dithyrambus. Dithyramb. Dithyrambic. From a Greek word a title of Bacchus the signification of which not settled.

In ancient poetry a hymn or song in honor of Bacchus, full of transport and poetical rage. Of this species of writing we have no remains.

A song of Bacchus in which the wildness of intoxication is infused.

Any poem in which ecstacy and wildness are expressed in kind.

Cæsura. Cæsural pause (from Cæsum, the cutting thing). A pause in verse so introduced as to aid the recital and make melody—divides a line into equal or unequal parts.

30

Menu son or grandson of Brahma and first of created beings.

Sadi about 1000 A. D.

Indian epic poetry—who was Veias?

Milton 1608-1674. Contemporary of Ben Jonson 1574-1637. Dryden 1631-1700. Bunyan 1628-1688. Followed by Alexander Pope 1688.

Burns, born 1757 died 1796 aged 39.

G. M. Curtis lecture. Delivered Clinton Hall 27 Feb. '56. Subject Charles Dickens. Literature of Germany. English literature, Dr. Johnson latter half of last century. Walter Scott. This [*referring to passage in Curtis' lecture*] is stolen from Carlyle.

31

Looks like Forest.*

32

Some ideas on Hexameter's, Poetry and Prose, and on Milton.†

33

Abraham's visit to Egypt 2000 B. C. took his handmaid Hagar—their son Ishmael progenitor of the Arabs.

Birth of Hercules 1205 B. C.

Death of Hercules 1155 B. C.

Alexandrian Library. 700,000 vols. commenced by Ptolemy Philadelphus—destroyed either by enraged Christians under Theodosius the Great 390 A. C. or by Saracens under Omar 642 A. C. or by.....

Job—of the land of Uz, Arabia, 2300 B. C.

Menu (first). Moses 1600 B. C. Zoroaster 1400 B. C. Confucius 500 B. C. Socrates 400 B. C.

Deluge 2348 B. C. English Bible, 2346 Septuagint, Josephus makes it 3146.

Menes 1st, according to Manetho 5867 B. C. Osortasen 2088 B. C. Sesostris or Remeses 2nd 1355 B. C. Solomon born 1032 B. C. Solomon's temple (? finished) 600 B. C. Herodotus 430 B. C. Alexander the Great 332 B. C.

34

Pythagoras was of beautiful, large, person, rich, dressed elegantly, practiced athletics, exercised, bathed, used perfumes.

Homer about 907 years B. C. Pythagoras about 600 B. C. Trojan expedition 1136 years B. C. Troy taken 1127 B. C. The Iliad.

Phydias, the Sculptor, born, 488 B. C. Socrates from 469 B. C. to 399 B. C. Plato ("broad") 429—347.

35

Read the latest and best anatomical works. Talk with physicians. Study the anatomical plates—also casts and figures in the collections of design.

36

? Poem of different Incidents—characters—men and women—without giving proper names—as, There was.....There was.....

* Written over a newspaper print of Plato.

† Written on a leaf of "Christopher under Canvas" (which is pasted in scrap book).

37

Loveblows. Loveblossoms. Loveapples. Loveleaves. Loveclimbers. Love-verdure. Love Vines. Lovebranches. Loveroot. Climber-blossom. Verdure, branch, fruit and vine. Loveroot. Juice Climber. Silk crotch. Crotch bulb and vine. Juicy, climbering mine. Bulb, silkthread crotch and.....*

38

Pekan tree—honey locust—black walnut—persimmon—Cottonwood—Mulberry—Chickadee—large brown water-dog—black snake—garter snake—vinegar plums—white blossoming dog-wood—sweet potato—plum-trees—plum orchard—cedar—chestnut—locust—birch—cypress—buttonwood.

39

Poems. A cluster (same style as of Sonnets like, as "Calamus Leaves,") of poems, verses, thoughts etc. Embodying religious emotions.

40

Editorial for insertion same day with the article. "The New Inland America."

American Expansion and Settlement Inland.

41

Sweet flag. Sweet fern. Illuminated face. Clarified. Unpoluted. Flour corn. Aromatic. Calamus. Sweet-gum, bulb, and melons with bulbs grateful to the hand.

42

? Poem of the Husband. ? Poem of the Wife. ? Poem of the Husband and the Wife. ? Poem of Marriage.

43

The Story of Dante's "Journey through Hell."

The three great narrative poets of Italy (great Italian poetic constellation). Dante, born 1265. Pulci, born 1431. Biordo, 1434. Ariosto, born 1474. Tasso, born 1544.

44

On a magazine leaf dated Nov. 1845 occurs these words: "The French are perfect masters of the philosophy of manners, or as they term it 'Science du monde.'" Against this Whitman made this marginal note: Yes, perfect masters of *French* manners.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," '55 Edition, p. 13, Current Edition p. 30.

45

Klopstock—patriotic extremely and enthusiastically and very religious.

Lessing—Jew, critical—both flourished from 1750 onward—before Goethe.

Later poetical successes since Goethe and Schiller, Tieck, Chamisso, Uhland, Schultze, Rüchert, Heine, Hoffman (tall in person), Freiligrath (something like the English Tennyson and the American Bayard Taylor).

46

Dutch (Holland-Belgium) Netherlands. Have a literature, poets, historians, essayists,—first-raters.

47

Waller—born 1605 died 1687.—Was a time-server, fawner, place-hunter.

48

Orphic hymns. Izeds of the Parsees. Elohim, Achadim and Adonim of the Hebrews. Lahi of the Thibetans. In spiritualism.

49

O. Goldsmith—Born about 1728—Died 1774 in his 46th year—his tomb is now unknown.

50

The States.—Prairie Psalms (Psalms, Praises). Prairie Spaces. Prairie Babes. Prairie Daughters and ? Sons. ? Prairie Oaks. (Commence with a proto with the word "Perennial"). Babes of the States. Prairie airs. American chants—do chorus.

51

Names. The Biblical poets—David, Isaiah, the Book of Job—etc. Also the New Testament writers. Merlin. Thomas the Rymer, scotch, lived during 13th century, died 1299—supposed 80 years old. Hafiz. Sadi—Persian—about the year 1000 A. D. Eschylus. Sophocles. Euripides. Swedenborg. Rousseau. Montaigne. Cervantes. Richter. Jacob Boehme.

Hans Sachs—1494 to about 1570—by trade a shoemaker—one of the Mastersingers in Nurenburg—from 1494 onward some 80 years—contemporary of Luther—wrote 6048 poems (208 of these tragedies and comedies).

Greatest—Homer. Hesiod. Pindar. Tyrtæus. Virgil. Horace. Anacreon.

Author of the Niebelungen Lied, composed as now extant about the 13th century, but dating back with its written germs may be in the 6th century. Hafiz Sadi. Valmiki—author of Ramayana. Vyasa—Mahabarata. Ossian. Bards of Wales, Scotland, Ireland—Druids. Chaucer. Ferdusi, and the primeval mythologists of Hindoostan.

"The wayward mystic gloom of Calderon."
"The lurid fire of Dante."
"The auroral light of Tasso."
"The clear icy glitter of Racine."—*Carlyle.*

Shakespeare. Milton. Racine. Corneille. Luther. Goethe. Schiller. Dante —see page 186—about 75 from the beginning of this book "Master of heaven [hell], of purgatory and of paradise, owning them by right of genius—he could bestow situation upon friend or foe, in any of them." Tasso. Petrarch. Boccaccio, contemporary of Chaucer—Petrarch: "Next to Dante Boccaccio was the greatest contributor to the formation of the Italian language. To the former it was indebted for nerve and dignity, to the latter for elegance, wit and ease."

52

"Still lives the song tho' Regnar dies."—*John Sterling.*

The word is become flesh.

53

Poem. As in visions of.....at night.....

All sorts of fancies running through the head.

54

Spencer's single object through the vast amplitude and variety of his "Faerie Queene" is—"to fashion a gentleman of noble person in virtuous, brave and gentle discipline."

55

And as here in this article, which is written to present truthfully and plainly one side of the story indispensable to the examination, (now just seriously beginning) of Walt Whitman's writings, may here perhaps not improperly be given in the brief, spinal idea of Walt Whitman's poetry.

56

My two theses—animal and spiritual—became gradually fused in "Leaves of Grass"—runs through all the poems and gives color to the whole.

57

See Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Hume.

Hegel, German literature, prose writers of Germany.

58

Æschylus—383—Vol. II. Grote—Felton Vol. I.—207. Sophocles—Grote—Felton Vol. I.—218 et seq. Hesiod—Felton Vol. I. p. 134-5. Tyrtæus—Felton Vol. I. p. 160.

59

Æsthetics—Art - Science.

Plato treated philosophy as an *art*—Aristotle as a *science*. That is, Plato was [made up of] intuitions, and was calm, full of enjoyment, admiration, beauty, the pictorial—was large, flowing, relied on the feelings, and made swift and imperious conclusions, often he was a mystic, can only be understood from the same platform with himself.

But Aristotle was rather intellect, purer from the rest, keen, convinced by proof and argument, inquiring into all things from a devouring need of knowledge in itself. Aristotle represents mediums between extremes; also experimental philosophy. (It seems to be the substratum on which are based modern literature, education, and very largely modern character).

Then there is the Hebrew, rapt, spiritual.

60

For example, whisper privately in your ear.....the studies.....be a rich investment if they.....to bring the hat instantly off the.....all his learning and bend himself to feel and fully enjoy.....superb wonder of a blade of grass growing up green and crispy from the ground. Enter into the thoughts of the different theological faiths—effuse all that the believing Egyptian would—all that the Greek—all that the Hindoo, worshipping Brahma—the Koboo adoring his fetish stone or log—the Presbyterian—the Catholic with his crucifix and saints—the Turk with the Koran*

61

Lycurgus—some short time after Solomon—that is about 900 years before Christ.

Demosthenes—aged 27 533 years before Christ.

Cicero—born 104 years before Christ.

* Cf. "Leaves of Grass," 55th edition, p. 48, and current edition, p. 69. A very early note, the paper torn and almost falling to pieces from age.

62

Indian Summer (in "Leaves for the Sick")—a jaunt, a long, slow, easy ramble —(the idea of ease and of being firmly and friendlily supported)—the idea of.....

63

A string of Poems, (short etc.) embodying the amative love of woman—the same as Live Oak Leaves do the passion of friendship for man.*

64

Breathjuice—Airscents—Airsmells—Airodor—Loveodor—Airdrifts—Breathsmoke—Airjuice for you—Airsough.

65

That growth and tendency of all modern theology, literature, social manners, diet, ?, most to be dreaded, is the feebleness, inertia, the loss of power, the loss of personality being diffused—spread over a vast democratic level. Per contra.—And yet the most marked peculiarity of modern philosophy is toward the special subjective, the theory of individuality.

66

In a poem make the thought of "What will be the result of this years hence?"

67

Poem of Poets (? now) in all lands. Describing all the different phases of the expression of the poetical sentiment in all lands.

68

Poem ante-dating, anticipating, prophecying great results—those that will be likely to exist a hundred years hence.

69

The beef, wheat and lumber of Chicago, the copper of Wisconsin—the region of Green Bay. The railroads with their hundreds of lines and interlines, over the prairies and up into the pineries and mines, the myriad rivers—the great inland lakes.....

* So "Calamus" it seems was to have been named "Live Oak Leaves."

70

Poem of the black person.—Infuse the sentiment of a sweeping, surrounding, shielding protection of the blacks—their passiveness—their character of sudden fits—the abstracted fit—(the three picturesque blacks in the men's cabin in the Fulton ferry boat)—their costumes—dinner kettles—describe them in the poem.

71

Poem of Wisconsin.

Poem of Missouri.

Poem of Texas.

Poem of Lake Superior.

Poem of the Rifle.

—for Western Edition.

72

What name? Religious Canticles. These perhaps ought to be the *brain* the *living spirit* (elusive, indescribable, indefinite) of all the "Leaves of Grass."

Hymns of ecstasy and religious fervor.

73

Sea windrows. Ocean windrows. Beach. Beach windrows. Windrows with sand and sea hay. Windrows sand and scales and beach hay. Sands and drifts. Windrows and Beach hay. Under foot. Walking the Beach. Drift underfoot. Underfoot Drift. Wash. Drift at your feet.

74

Sands and Drifts. (This collection is to be transposed so as to come before "Calumus Leaves." *

75

Poem of Soldiers. Sorrow, ? just a list (string ?) merely :

Sobs of the tempest, sobs of the voice.

Passage in every "Lecture": To those few who understand—get at the heart of the theme.

* With 73 and 74 compare "Leaves of Grass," '60 edition, p. 195 et seq., and current edition, p. 202 et seq.

76

Poems identifying the different branches of the Sciences, as for instance: Poem of The Stars—? Astronomy—? Suns, planets and moons. Poem of Geology—not a good word—? the processes of the earth.

Poem of Chemistry.

Poem of Arithmetic—mathematics—calculation—figures—exactitude.

Poem of Musicians—tenor—soprano—baritone—basso.

77

Poem of.....first line:

Manhattan, go in!

78

Poem of the Devil—counteractive of the common idea of Satan.

79

Poem of Young Men.

The Sumatra young man, curious, handsome, manly, gentle, that came aboard the "Flirt."

Young men in all cities.

80

Poem of fruits and flowers.

Poem of Forms, Sounds, Colors, Tastes, and Perfumes. Poem of Joy, Laughter.

81

Of Death—the Song of Immortality and Ensemble.

82

Mithras, the grand diety of ancient Persians, supposed to be the sun, or God of fire, to whom they paid divine honors.

Oromasdes. Kaaba. The Bedowee.

Look at theological dictionary. 1855. Walt Whitman.

83

Poem of a proud, daring, joyous, expression for Manhattan island!

Bully for you, Manhattan!

84

Man—boy—child—infant—youth—young man—old man—ami—brother—father—

Woman—wife—mother—daughter—sister—amie—aunt—

Head—neck—hair—ears—eyes—iris of the eye—fringe—nose—nostrils—mouth—lips—tongue—teeth—throat—chin—cheeks—temples—eyebrows—eyelashes—forehead—shoulder—shoulder blade—scapula? elbow—upper half arm?—lower half—wrist—arm-pit—arm sinews—arm joints—arm bones—hand—palm—thumb—knuckles—forefinger—finger-points—finger-nails—finger-joints—breast—breast-bone—breast-muscle—ribs—waist—breast-side—back—spine—hips—man-nuts—thighs—man-balls—man-root—thigh-strength—knee-pan—? upper half leg—? lower half—knee—leg-fibres—ankle—instep—foot-ball—toes—toe-joints—skull-frame—brain (in folds)—spine-hinges and the marrow—hip-muscles—rings of the windpipe—stomach-sac—belly—bowels sweet and clean—lung-sponges—liver—tympanum of the ear—roof of the mouth—motion of the tongue—voice—articulation of words—whispering—shouting aloud—tears—weeping—laughter—love-looks—love-risings—broad breast-front—ample chest—albumen—arteries—veins—nerves—digestion—pulse—sweat—food—drink—sexuality—health—heart—heart-throbs—blood—veins—list of bones large and small—skin—freckles—lungs—breathing in and out—ankle-sockets—thigh-sockets—neck-slue—poise of hips—feet—heel—tendon—jaw—jaw-hinges—sleep—running—walking—sympathies—heart-valves—? palate-valves—nipples—womb—teats.*

85

The American people, ever sturdy, ever instinctively just, by right of Teutonic descent, have only to perceive any great wrong and the work of redemption is begun from that hour. I heartily approve of the action of the California Vigilance Committee, it is worthy the promptness and just anger of the Anglo-Saxon race. But the whole of these States need one grand vigilance committee composed of the body of the people and especially of the young men. †

If these two old ["traitors" *written and scratched out*] here at the outset, threaten disunion unless they or the like of them are put in the Presidency, what may we expect if they were placed in the Presidency?

* Used in "I sing the Body Electric" but not in '55 edition of that poem—in '56 edition is used—list then probably made in 1855 after '55 edition printed.

† Refers to San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1851 or 1856 or perhaps both—probably part of a newspaper article written at that time.

86

Poem of Architecture. ? The Carpenter's and Mason's Poem.

87

Mothers precede all. Put in a poem the sentiment of women (mothers) as preceding all the rest. ? Let this lead the poem of women.

88

The most Jubilant, Triumphant, Poem.

This ought to express the sentiment of all great jubilant glee, of athletic sort, —for great deaths, devoirs, works—in battle—falling in battle—in martyrdom—for great renunciations—for love—especially for the close of life—(the close of a great, true life) for friendship.

89

Poem (idea). " To struggle is not to suffer."

Bold and strong invocation of suffering—to try how much one can stand.

Overture—a long list of words—the sentiment of suffering, oppression, despair, anguish.

Collect (rapidly present) terrible scenes of suffering.

" Then man is a God." Then he walks over all.

90

Songs (with notes—written for the voice) with dramatic activity as for instance a song describing the cutting down of the tree by wood-cutters in the west—the pleasures of a wood-life etc.

91

Whole Poem. Poem of Insects.

Get from Mr. Arkhurst the names of all insects—interweave a train of thought suitable—also trains of words.

92

Voices, Recitatives.

The rich man's just awakened soul.

As just awaken, can I enjoy these.....

Now rise and troop around me.

93

An After-Thought or Two and After Songs.

94

Rock-fish—viz., striped bass—more abundant in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries than any other [in] N. A.—ascend in spring to deposit eggs.

95

The whip sting ray, often met about New York, round-shaped, largest caught four feet across, tail five feet long, have been known to send the tail through a man's hand, are dreaded by fisherman. (The olive-green fishes and the gray and brown blotched fishes). Oysters; clams; crab; eel; mussel; scallop; horse-foot; lobster; sting-ray; fiddler; Mossbanker (spotted); yellow mackerel; squetang or weak fish is blotched beautifully with white and silver and blue—when first caught is of a rich tint of purplish red—soon fades—move about in shoals generally swimming near the surface—they take the bait at a voracious snap—seldom condescending to nibble—seems to love in summer a slight infusion of fresh water as it concentrates about the mouths of rivers; sea-pike—length eight inches—appears in August—back dark green, sides silvery white—belly dull white—fins subtransparent pricked with green; blue-fish; white-fish; black-fish, viz., tautog; perch; trout; brook trout; salmon; bass; king-fish; porgee; hake—really king-fish—so known in New York; halibut; shad; horse-mackerel; dog-fish; stickleback (? mullet); herring; drumm; flat-fish; sun-fish; flying-fish—otherwise pig-fish from a strong grunt or bark it makes when first caught or hauled in—said to be only a summer visitor—is small sized—good to eat; wind fish; cat fish; chub; chub-sucker; mud-fish; shark; sword-fish; whale; silver-side—translucent—diminutive—myriads of them—the little things that dart up creeks and along the edges of the sea.

96

Poem of Kisses—the kiss of love—of death—of betrayal.

97

Sea-cabbage; salt hay; sea-rushes; ooze—sea-ooze; gluten—sea-gluten; sea-scum; spawn; surf; beach; salt-perfume; mud; sound of walking barefoot ankle deep in the edge of the water by the sea.

98

Poem of the Sunlight—Sunshine. Poem of Light.

99

Poem of the Trainer.

100

The Poetry of other lands lies in the past—what they have been. The Poetry of America lies in the future—what These States and their coming men and women are certainly to be.

101

A Poem.—Theme.—Be happy. Going forth, seeing all the beautiful perfect things.

102

Poem (bequeathing to others a charge) what poems are wanted—including a long list culled from the MS. scraps.

103

Poem of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois— ? Poem of Ohio. ? Poem of Kentucky. ? Poem of Illinois etc. etc. ? Poem of Massachusetts. Prairie Poem. The Carpenter's Poem. Poem of Brooklyn.

104

Companions (viz. Poems, cantos, of my various companions). Each one being celebrated in a verse by himself or herself.

105

Death of an Aged Lover. Our neighbor N. the landscape painter is just dead.

106

A talent for conversation—Have you it? If you have, you have a facile and dangerous tenant in your soul's palace.

107

Poems of the Ancient Earth to the Ancient Heavens.

108

Poem of names; bringing in all person's names, men and women, worthy to be commemorated.

109

American Boys. A Book. Containing the Main Things—for the formation, reading, reference, and study for An American Young Man—for schools—for study —for individual use—one for the upper classes of every school in the United States.

110

The th Presidency. *Voice of Walt Whitman to the mechanics and farmers of These States, and to each American young man, north, south, east and west.* Who are the people or nation? For instance, first, workingmen, mechanics, farmers, sailors etc. constitute more than five millions of the inhabitants of These States. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, priests and the like, count up as high as five hundred thousand. The owners of slaves number three.....

111

Poem. ? The cruise. A cruise.

112

Poem of Fables. A long string, one after another, of Poetical Fables, as Dreams, Spiritualisms, Imaginations.

Now this is the fable of a beautiful statue;
A beautiful statue was lost but not destroyed.

Last piece—still another death song. Death Song with Prophecies.

113

"Every accession of originality of thought," says the author of *Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*, "brings with it necessarily an accession of a certain originality of style."

114

Signal bell. Warning bell. Ocean bell. Storm bell. Notes.

115

A Cluster of Poems (in the same way as "Calamus Leaves") expressing the idea and sentiment of Happiness, Ecstatic Life (or moods), Serene Calm, Infantum, Juvenatum, Maturity (a young man's moods), middle age (strong, well-fibred, bearded, athletic, full of love, full of pride and joy), old age (natural happiness, Love, Friendship).

116

Living Pictures. Nowhere in the known world can so many and such beautiful living Pictures be seen as in the United States.

America. Here different from any other country in the world all forms of practical labor are recognized as honorable. The man who tends the President's horses not one whit less a man than the President. The healthy fine-formed girl who waits upon the wealthy lady not less than the wealthy lady. He who carries bricks and mortar to the mason not less than the mason. The mason who lays the bricks not one tittle less than the builder who employs him. The architect and builder of the home no less than.....

117

Song of the Songs of Democracy of the Future. The song of women—the song of young men—the song of life, here not elsewhere—the song.....

118

In Lectures on Democracy. A course of three (or five) comprehending all my subjects under the title.

Come down strong on the literary, artistic, theologic and philanthrophic coteries of These States—that they do not at all recognize the one grand over-arching fact, these swift-striding, resistless, all conquering, en masse.....

Boldly assume that all the usual priests.....etc. are infidels, and the..... are Faithful Believers.

119

Poem of Pictures. Each verse presenting a picture of some characteristic scene, event, group or personage—old or new, other countries or our own country. Picture of one of the Greek games—wrestling, or the chariot-race, or running. Spanish bull fight.

120

The Corruption. I will confess to you I do not so much alarm myself—though very painful and full of dismay—at the corruption in all public life.———It is but an outlet and expression on the surface of something far deeper—namely in the blood.

121

Poemet. Leaf. Chant. Song. Poem. Psalm. Hymn. Warble. Carol. Cavatina. Ballad. Thought. Caprices. Fantasia. Capricea. Sonnet-Trio. Sonnet-Quinto. Sonnet-Duo. Melange. Canticles. Songlet.

122

Appendage. Appendant. Appendix. Supplement—ary. Annex—ed. Appendix-Leaves. Postscript-Leaves. Added-Leaves. Supplement-Leaves. Sur-Leaves, (sur, from "supra" ? "super"—over and above—something added, beyond). Plus-Leaves. Leaves-Over-Plus. Surplus Leaves. Leaves Supervenio. Leaves Supervened.

123

Breast Sorrel. Breast Pinks. Breast Currants. Breast Apples. Calamus Roots.

124

Airscud. Airdrift. Loveaxles. Lovepivot. Sleepripples. Loveripples. Lovejet. Loveache. Lovestring. Glued with Love. Tiller of Love.

125

Native Flames. Moments of Fire. Drops of my Blood. Flames of Confession. Drops of Evil. Flames of Evil. Verses of Evil.

126

It was not the old custom (viz.: To abandon the Chief).

127

Breath and Spray. Breath and Drift. Drift Leaves. Ripples and Drift. Sands and Drift. Eddies and Drift. Tears and Pulses and Breath. Leaves-Droppings. Rain-Drops and Snow. Rain-Drops. Drops of Rain. Falling Snow. Drops of Snow.

128

Poem as in a rapt and prophetic vision—intimating the Future of America.

129

"The Scout." A good name for a poem, a magazine, a newspaper.

130

Lectures on the Future, as for instance :

The America of the Future.

The Church of the Future.

131

Lectures. Ego-style. First-person-style. Style of composition an animated ego-style—"I do not think" "I perceive"—or something involving self-esteem, decision, authority—as opposed to the current *third-person style, essayism, didactic,* removed from animation, stating general truths in a didactic, well-smoothed.....

132

Secrets—Secreta. ? *Theme for an immense poem,* collecting in running list all the things done in secret.

Poem, vocabularium. ? Names, terms, phrases, glossary, list.

133

Poem of Language. How curious.—The immense variety of languages. The points where they differ are not near as remarkable as where they resemble. The simple sounds. Music.

134

See to Roman History. I discover that I need a thorough posting up in what Rome and the Romans were.

135

Poem of the Drum. Cannot a poem be written that shall be alive with the stirring and beating of the drum? Calling people up? A reveille to ? ?

136

First to me comes the People, and their typical shape and attitudes—then the divine minor, Literature.

137

Dr. Bucke's travels, work and experiences 30 to 36 years ago (1854 onward) in a letter from him to an uncle in England.

138

Carols Closing Sixty-Nine. Annex-Leaves to the preceding. Halcyon Days. Carols at Candle-Light and other pieces, 1884-8. Sands on the Shores of Seventy. Annex-Leaves to the preceding. Carols at entering Seventy. Carols at Candle-Light.*

139

Cantaloupe. Muskmelon. Cantabile. Cacique City.

* Titles considered for "November Boughs."

PART V.

Notes on English History.*

Old theory started or revived by Geoffrey ap Arthur (12th century): That the English part of the islands was "first" populated by a colony of the Trojans, guided, 1000 B. C., by Brutus (whence Britains) a grandson of the great Æneus, more than 2776 B. A., 1000 years before the Christian era.

The Romans themselves pretended to be of Trojan descent—as Æneid.

Gogmagog—a giant before the Trojans—Trojans came 1000 B. C.

Albion, a giant also—son of Neptune.

Samothea (from Samothes, a King of England) a name of Britain after the Trojans.

The Triads, Welsh poetical histories, supposed to be written time of Edward I.

One theory is that (the islands being inhabited by Picts) they were visited and settled by Phœnicians—and that they were the same as the Celts—also that the Picts, or Caledonians, were the ancient Cimbri.

Positively.—The numerous inhabitants found in Samothea at the appearance of the Romans 50 years before Christ—were of Celtic origin. (The British coast is visible from France).

A political friendliness existed then (50 B. C.) between Gallia and Samothea or Albion.

The names of the towns are Anglo-Saxon—but the hills, rivers, woods etc. are Celtic.

Every thing reliable, of the greatest antiquity in Albion is Celtic.

Both Celts and Goths are branches of the same paternal stem—both are Caucasian or Japhetic.

One author (Whitaker 1773) says *Britain* means a separated people—he supposes Britain and France to have been at one time united by land.

Ireland, very anciently, with a highly civilized and renowned people.

* A series of notes on English history made by Whitman about 1855-6—must have been made '55 or immediately after, because they are written on the back of unused copies of the fly-title of the 1855 "Leaves of Grass," which was printed quite early in that year.

Ireland had the name of *Scotia* in the 7th and 8th centuries and was eminent in scholarship and civilization.

Erin, Celtic name of Ireland—Hibernia another form.

Some writers consider the Celts identical with the Persians—Mr. O'Brien makes Ireland a colony of Persia, and the Irish tongue a Persian dialect.

Positive—the Irish tongue is Celtic.

Theory—that the Phœnicians were a branch of Persians.

Positive—from Spain the progenitors of the present population came to Ireland —whoever they were.

Ancient name of Scotland—Caledonia.

"The Scots," the name of the most noted of the Irish tribes.

Picts—they were not Celts but Teutons or Goths, north of Britain, Roman time, painted or tattoo'd people. Had a kingdom and king—till the middle of the 9th century along the east coast of Scotland.

Ossians poems—1762—James Macpherson.

Positive—Scottish Highlanders descend from Irish settlers there middle 3rd century.

Erse, (Scottish dialect) Irish.

Celts—classical derivation from Keles (Kelets) a horse—or *Kello*, to move about.

Down to 11th or 12th century by Scots was meant the Irish.

Quite positively, the "original" Scots of Scotland were Irish.

Scot-Scythian—a scattered or wandering people.

Supposed (quite plausibly) that the (Irish original) Scots were really a tribe of Scythians, a people from Germany, from the north of Europe, therefore of Teutonic blood and language.—If this how can they be Celts?

Albin or Albion, an ancient name of the island of Great Britain, and that by which it was first known to the Greeks and Romans.

Ierne (Erin, Herne, Hibernia) the ancientest name of Ireland.

Welsh, Wales, consider themselves the hereditary representatives of the natives of Albion before the arrival of the Saxons and even before the Romans.

Cymry or Cymri one of the Welsh names.

Scythia, the north of modern Germany, and Denmark a peninsular of Jutland etc.

Arthur—the chivalrous Welsh (he is the one of the Round Table).

Pictorial History thinks the Welsh (Cymry) are the visible representatives of the Cymri of antiquity.

Migrations.—That of the Celts, thirty-four hundred years before the American era (1600 B. C.) from Western Asia.—That of the Goths twenty-six hundred years

before the American era from north-western Asia.—That of the Slavic races some centuries posterior to the Gothic migration.

Tartars, or Tatars, middle of Asia, toward the Pacific Mongol Tatars.

Phœnician alphabet is the prototype of all these of modern times—(its after times).

55 B. C. Julius Cæsar having invaded and conquered Gaul (the present France, Belgium etc.) determined to cross to England. He did so, conquered them. They had helped the Gauls against Cæsar.

Nineteen hundred years ago Albion was a sort of "holy land," a great centre and stronghold of the Druids.

Cæsar landed on the coast of Dover, was met, fought, succeeded.

Cassivellanus—opponent of Cæsar—general of the British contributions—brave —patriotic.

Previous to and at the time of the Roman invasion the life, huts, villages, ways of Albic natives were very much like those of the Ceylonese,* thatched houses, some conical etc. Still, they seem to have made a pretty good fight—had war chariots—were certainly civilized enough to hold their own.

War chariots—these seem to have been great affairs—terrible—dreaded.—They were peculiar to the Britons—some call this a link connecting them with Persia, an old place of such chariots.

Horses.—The ancient Britons had horses—a small tough breed.

Throwing off the clothing when going to fight. All the Celts seem to have had a way of throwing off the clothing when going to fight—Goths too I think.

War Weapons—War British—axes, stones, lances, spears, clubs, cutlasses, heavy pointless swords—the metal used is nearly all copper hardened with tin.

Roman javelin—War Roman—Roman javelin (pilum) six feet long, terminating by a strong triangular point of steel, eighteen inches long.

Helmet etc. Open helmet, lofty crest—breast plate or coat of mail—greaves (plates bent or grooved to the shape of the legs) strong shield, carried on the left arm —this shield or buckler, four feet high and two and a-half feet wide, framed with light but firm wood, covered with bull's hide and strongly guarded with knobs of iron or bronze.

Warlike facts of Romans—pages 34 and 35 Pict. Hist. Eng.

For 100 years after the departure of Cæsar Britain was left uninvaded by any foreign soldiery—internally there were dissensions and wars among the tribes and kings.

Cæsar did not establish government. Ninety-seven years after Cæsar's departure the Emperor Claudius determined to subjugate and establish government in Britain —making it a Roman province.

* I. e., of course, of the Ceylonese in the 19th century.

A. D. 43 Britons had a great defeat on the banks of the Severn.

Caractacus—British hero of the second Roman invasion.

Claudius himself came to the assistance of his generals to subjugate Britain, returned to Rome after six months absence and was given a triumph.

Massilia—viz., Marseilles.

Proprætor—proprietor. Ostorius, the Roman proprætor, had many fights—was a cautious and shrewd man.

Silures, inhabitants of South Wales.

(Amid all these things Caractacus).

The final battle. Caractacus gathered his forces, (in North Wales ?) in Shropshire—and here was fought the final battle with Ostorius.

Caractacus was taken prisoner soon after, carried to Rome, preserved an undaunted demeanor—his final destiny is unknown.

Dauntlessness of Britons. For twenty years the Britons still resisted, harassing the Romans. Subjugated at length and Roman rule established.

Anglesey (ancient name Mona) "groves of Mona."

Romans wished to destroy the Druidical institutions--the Druids had taken refuge in Anglesey island—the battle—fierceness of the religious excitement.

Romans victorious—destroying the Druids.

Boadicea—widow of the king of a British tribe the Iceni—her wrongs—dignity—energy of character—became the head of a combination against the Roman invaders.

Native British rising under Boadicea. The Romans were forced to retreat from London—the British entered it and slaughtered and ravaged, burnt etc.—A pitched battle was forthcoming. Boadicea mounted on a chariot, her long yellow hair loose, her two daughters with [her] drove through the British ranks and harangued. British were defeated with great loss. Boadicea poisoned herself.

Yet still the British continued more or less rebellious.

Cnæus Julius Agricola now appeared in Roman command. (Tacitus was his son-in-law). He was a great ruler (perhaps thanks to Tacitus).

Agricola endeavored to improve the British and tame them, governing them wisely.

A. D. 83—Agricola makes conquest of most parts of the island goes to Scotland.

Galgacus—the Scotch leader at this time—Scotch defeated.

A. D. 120—Hadrian, the emperor, visits Britain. 138—Antoninus Pius. 183—Commodus emperor. 207—Emperor Severus, old, landed in Britain (an iron-hearted and iron-framed old man).

Caracalla, son of Severus, departs from Britain. After that a 70 years blank in British history.

Caracalla made the people of the provinces free citizens of the Roman empire.

70 years quiet.

A. D. 288—Roman reign of Diocletian and Maximian—the Scandinavian and Saxon pirates begin to ravage the coasts of Britain and Gaul. "Old pirates of the Baltic."

Carausius was appointed admiral to destroy the pirates—was charged with collusion—Roman message to put him to death—he set up for himself—gathered the British about him.—The joint Emperors of Rome were fain to purchase peace by conceding him the Government of Britain and of the adjoining coast of Gaul with the title of Emperor.

Under Carausius Britain figures first as a naval power.

297—Carausius was murdered by Allectus, who succeeded him, and reigned as Emperor three years.

Saxons appear now to be more or less at home in England.

A. D. 296—On the resignation of the Roman Emperors Britain fell by succession to Constantius Chlorus. 306—He died at York (Eboracum).

Constantine (afterwards called The Great) then began his reign at York.

Now Britain seems to have enjoyed tranquility till 337.

Roman Government removed from Rome to Constantinople. Roman power decaying.

Franks, Saxons, Picts, Scots etc. harass England. Romans had various luck in repelling these thieves and pirates.

London, also named Augusta.

A. D. 382—Maximus set up to be independent Emperor in Britain, had varied success, was at last defeated and put to death by Theodosius The Great—(This monarch reunited the east and west empires).

395—Theodosius died. He divided by his will the empire he had previously united. All this while the enemies harassed England.

403—The Roman decadence seem to have been quite complete. No unanimity, no head, in Britain.

403—Alaric the Goth ravaging Italy on his way to Rome.

Now the standing soldiery (Romans and others I suppose) in Britain chose one, two, three Emperors—two deposing and putting to death directly the third—"Constantine" had a longer time but fell at last.

420—Under Honorius, after many futile attempts, the Roman rule over Britain finally fell—the governors etc. departed after not quite 300 years.

After 420—dark for the historian in Britain for some years. It appears that the municipal governments of cities etc. were overthrown by military chieftains of Roman character principally.

"Kings and kinglets of the earth"—now many, many kinglings—"the miserable weakness of Britain on the breaking up of the Roman government" causes "mad disunion" "horrid crisis."

Coracles (small British boats, for one person) shoals of these.

Thousands of Roman citizens no doubt remained after the departure of the government.

411—Petition of the Britons to Ætius, thrice consul,—"The barbarians chase us into the sea—the sea throws us back upon the barbarians,"—(no defence rendered by the Romans).

Religious dissensions also. The Britons consumed their time in sectarian disputes.

449—Vortigern, head of the British as against the Roman party, invites the "hardy freebooters of the Baltic"—the Saxons.

Hengist and Horsa now, (perhaps the standards). It appears to have been on the deck of their marauding vessels the Saxons received the invitation.

Druidism seems to have originated in Britain—Anglesey (Mona) was the "holy land." The Druids were judges, arbitrators etc. They had more or less learning—wrote in Greek ? etc.

Doctrine of Metempsychosis—the spirit at death passes into some other body.

Wicker-work frames, filled with living persons, fired, sacrificed to the gods.

Deities—Mercury, Teutates, Taut, Thoth, Mars, Apollo, Bel, Jupiter (Jove) Minerva. Mercury is probably the same as Bhuda, also Woden.

Gauls supposed themselves descended from Pluto.

They reckoned time by *nights*, not days.

Drui (Greek, an oak, a tree) Dryades, wood deities.

(Mercury figures more largely as a leading deity under various names, through all ancient religions, than I supposed).

"Cromlech"—the Druidical sacrificial stone—literally, the stone to bow at or worship at.

New year commenced 10th March.

Three orders, the Druids, Vates and Bards. The Bards sung the brave deeds of illustrious men—sometimes composed entreaties, invectives etc. and chanted them to the accompaniment of an instrument resembling the Greek lyre.

"Vates" is frequently used for "poet"—The British Vates were priests and physiologists.

Faidh (modern Irish—"Prophet.")

Druids lived together in communities or brotherhoods.

Kings were sometimes Druids.

(Tiberius or Claudius issued decrees—Claudius 100 A. D., for the extinction of Druidism).

Three Druidical precepts—to worship the gods, to do no evil, and to behave courageously.

Ancientest Druidical worship—appears to have been of the sun and other heavenly luminaries—and of fire. Water was also worshipped. The serpent was an emblem of use among them also.

Pythagoras is supposed to have introduced into the Greek metaphysics the idea of the metempsychosis.

Probably both the Druids and Pythagoras drew their philosophy, numbers etc. etc. from the same source (from the Indus or the Nile ?). An oriental origin to all.

The Germans, Goths etc. had no Druids.

Middle of the 5th century—Druidism in Ireland fell under the attacks of St. Patrick.

Rich pagan temples were during the Roman occupancy built in all the cities and large neighborhoods of Britain, to the deities.

A. D. 209—"Even those places in Britain hitherto inaccessible to the Roman arms, have been subdued by the gospel of Christ." Tertullian.

286—St. Alban, the first British Christian martyr, perished (at this time Christianity had numerous followers in Britain).

314—Christian bishops go from Britain to the great church councils. Arianism was greatly in Britain.

Pelagius, a British monk of the 5th century, who denied original sin, and maintained the merit of good works.

Before the Roman conquest Britain must have been known to the Phœnicians or Tyrians. It was divided into many tribes or nations. On the coast were comparatively new-comers, "Belgians" superior, having their own appearance, laws etc. etc.

"Brigantes" were the leading tribe.

Females ruled indifferently with men, in the supreme power.

Comprehensiveness of the education of a Roman, for leading public office, or eligibility to it—instances of the same man being juris consult, general, public professor of law, pontifex maximus, consul, dictator,—(war, politics, metaphysics, sciences, actual knowledge of the *present* of the earth). Courage, sternness, a hardened tough body—a ready tongue.

Defence of Rome and Romans, pp. 79 and 80, Vol. I. Pict. Hist.

Rome pursued a generous policy toward subjugated nations—confirmed their municipia, who were charged with their own affairs, viz., religion, administration of municipal revenues, police, certain judicial function.—Some were advanced to the full dignity of the Freedom of *Roman* citizens.

In Britain, under the Romans, there were magnificent public buildings, theatres, baths, palaces, roads, populous and orderly cities, laws, trades, manufactures, fine wares, travel etc. etc.

Architecture as cultivated by the ancients, spoke not merely to the eye—it spoke far more to the mind.

Pandect, a treatise that comprehends the whole of any science (the digest of the laws of Justinian)—Justinian A. D. 527-565.

Tarshish—(probably a general appellation for the countries lying beyond the Pillars of Hercules).

Ezekiel (Bible) six centuries before Christ.

Tin used by Phœnicians (supposed from Britain) 1500 B. C.

Bronze—Copper and tin.

Brass—Copper and zinc.

Himilco, the Carthegenian navigator, 1000 B. C. Supposed to have voyaged to Britain.

Palmyra, (Tadmor of the desert). Supposed to have been founded by Solomon 1000 B. C.

Coracle.—Small boat, formed of ozier twigs, covered with hide.

Lead.—Britain has always produced more lead than all the rest of Europe.

Linen.—The manufacture of cloth, (linen) etc. colored various hues, was prevalent in Britain as in Gaul, previous to the Romans.

(The shelfish "mussel" not muscle").

Ships.—Vessels "ships" (doubtless small and rude enough) carried on commerce in Britain from shore to shore, at the Roman times.

Money.—They had money, in rings, or three-quarter rings.

Weights.—It is quite settled that our modern "Troy Weight" and others, are of antiquity long before any reliable dates of Greece, Rome, or any other ancient history.

Tax money—paid to Romans by the inhabitant of Britain—"poll money," "corn money," "sheep money" etc.

Justinian A. D. 527–565.

Vineyards existed in old Britain.

Agriculture was encouraged and improved in Britain by the Romans.

Gael—Gaul—the Scottish Highlanders.

The Druids "were not merely their priests, but their lawyers, their physicians, their teachers of youth, their moral and natural philosophers, their astronomers, mathematicians, architects, poets, and their historians."

They did not *share* their knowledge with the people (do any priests?)—their power depended on its exclusiveness.

Chief Druid obtained his place by election.

Reading and Writing—The Druids had—used a written language—Greek letters, it is supposed—though not the Greek language.

Eloquence was certainly sedulously cultivated by the Britons, Irish, Gauls—indeed by the Celts generally.

"Displays of oratory in all their public proceedings. Harangues by Galgacus, Boadicea and other chiefs."

Druids of Mona, with frenzied appeals and invocations.

The common mother tongue of Englishmen and Americans, uniting the two nations by "a tie lighter than air yet stronger than iron" (Burke).

The Gauls represented their Hercules Ogmius (God of Eloquence) as an old man surrounded by a great number of people, attached to him in willing subjection by slender chains reaching from his tongue to their ears.

"Poetry and its then inseparable accompaniment, music, were doubtless also cultivated by the British and Gallic Druids" or that part of them called the Bards. "Hymners" Strabo calls them.

Mistleto and Vervain—were the vegetables venerated and used in medicaments—as talismans etc.

Druidical religion *full of minute formalities*—are modern religions any different? I see where Druids walked the groves of Anglesey—I see in their hands the mistletoe and Vervain*

O'Brien's "Round Towers of Ireland" assigns the creation thereof to an anterior order of priests, of the Buddhist faith, who far exceeded the Druids in astronomy and learning.

Astronomy was a branch [of learning] of much importance among the Druids—for festivals etc.—certain times of the moon, constellations etc. being important.

"The national religion has been in almost all cases, the principal cement, of the national civilization."

(Don't be too severe on old religious delusions—or modern ones either.)

When the Romans ruled, the Britons adopted largely the Latin language and applied the youth to Latin literature and art.

* This line first written: "I see the Druids in the groves of Anglesey—I see the sprigs of mistletoe and vervain."—*Then changed to above.* As first used in 1856 edition it stands: "I see where Druids walked the groves of Mona, I see the mistletoe and vervain." The line was not changed after that except to convert "walked" into "walk'd."

Schools (Roman) were established in all British towns.

Juvenal.—End of 1st and beginning of 20th century.

Thule (?) was the most northern land known to the ancients (Romans and Greeks).

Manners and customs.

Aboriginal Britons before Cæsar—houses contained rude, plain furniture—tables—stools—beds etc.

Cannibalism is attributed to them.

Personal appearance.—Large limbs, and great muscular strength.

Warlike British weapons—page 121, Vol. I., Pict. Hist.

Marriage—"matrimonial clubs"—wives in common. Women were honored and respected.

Not savage neither civilized.—But partaking in parts of both, was the condition (summed up) of the aboriginal Britons, before Cæsar. They probably had wide diversities of condition, both from individual to individual, and from tribe to tribe.

From the arrival [of the] Saxons 449 A. D. to that of the Normans 1066 A. D.

Saxon—some say from—Seax, the short Baltic sword—others say from (and this most likely) Sakai-suna, or descendents of the Sakai, or Sacae, a tribe of Scythians, who were making their way toward Europe as early as the age of Cyrus.

"Saxons"—name applied to different tribes. They were all of the pure Teutonic or Gothic blood. All their kings claimed descent from Woden or Odin.

Vortigern, smitten with Romena, daughter of Hengist, at a feast—"Dear King—your health" (Wassail).

Saxons settled plentifully—chastised the northern Scots and Picts—soon quarrels arose—Britons revolted from any obedience to them—Britons and Romish remnants made common cause.

The two centuries after the Saxons' arrival are dark and perplexing historically.

Feast of Reconciliation—Saxons "unsheath your swords"—Britons slain.

Eric son of Hengist, King of Kent.

A. D. 477—Ella the Saxon, with his three sons, and a large force landed in Sussex—fought—succeeded—King of "the South Saxons."

Cerdric (Wessex)—King of West Saxons.

527—Ercenwine [?], landing, succeeding, north of the Thames, founded Essex—King of the "East Saxons."

Suffolk—from South folk.

Norfolk—from North folk.

470—Gaul was overrun by the Visigoths. 12,000 British left Cornwall to take part in this war (!).

Heptarchy—the seven separate and independent States or Kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons. Saxons mixed interpenetratingly with the British, the Roman residuum, and all "Rustics."

A. D. 647—The Resistants—the people of Strathclyde and Cumbria—their disposition fierce and warlike—retreated fought courageously—defeat followed them—submitted (A. D. 647) to the Anglo-Saxons "who by this time may be called the English." "In this rapid sketch—Saxon conquest—which seems in amount to have occupied nearly 200 years."

"Arthur" Pict. Hist. thinks a mythical personage.—He seems to have been an obstinate and bold resistant of the Saxons.

"Bretwalda"—Lord Paramount "Wielder" of Brit. (the seven States Saxon).

510—Ella, Sussex (South Saxons).

568—Calwin, King of Wessex, stepped into the Sussex dignity too.

Ethelbert, fourth King of Kent.

"For long before the Anglo Saxons subdued the Britons they made fierce war upon one another."

593—Ethelbert became Bretwalda.

Christianity—Ethelbert converted, with all his Court, by Augustine and forty Italian monks, sent into Britain by Gregory the Great.—He had espoused a Christian wife before, (which accounts for it).

Ethelbert's close connection with the Christians and civilized nations of the continent, and his frequent having to do with churchmen proved beneficial to England.

Laws. In the code of laws Ethelbert published before his death—indebted to the suggestions and science of foreigners—although the code has more the spirit of the old German lawgivers, than of Justinian and the Roman juris consults. This code was not octroyed as from an absolute sovereign, (a quality to which none of the Saxon princes ever attained) but was enacted by Ethelbert with the consent of the States—formed the first code of written laws promulgated by any of the northern conquerors.

616—Death of Ethelbert, who seems to have been a thoughtful and superior prince.

616—Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, enamored of his stepmother, broke with the Christians and returned to the old Teutonic idolatry. The whole Kentish people set up again the rude Scandinavian altars.

The priest Laurentius persuaded Eadbald to come back again to Christianity, and the people, en masse, obsequiously followed.

617—Bretwalda passed to Redwald, the Angle (the first three Bretwaldas had been Jutes). Redwald was a "kind of Christian."

621—Edwin the fifth Bretwalda—Northumbrian—converted fully—his people followed. In writing to him (625) the Pope styles Edwin "Rex Anglorum"—King of the Angles.

633—Penda the Saxon prince of Mercia rebelled.

PART VI.

List of Certain Magazine and Newspaper Articles Studied and Preserved by Walt Whitman and Found In His Scrapbooks and Among His Papers.

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1. An account of Buffon.

2. A long article on "French Literature" under date 4 May, '57.

3. A piece on "Driden and the poet John Clare" dated by W. April, '57.

4. Then follows a long magazine article dated Nov., '45, on, "The French Moralists—La Bruyère, Montaigne, Nicole." It has been carefully read and is profusely scored and annotated on the margin.

5. Next we have what seems to be a piece of a paper covered book. It consists of an article on "Civilization" by Guizot translated from his Hist. Gen. de la Civilization en Europe.

6. Then quite a long newspaper piece, "The Old Regimé and the Revolution." Dated by W. Oct., '56. He writes at its head, "Deserves re-reading."

7. Now a long magazine article dated Feb., '49, on, "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art." It has been carefully read and is a good deal scored and otherwise marked.

8. A newspaper piece on "Lewes' life of Goethe."

9. Another on "Goethe in Old Age."

10. A newspaper piece on "Records of Mortality."

11. Another on "James Gates Percival."

12. Next one on "Death and Burial of Edgar A. Poe."

13. Then follows a long magazine article, dated Dec. '46, on Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe"—has been read carefully, is freely scored and annotated on margin.

14. And another magazine article, Oct., '45, on "Scotch School of Philosophy and Criticism," the writer speaks of critics "resting on a negative basis, much more industrious to prevent the tenets of others than even to propogate their own" on which W. has marginal note: "As Voltaire for instance, of whom so vast a portion of present writers are followers often without knowing it themselves."

15. At end of this comes a newspaper piece on "Cato the Younger."

16. A newspaper piece on "Cowper," at head of which W. has written, "Cowper 1731—1800—an ennuyeed poet."

17. A newspaper notice of "Emerson's English Traits"—dated in pencil by W. August, 1856.

18. A newspaper report of a lecture on Cowper by Rev. G. B. Cheever.

19. Part of a magazine article on "Beattie's Life of Campbell"—date of magazine July, '49.

20. Newspaper article on "Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell."

21. A newspaper article on "John Bunyan" with following words by W. at head,—"Bunyan 1628—1688—1688 Swedenborg born."

22. A newspaper report of a speech by Mr. Burke made on St. Patrick's, at foot W. writes—"Brooklyn Eagle, 18 March, '57."

23. Some leaves detached from the book to which they belonged containing "Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan"—headed by W. with the words, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress"—the essay has been carefully read, is much scored and in one place annotated on margin, "Brava!"

24. Magazine article (Harper, I think) on "Robert Southey," May, 1851, has been carefully read, freely scored.

25. Another magazine article, same date as 24, on "Waller and Marvell," has been carefully read.

26. A short piece on "Crabbe" annotated.

27. A paragraph headed in W.'s hand: "Great Cockney Poets."

28. Again from same Harper (?) May, 1851—a piece, "The Prelude," being a review of Wordsworth poem so named—a marginal note on it runs as follows: "So it seems Wordsworth made a 'good thing' from the start out of his poetry. Legacies! a fat office! pensions from the crown!"

29. A newspaper piece on the "History of the Roman Republic."

30. A newspaper piece on "Death of Auguste Comte."

31. Newspaper piece on "Paolo Giocometti" taken from N. Y. Herald 8 Sept., '56.

32. Newspaper cutting headed "An Art Heretic."

33. A magazine article dated Nov., '48, on "Milne's Life of Keats"—closely read.

34. A long article cut from N. Y. Tribune on "Douglas Jerrold," dated by W. 23 April, '59.

35. Newspaper piece on the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

36. Part of a magazine article on "Vaughan's Poems etc.," been carefully read, dated May, '49.

37. Magazine article, "Recollections of Poets Laureate, Wordsworth and Tennyson," date June, '52.

38. Newspaper piece, "Poets painted by Each Other."

39. A long newspaper piece on "Emerson's English Traits," which was published 1856.

40. A magazine article on "Modern English Poets"—date of magazine Dec., 1851. W. writes on front leaf, "Bells and Pomegranates, Robert Browning. Casa Guidi Windows, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Dec., '56, Aurora Leigh, a new poem by Mrs. Browning." This last no doubt the date when piece read by W.

41. A piece on Montaigne.

42. A magazine article on "Wordsworth," carefully read and annotated.

43. A poem of Wordsworth's on "The First Mild Day of March."

44. A piece on "Plutarch."

45. A long magazine article, date Oct., '49, on "Tennyson, Shelley and Keats"—carefully read and profusely annotated.

46. A piece on "Jeremy Taylor."

47. On "Tobias Smollet."

48. On "Blaise Pascal."

49. On "Benjamin Franklin."

50. A long, carefully read and much annotated magazine piece (April, '49) on "Taylor's Eve of the Conquest."

51. Coleridge's "Dejection,—an ode." Torn out of the book to which it belonged, and pasted in.

52. A long, carefully read and much scored magazine article (May, '48) on "Tennyson's Poems—The Princess."

53. A long magazine article (April, '49) carefully read and elaborately scored.

54. A long magazine article (Oct., 51) on "The Hyperion of John Keats," carefully read, elaborately scored and annotated on margin.

55. A newspaper piece on "Oliver Goldsmith."

56. Newspaper piece on "Death of Hugh Miller."—N. Y. Sun, 13 Jan., '57.

57. Lists of names of arts and sciences pasted in scrapbook and annotated,

58. List of names of capitals pasted in scrapbook and annotated.

59. A geography bound up with scrapbook, has been annotated here and there.

60. Newspaper piece, "How America was Peopled."

61. Newspaper piece, "Remarkable Works of Human Labor."
62. " " "Is the Sun Inhabited?"
63. " " "Comets."
64. " " "The Great Comet."
65. " " "Comets, their History and Habits."
66. " " "Dr. Boynton's Sixth Lecture."
67. " " "Inauguration of Dudley Observatory."
68. " " "Geological Lecture."
69. Long newspaper report of a lecture on the Progress of Science, New York Daily Times, 29th Aug., '56.
70. Newspaper report, "The Donati Comet."
71. Long newspaper report of "Scientific Convention at Montreal," 12th Aug., '57.
72. Newspaper report of "Dr. Boynton's Second Lecture."
73. A magazine article dated April, '49, on "The Physical Atlas."
74. Newspaper review of Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks," 10th Oct., '57
75. Long lists of geographical names pasted in—many of them marked.
76. Newspaper piece, "Raleigh's History."
77. " " "Seven Wonders of the World."
78. "Imagination and Fact" from Graham's magazine, scored and annotated.
79. Newspaper piece, "Gold and Silver in the World."
80. " " "Divisions of the Bible."
81. " " "Comparative Health of the United States."
82. " " "Oldest Man in America."
83. " " "Differences of Time."
84. " " "Ship Building."
85. " " "Tin."
86. " " "Immensity."
87. " " "Temperature of the Earth."
88. " " "Weekly Report of Deaths."
89. " " "Origin of Coal."
90. " " "Scenes on the Ocean Floor."
91. " " "Roads and Railways."
92. " " "Foreign Postage."

93. Newspaper piece, N. Y. Times, '57, "Sailing and Steamships."

94. " " "A Translation from a Cuneiform Inscription."

95. " " "The Rossetta Stone."

96. Newspaper report of lecture by W. S. Studley.

97. Newspaper cutting, "Wild Men of Borneo."

98. " " "Fourier and His Ideals."

99. " " "Languages and Religions."

100. " " "Religious Beliefs."

101. A very long magazine article scored and annotated, "The Slavonians and Eastern Europe."

102. A series of maps showing the geography of various ages from earliest times to 19th century.

103. Newspaper cutting, "Books Mentioned in the Bible now Lost or Unknown."

104. " " "Bunsen's Chronology."

105. " " "Discovery of America."

106. " " "Population of the World."

107. " " "Plants and Animals."

108. " " "Man not Deteriorating."

109. A sort of pamphlet (pasted in) headed, "One Thousand Historical Events." It is scored and annotated.

110. A long magazine article on Sir John Herschel, of date Feb., '48.

111. " " " "Layard's Nineveh," of date May, '49.

112. Newspaper cutting on "Key West."

113. A very long magazine article on "Early Roman History," (no date) scored and annotated.

114. Magazine article on, "Arnold's Lectures on Modern History," has been carefully read—scored.

115. Newspaper cutting, "Physiology of the Earth."

116. " " "Statistics of Population and Religion."

117. " " "Our Country."

118. " " "With whom we Trade."

119. " " "The National Revenue."

120. " " "Who Our Soldiers Are."

121. " " "List of Patents Issued."

122. " " "Army and Militia."

123. " " "The State of New York."

124. Newspaper cutting, "The Salt Manufacture."
125. Governor King's message in New York Times, 6th Jan., '58.
126. Newspaper cutting, "The Chesapeake and Great Lakes United."
127. " " "Amount of Salt Made."
128. " " "A Rich Slave Owner."
129. " " "Oyster Beds of Virginia."
130. " " "The Southern States, by an English Traveler."
131. " " "Cultivation of Cotton."
132. " " "Products of Texas."
133. " " "Carrying Mail to California."
134. " " "The Great West."
135. " " "Notes on the Missouri River."
136. " " "A Letter to the Newsboys."
137. " " "Killed an Otter."
138. " " "Our Large Pictures."
139. " " "Bridge at St. Louis."
140. " " "Statistics of Ohio."
141. " " "Madison, Wis."
142. " " "Wisconsin and its Capital."
143. " " "Lake Superior Copper and Iron."
144. " " "Oshkosh, Wis."
145. Harper's Weekly, 17 Jan., '57—"Modern Naples."
146. Newspaper cutting, "Glimpses of Iowa."
147. " " "New States."
148. " " "Size of America."
149. " " "Literary Institutions."
150. " " "Crops of '56."
151. " " "U. S. Army."
152. " " "Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe."
153. " " "The Victoria Bridge."
154. "Scenes in New Brunswick," in Ballou's Pictorial.
155. "A Ranger's Life in Nicaragua," Harper's Weekly, 25 April, '57.
156. Newspaper cutting, "Product of the Mexican Mines."
157. "News from New Granada," New York Herald, 29 March, '57.

158. Newspaper cutting, "Something about the Bay Islands."

159. " " "The Five Republics of Central America."

160. " " "Guatemala."

161. " " "Why there is no Rain in Peru."

162. Magazine Review article on Prescott's "Peru," under date Aug., '47.

163. A chapter descriptive of the country from a book called, "Travels in Peru."

164. Newspaper cutting, "From Chili."

165. " " "The Commerce of La Plata."

166. " " "The Brazilian Empire."

167. "The Royal Families of Europe," New York Herald, 21 Feb., '58.

168. "European Correspondence," Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 11 Dec., '57.

169. "Foreign Correspondence," Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 9 Jan., '58.

170. Magazine article on "Present State of the British Empire."

171. Newspaper cutting, "A Tunnel from England to France."

172. "Excursion to Pompeii," Burlington Free Press, 1 Jan., '58.

173. "Italian Travel," New York Times, 26 Dec., '57.

174. A newspaper piece, "From Rome"—W.'s note at head of it: "A Traveling Sight-seer's Day in Rome—the usual things to look after—an artist-teacher—his studio—well written—rollicking. Date is March, 1857."

175. "Bayard Taylor in Southern Europe," a letter dated 27 April, '58—printed in New York Tribune.

176. "The Sultan and his People," Am. Phrenological Journal, May, '57.

177. On the "Egyptian Museum" in Life Illustrated, 8 Dec., '55.

178. Correspondence from Amsterdam, Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 12 Oct., '58.

179. Long newspaper piece—letter from Copenhagen, dated 11 Aug., '57.

180. " " " " " Stockholm, 19 Aug., '57.

181. Bayard Taylor, letter from St. Petersburg, in New York Tribune, 2 Nov., '58.

182. A newspaper piece, "The Census of Russia."

183. " " "Railroads of Russia," N. Y. Tribune, April, '57.

184. " " "Russian Serfs."

185. " " "Different African Races."

186. " " "The French in Algeria."

187. " " "The Nile."

188. " " "Population of Egypt."

189. "Barth's Travels in Africa," Harper's Weekly, 12 Sept., '57.
190. Long newspaper piece on "Barth's Discoveries in Central Africa."
191. " " " "Travels in Egypt."
192. " " " "Livingstone's Travels in Africa."
193. " " " "Capital of Egypt."
194. "Sketches in Sierra Leone" in Ballou's Pictorial.
195. Newspaper piece, "The Sphynx."
196. "Livingstone's Travels etc. Africa," Brooklyn Daily Eagle.
197. Newspaper piece, "Rev. Dr. Livingstone."
198. " " "Travels in South Africa."
199. Long piece *re* RR. Mediteranean to Persian Gulf, New York Tribune, 20th March, '57.
200. Newspaper piece on "Jerusalem."
201. Magazine article on "The River Jordan and the Dead Sea."
202. "About Moscow in Russia," Life Illustrated, N. Y., 6th Dec., '56.
203. A long newspaper piece on "The Rivalry between England and Russia and Asia."
204. A long newspaper piece on "Sectarianism Among the Turks."
205. " " " "The Holy Land."
206. " " " "Royal Family of Persia."
207. Newspaper piece, "Overland Mail to India and China."
208. " " "Geographical Discoveries of a Quarter of a Century."
209. " " "How Ghoorkas Can Whip Sepoys."
210. A long newspaper piece, "The Indian Empire."
211. " " " "Annexation in India."
212. Newspaper piece, "The Hunting in India."
213. " " "The Revolt in India."
214. A long newspaper piece, "The Nucleus of the Indian Mutiny."
215. " " " "British Empire in India," Oct., '57.
216. "History of the East India Company," Harper's Weekly, 24 Oct., '57.
217. "Juggernauth," Harper's Weekly, 26th Sept., '57.
218. Newspaper piece, "Burmah."
219. " " "Lecture on India."
220. " " "Commercial Relations with Siam."
221. " " "Interests of Russia in China."

222. Newspaper piece, "The Two Kings of Siam."
223. " " "Printing in China."
224. " " "Mantchoo Tartars."
225. " " "Emperor of China."
226. " " "A Brief History of China."
227. "China—History of Allied Expedition," N. Y. Times, 20 Aug., '58.
228. "The Chinese," Harper's Weekly, 25 April, '57.
229. Magazine article, "The Central Nation," (i. e. China) April, '52.
230. A magazine article, "China and the Chinese," April, '57.
231. Newspaper piece, "Migrations of Chinese."
232. " " "Navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang."
233. " " "A Day Among the Whales in the Sea of Japan."
234. " " "Japanese Becoming Less Exclusive."
235. Long newspaper piece, "Cruise of Sloop of War John Adams," 16 Jan., '57.
236. " " " "Japan."
237. Newspaper piece, "The Turkish Question."
238. " " "Indians in Oregon and Washington."
239. " " "The Gila Expedition."
240. " " "The Gila Gold Mines."
241. " " "Dr. De Hass on American Antiquities."
242. " " "Utah and the Great Basin," 1 Jan., '59.
243. Long newspaper piece, "Exploration of the Amoor," 21 Dec., '58.
244. " " " "Saginaw Valley."
245. " " " "Central America."
246. " " " "Russian Settlements on Amoor River," 21 Dec., '57.
247. " " " "Physical Constitution of the Sun."
248. "Preadamite Man," Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 24 Oct., '60.
249. Long newspaper piece, "Pacific Railroad—Overland to California."
250. " " " "The Great Pacific Railway Treasury Robbing."
251. " " " "Overland Communication with the Pacific."
252. " " " "Life in the Pacific Territories."
253. "India, Its Physical Features etc.," Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 16 Mar., '59.
254. Very long newspaper piece, "The Russian Empire."

255. Newspaper report of an oration by Edward Everett at Albany, 28 Aug., '56.

256. Report of American Association for the Advancement of Science—Albany meeting, 22 Aug., 56.

257. Newspaper paragraph, "The Proposed Territory of Arizona."

258. Long newspaper piece, "Fisheries of Puget Sound."

259. " " " "Am. Ass. for the Advancement of Science"—27 Aug., '56.

260. Long newspaper piece, "Am. Ass. for the Advancement of Science"—23 Aug., '56.

261. Long newspaper piece, "Am. Ass. for the Advancement of Science"—25 Aug., '56.

262. "Scientific Congress," N. Y. Herald, 28 Aug., '56.

263. " " " " 26 Aug., '56.

264. Newspaper piece, "Raleigh."

265. " " "Bacon."

266. " " on Delia Bacon.

267. " " "Character of Lord Bacon."

268. " " "Shakespeare."

269. " " "Shakespeare as a Man."

270. " " "Shakespeare's Stage."

271. " " "The Stage in Shakespeare's Time."

272. Magazine article, "Samuel Johnson."

273. Newspaper report of oration on "Shakespeare," by Richard O'Gorman, dated 21 April, '57.

274. Magazine article, "Shakespeare vs. Sand," dated May, '47.

275. Newspaper piece, "Philip Massinger."

276. " " "Thos. Dekker."

277. " " "Hume."

278. " " "The New Jerusalem."

279. " " "Voltaire."

280. " " "Beranger."

281. " " "Pierre Jean de Beranger."

282. " " "Death of Beranger."

283. " " "Beranger's Lyrics."

284. " " "Shakespeare—His Life and Text."

285. Magazine article, "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

286. "The Works of Alexander Pope," North British Review, Aug., '48, scored and annotated.

287. "Imitation of Horace—by Pope"—torn from a book and pasted in.

288. Magazine article, "Robert Southey," date Feb., '51.

289. Newspaper piece, "Robert Burns."

290. Several leaves apparently torn from a book—"Scottish Poetry"—selections.

291. Newspaper report of lecture by Milburn on "Dante and Milton."

292. Newspaper piece, "Dr. Wm. Harvey."

293. Magazine article, "Egotism," date March, '45.

294. Newspaper piece, "Joseph Addison."

295. " " "David Hume."

296. " " "Dean Swift."

297. " " "Poverty of Poets."

298. " " "Vanity of Poets."

299. Magazine article, "Characteristics of Shelley."

300. "Shelley's Ode to the Sky-Lark," apparently torn out of a book and pasted in. N. B.—Seems as if W. had a book or books of selections and that he used leaves from it to fill out pictures of men which were made up in his scrap-books by newspaper pieces etc. etc.

301. "Ancient English Popular Ballads," some half-dozen leaves torn from a book and pasted in.

302. "John Wickliffe," from a book.

303. "Geoffrey Chaucer," from a book.

304. Newspaper piece, "John Froisart."

305. "Chaucer," torn from a book and pasted in, much scored and annotated.

306. Newspaper piece, "William Hazlitt."

307. "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," torn from a book and pasted in, much scored and annotated.

308. Magazine article, "Sir Philip Sidney."

309. "Editor's Table," annotated.

310. Spencer's "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty," torn from a book and pasted in.

311. Magazine article, "Literature of Middle Ages," dated July, '49, much scored and annotated.

312. "Death of Gerard de Nerval," N. Y. Tribune, 17 Feb., '55.

313. Newspaper piece, "Alexander Von Humboldt etc."

314. Magazine article, "Chaucer," profusely scored and annotated.

315. Newspaper piece, "Our Poets."

316. " " "Owen Meredith."

317. " " "Ages of some Living Writers."

318. " " "The Waverley Novels."

319. " " "English and Scottish Ballads."

320. " " "The Poet Jasmin."

321. " " "Ossian's Hymn to the Sun."

322. " " "Margaret Fuller on Ossian."

323. "Ossian," torn from a book.

324. "Macpherson," torn from another book.

325. "The Fine Arts," torn from a book.

326. Newspaper piece, "Chinese Popular Literature."

327. Magazine article, "Chaucer," dated Feb., 49.

328. Newspaper piece, "Death of Alfred de Musset, called The French Tennyson."

329. Newspaper piece, "The Saga."

330. "Provençal and Scandinavian Poetry," Edinburgh Review, July, '48, much scored and annotated.

331. "A Turkish Ode—Mesihi," torn from a book.

332. Newspaper piece, "Persian Poetry."

333. Leaves from a book, "Gems of Wisdom."

334. "Golden Verses of Pythagoras," torn from a book.

335. Newspaper piece *re* Siamese poetry.

336. " " "Chronology of the Hindoos."

337. Leaves torn from a book, "The Psalms."

338. Magazine article, "Indian Epic Poetry," dated Oct., '48, much scored and annotated.

339. "The Hindu Drama," magazine article dated April, '57, much scored and annotated.

340. "Thackeray and Carlyle," newspaper piece.

341. Extract from Carlyle's "Past and Present," torn from a book, annotated.

342. Newspaper piece, "Leigh Hunt."

343. " " "England During War."

344. Leaves torn from a book on the "Heetopades of Veeshnoo Sarma."

345. "Adams' Morning Hymn" (Milton), a piece torn from a book.

346. Newspaper piece, "Daily Life of Milton."
347. " " "Horace and Byron."
348. Newspaper report of lecture by G. W. Curtis on "English Fiction."
349. Magazine piece on "Plato."
350. "Anacreon," a piece torn from a book.
351. Newspaper piece, "Juvenal and Perseus."
352. "Christopher under Canvas," torn from a book, much scored and annotated.
353. Scrap torn from a book on "Science."
354. "Orestes: a Tragedy," torn from a book, annotated.
355. Newspaper piece on "Pindar."
356. " " "Ages of Foreign Living Writers."
357. Magazine article, "Petrarch," May, '45.
358. Newspaper piece, "Future America."
359. " " "Travel."
360. " " "Night in Australia."
361. " " "Snelling."
362. " " "Size of a Whale."
363. " " "A Day on a Rice Plantation."
364. " " "An Enormous Ape."
365. " " "Senseless Brains."
366. " " "The Senses."
367. " " "The Army Men in Portland."
368. " " "Nicknames."
369. " " "American Inventions."
370. " " "Origin of the Name America."
371. " " "A Well-Balanced Mind."
372. " " "Attraction Between the Sexes." Two last very much scored.
373. Magazine—"The Social Revolutionist," July, '57. Some of Articles scored.
374. Newspaper piece, "Remarkable Individual."
375. " " "Longevity."
376. " " "Phrenology."
377. " " another piece on "Longevity."
378. " " "The Chaplain Elect of the House."

379. Newspaper piece, "Cheerfulness."

380. " " "Personal Magnetism."

381. " " "The Standard Civilized Head."

382. " " "Night Eating."

383. " " "Heathen Gods and Goddesses."

384. " " "The Muses."

385. Magazine (Edinburgh Review) article, April, '49, "On Books."

386. " " " " " " "Recorded Ages Attained by Man."

387. Newspaper piece, "A Good Old Age."

388. " " "Population of the World."

389. " " "Poetical Works of Gerald Massey."

390. " " "Book-making in the United States."

391. " " "Newspapers in the World."

392. " " "Literature and the Book Trade in the United States."

393. " " "Industrial Intelligence."

394. Magazine article, "The Vanity and the Glory of Literature," April, '49.

395. Newspaper piece, "Sanscrit Professorship at Cambridge," April, '49, much scored and annotated.

396. Newspaper piece, "Socratic Philosophy."

397. " " "Culture."

398. " " "Robert Burns."

399. " " "Counsel."

400. Magazine article, "Progress—Its Law and Cause," April, '57, much scored and annotated.

401. Magazine article, "Literature and Society," April, '57, much scored.

402. Torn from a book, "What is Poetry?"; much scored and annotated.

403. Newspaper piece, "Homer in English Hexameters."

404. Magazine article, "Translators of Homer," much scored and annotated.

405. Long newspaper piece (N. Y. Daily Tribune, 10 Feb., '70), "Mr. Bryant's Translation of Homer."

406. Magazine review of "Bryant's Translation of the Iliad."

407. Newspaper cutting, "The Unity of the Bible," scored.

408. " " "The Physique of the Brain from a Literary Life," scored.

409. Newspaper cutting, "Walking."

410. Newspaper cutting, "Human and Animal Magnetism," long piece, much scored.

411. Newspaper cutting, "Life-force—Its Philosophy," long piece, much scored.

412. Magazine article, date Dec., '51, "Theories of Evil," much scored and annotated.

413. Newspaper piece on a Russian poet, Akinf Jwanowitch Ul'Jonov.

414. " " "Contemporary Russian Literature," N. Y. Tribune, 26 March, '57.

415. Newspaper piece, "The Winds."

416. Magazine article on "Festus," date Dec., '45.

417. " " "Hymn of Callimachus: a translation."

418. " " "Miss Barrett's Poems," date Jan., '45.

419. "Resumé of Life of Rogers," in Am. Phrenological Journal for Aug.. '56.

420. Magazine article, Jan., '51, "Lessing's Laocoön," much scored and annotated.

421. Magazine article, Sept., '55, on "Rachel."

422. A long newspaper piece ('57) on the "Death of Eugene Sue."

423. A piece torn from a book, "Criticism on Don Quixote."

424. Magazine article by J. D. W., Jan., '46, "Phrenology—a Socratic Dialogue," good deal scored.

425. Magazine article, "On Style," (W. W. writes at top, "By J. D. Whelpley, I think,") very freely scored.

426. Piece torn from a book on "Chaucer," freely scored.

427. " " " "American Literature." W. W. writes on it, "Margaret Fuller." So probably by her.

428. Newspaper piece on "Hiawatha and Kalewala," showing that former imitated from latter.

429. Piece torn from a book: "A Short Essay on Critics." Much scored.

430. " " " "Poet Critic."

431. " " " "Writings of Cornelius Mathews." W. W. writes: "By W. G. Simms. Very fine."

432. A magazine piece (Sept. '55), "New English Poets."

433. " " (May '47), "The Prose Writers of America."

434. " " "New Poetry in New England."

435. Magazine article (April '52), "Styles, American and Foreign."

436. Newspaper cutting, "Mr. Gottschalk's Soiree."

437. Torn from a book, "Poetry of Spain."

438. Magazine article (May, '39), "America and the Early English Poets."

439. " " (May, '45), "Thoughts on Reading," much scored and annotated.

440. Magazine article, "The Pleasures of the Pen," Jan., '47.

441. " " (March, '47), "Localities of the Learned."

442. " " (April, '47), "Last Words of the Learned."

443. Newspaper piece on "Death of Quintana, Prince of Castilian Poets."

444. Magazine article (Feb., '45), "Words," scored.

445. Newspaper piece on "Thackeray's Vanity Fair," W. W. writes on its margin: "Letter, N. Y. Daily Times, Dec., '55."

446. Magazine article (Sept., '49), "The Strayed Reveller."

447. Newspaper piece on "Victor Hugo."

448. Magazine article (March, '53), "To the Author of 'The Poet.'"

449. "The Book Trade," N. Y. Herald, 6 Dec., '57.

450. "Literary Prospects of the Season," N. Y. Herald, 11 Sept., '56.

451. Magazine article (Sept., '55), "New English Poets."

452. Newspaper piece on "Isaac Watts."

453. " " "Prof. Henry"—W. W. writes on margin: "Aug. 23, 1856—Eagle."

454. Newspaper piece on opera Saffo.

455. Newspaper cutting, "The Rejected Poem."

456. " " Emerson's "Brahma."

457. " " "Statistics of the Book Trade."

458. " " "Songs of England and Scotland."

459. " " "John Greenleaf Whittier."

460. "Moose Hunting in Canada," Frank Leslie's Illustrated, 15 Jan., '59.

461. Newspaper piece, "Remittances to the Old Country," dated by W. W., Feb., '54.

462. " " "Arrival of the Antarctic at Liverpool," Jan., '54.

463. " " "Necessity of a Pacific R. R.," 26 Nov., '58.

464. " " "An Ancient Relic."

465. " " "Importance of the Compass."

466. " " "Sleigh-riding."

467. Magazine piece, "Prospects of the Legal Profession in America," Jan., '46.

468. " " "Ancient Practice of Painting," April, '49.

469. Magazine piece, "Society and Civilization," by John Quincy Adams, July, '45.

470. " " "Sismondi the Historian," April, '47.

471. Newspaper piece on "Wild Animals and Fish."

472. " " "The Lost Arts."

473. " " "Fugitive Slave Case."

474. " " "Colonization of American Continent."

475. " " "National Dances."

476. " " "Lowest Class of Animals."

477. " " "An American Woman in Paris," 24th Dec., '53.

478. " " "Chivalry."

479. " " Dr. Boynton's Sixth Lecture on Geology.

480. " " "Interesting Slave Trial."

481. " " "The Wyandotte," April, '54.

482. " " "American Travel," Oct., '53.

483. " " "Cruelty of the Persians."

484. " " "Humboldt's Cosmos."

485. " " "Facts from History," dated by W. W., "Tribune, 27 March, '54."

486. " " "Negro Saturnalia."

487. " " "Ascent of Mount Popocatepetl," dated by W. W., "Tribune, 23 March, '54."

488. Newspaper piece on "France—Americans at Court," Paris, 9 Jan., '54.

489. " " "Sentiments of the Mormons."

490. " " "Modern Books and Libraries."

491. " " "Errors in Printing Bible."

492. " " "Lecture on France," 27 Jan., '54.

493. " " "Animal Life on the Globe," 21 Feb., '59.

494. Magazine article, "Journalism," Sept., '46.

495. Torn from a book, "Hume," "Washington," "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Aurengzebe."

496. Newspaper piece, "Division of Time by the Ancient Nations."

497. " " "New England and the African Slave Trade."

498. " " "The Tombs of Egypt."

499. " " "Trilobites."

500. "Cosmos Clock," in American Phrenological Journal, March, '54.

501. Newspaper piece, "A Chapter on Navies and Naval Curiosities."

502. " " "The Amazon Basin."

503. "The New York Clipper," 30 Oct., '58, containing full account of fight between Heenan and Morrissey."

504. Magazine article, "Architecture," April, '49.

505. "Niebuhr," North British Review, Feb., '49—W. W.'s note: "Founder of a New Theory of History."

506. Magazine article, "Physiognomy," Jan., '52.

507. " " "Margaret Fuller Ossoli," April, '52.

508. " " "Lyell's Geological Tour," Sept., 45.

509. " " "Life and Times of Wm. H. Crawford," April, '52.

510. " " "Christopher Under Canvas," Aug., '49.

511. " " "Constantinople in the 4th Century."

512. " " "The Germanic Empire," July, '48.

513. " " "The Mississippi Valley," May, '47.

514. " " "Ireland," May, '47.

515. " " "Laws of Menu," May, '45.

516. "The Dying Gladiator," The Penny Magazine, 12 Jan., '33.

517. Magazine piece, "The American Mind," Harper's, no date.

518. " " "Botany," July, 49.

519. " " "Nationality in Literature," March, '47.

520. " " "System of Positive Philosophy," scored, March, '47.

521. " " "Physical Atlas," August, '48.

522. " " "Narrative of the French Revolution of 1848," North British Review, May, '48,

523. Magazine article, "Herschel—Southern Heavens," July, 48.

524. " " "Physical Geography," May, '48.

525. " " "Hungary," July, '49.

526. " " "Earthquakes in New Zealand," Westminster Review, July, '49.

527. "The Philosophy of Art," by Charles G. Leland, in Sartain's Magazine, no date.

528. "The Head of Christ," Leland, Sartain's Magazine, no date.

529. Newspaper piece, "Taste."

530. " " "Political Division of World."

531. Newspaper piece, " Tammany Hall."

532. Magazine article, " Architecture," April, '49.

533. " The Romantic in Literature and Art," C. G. Leland, Sartain's Magazine, no date. W. notes in pencil: "This essay has many good suggestions, its principal fault is that ' Romantic ' is not the right word to use as used in it (what should be the word ?) "

534. Newspaper piece, " Populousness of China."

535. Magazine article, " The Legal Profession, Ancient and Modern," Sept.,'46.

536. " " "Sacred and Legendary Art," April, '49.

537. " " " Indian Mounds."

538. New York Herald, 31 Oct., '58, " Overland Route to the Pacific."

539. Newspaper piece on " Indians of Long Island."

540. " " " Singular Fact."

541. " " " Grains, Vegetables and Flowers."

542. Magazine article, " Historical Traditions of Tennessee," March, 1852.

543. " " " Copper Regions," Oct., 1846.

544. " " " A second Visit to the United States by Sir Charles Lyell," July, 1849.

545. Newspaper piece—Lecture by Rev. Dr. Duryea on "The Mind."

546. Jowett's "Translation of Plato," New York Tribune, 31 March, 1871.

547. Newspaper piece on " Ages of Persons in England and Wales."

548. " " " Old New York Families."

549. " " " Pathology of Consumption."

550. " " " Starvation."

551. " Robert Stuart," New York Tribune, 22 Oct., 1853.

552. Newspaper piece, " General Resources of the Plains."

553. Magazine article, " Colds."

554. Philosophy, Psychology and Metaphysics," Eclectic Magazine, April, 1871—reprinted from North British Review.

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